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Poetry.

THE CLOCK THAT WON'T GO.

When the work-a-day world is in a wild rush,
When weather is torrid and life a mad crush,
I shrink from the turmoil a minute or so
And bask in the thought of the clock that won't go.

'Tis in an old parlor, the green shades are down,
The chairs are of haircloth, the carpet is brown;
A vase of dried grasses, tintypes in a row
Are ranged on the shelf with the clock that won't go.

It had known busy times, this sturdy old clock,
Red paint and bright gilt still its idleness mock;
It ticked day and night, then revolted, and lo!
Achieved a proud fame as the clock that won't go.

They jogged it, they oiled it, they "sent for a man"
Who tinkered its works on the most improved plan;
But nothing would move it, it wouldn't budge, no,
It never backed down, the old clock that won't go.

Speed on, flying hours, to the end of my days,
Whirl half in clear vision and half in dull haze;
But, oh! now and then, grant my soul bliss to know
A brief dream of rest with the clock that won't go.

—Chicago Record.

A PLACE FOR THE BOYS.

What can a boy do, and where can a boy stay,
If he's always told to get out of the way?
He cannot sit here, and he must not sit there,
The cushions that cover that fine rocking chair
Were put there, of course, to be seen and admired.
A boy has no business to ever be tired.
The beautiful roses and flowers that bloom
On the floor of the darkened and delicate room,
Are not made to walk on—at least, not by boys;
The house is no place, anyway, for their noise.

A place for the boys—dear mother, I pray,
As care settle round your short earthly way,
Don't let us forget, by our kind, loving deeds,
To show we remember their pleasures and needs;
Though our souls may be vexed with problems of life,
And worn with besetments and toiling with strife,
Our hearts will keep younger—your tired heart and mine—
If we give them a place in our innermost shrine;
And to life's latest hour 'twill be one of our joys
That we keep a small corner—a place for the boys.

—Boston Transcript.

THE MISSING WORD.

Somewhere in realms of musty lore,
Where spiders weave and book-worms bore,
Where shadows in grotesque array
Hold revels and defy the day,
There is a word; a grewsome sound,
Writ in strange characters and found
Within a tome, which hideous elves
Guard as they grin from moldy shelves.
It is a most uncanny thing,
Wild as the songs that warlocks sing;
Lettered in signs that come and go,
Like brimstone's flickering, pallid glow.

'Tis all in vain we strive to find
This thing so missed by all mankind;
This word which, once we loosed its tether,
Would suitably describe the weather.

—Washington Star.

Miscellany.

RENOVATING AN OLD SILK

Can Be Done by the Home Woman if She Will Buy Bits of New Material.

Renovated gowns are seldom satisfactory unless done by a dressmaker. This is because the prudent home woman hesitates to buy the necessary materials for renewing a gown. The dressmaker demands them before she will pick of needle and thread. Given bits of bright new embroidery and new silk the home genius will do as well as the modiste with an old gown.

One of these home women, a bride of a year, is renovating last summer's trousseau until it looks like new. Her

A RENOVATED SUMMER SILK.

first effort was upon a summer silk with frayed hem and worn-out bodice. Despising cheap things, she purchased enough fine gray batiste to make a collarette, the edges of which she pointed and embroidered. In the front of the deep collarette she set a plaited vest of the same batiste over white silk. Both were over white silk. The hem of her gown she cut off, and set in its place a band of the gray batiste over silk of precisely the same color.

Some gray and black striped ribbon made a bow for an old brass buckle and finished the sides of the choker. The same ribbon also trimmed the front of the shade hat, turned up this year to make one of the flaring new shapes. One of her soiled parasols she covered with batiste, finishing the edges neatly with a chiffon ruff.

Anything for a Change.

They were gravely discussing hosiery out on the hotel piazza.

"Where are you going, Maudie?" said the fluffy-haired little blonde with the blue tinsel belt.

Maudie paused in the doorway.

"I thought it was about time to change the subject," she said and vanished.

A few moments later as the solitary young man came up from the station he observed that she had on a pair of lavender ones with a purple vine climbing up from the instep. Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lamp Thrown In.

"I don't want the wheel. It is too heavy."

"Say, I'll throw in a lamp. That'll make it lighter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NASBY.

Silver Not Cheap Enough—A New Material Suggested.

Confedrit X Roads,
(wich is in the state of Kentucky),
Aug. 28.

I am not satisfied with silver, now that I hev given the subject uv currency that atenshun wich so important a matter demands. I understand that silver kin be prodoost inunlimited quantities in the West, and that ther ain't reely any limit to the amount that kin be put upon the markit. Also I understand, and kin appreshiate the fact, that the man wich is in debt and in distress, and wich is hungrin and thirstin to git out, wich hez suthin, kin make that suthin avaleable by bein able to yoose silver in the paying uv his debts.

But that don't help us uv the Corners. Silver is a parshel releef, but it don't strike that vast army uv men wich ain't got nuthin. Wat good is it to say to me, "Yoo shel be released from yoor debts on the payment uv 25 cents on the dolar," when I hevn't got the 25 cents, and can't see my way clear to git em? It is askin for bred and givin me a stun. It is holdin out false indoosements wich amount to nuthin.

Wat the Corners want and wat the Corners must hev, is a medium wich is more easily procoored than silver. The remonetizashun uv silver wood help out the bonanza men, and them ez hev suthin on wich they kin git silver at the discount it will go to, but that don't do us here in the Corners. For while I wuz advocatin free silver the other day, and urgin that it wood enable us to pay off debts at a discount, Joe Bigler kum up, and sed he:

"But, Parson, 'spose yoo cood pay off at 53 cents on the dollar with silver. Where are yoo going to git the fifty-three cents?"

That remark uv his opened to me a wide field uv conjecter. Silver won't do for us for it hez some intrinsic va yoo. The dettor class wants to be releeved in hole—not in part. We want a currency wich is avaleable to the meanest ez well ez the noblest.

I sejest leather!

Wat I want is a currency made uv leather. Leather is perdoosed in all the states uv the Yoonion, and is accessible to the most humble citizen uv the republic. Wherever there is a cow and a tannery, leather kin be perdoosed, and why we shoodent yoose that ez a medium uv exchange, beets me.

What is a dollar? A dollar is a idee. Watever the government puts its stamp onto is a dollar. The mine-owners in the silver states want the goverament to put its stamp onto silver, and make dolars uv silver, becoz they happen to own mines wich perdoose silver. They will then deliberately pile out the silver by the ton, and pay off their debts with it, and see their titles cleer to the property they now owe for, and will retire in affluence, and conscious, they hev done a smart finanshel thing. But wat good will that do us uv the Corners wich can't git ther silver? Wat's the yoose uv sayin to a starvin person that he kin git bred at 5 cents a loaf if he hezn't got the 5 cents? We hain't got 53 cents on the dolar uv wat we owe, and free silver is only goin to help the parshelly pecoonius.

Wat we want is full and entire releef. We want a currency wich we ourselves kin furnish, and that I am going to move for. I want silver coined and made legle tender for the benefit uv the West, and I want leather coined and made legle tender for the benefit uv the Middle States and the East. In this holy croosade agin the creditor class I insist that all secksbuns shall start fair, and that no one seckshun shell hev an advantage over the other.

I want leather coined into dollars. I want every man wich hez a side uv first rate sole-leather to hev the privilege uv depositin it in a mint uv the Yoonited States, and hevin it stamped into pieces wich shel represent dollars, and that them dollars shel be legal tender for any debt, public or private, that he may owe.

Understand me, I am no inflashunist, nor do I desire to injer the public credit. I desire that everything shel go along smoothly and properly. And to that end I shel insist that—

1st—The leather shel be sole, uv first quality, hemlock-tanned, and entirely merchantable.

2d—That it shel not be in the power uv everybody to coin leather. I won't hev every man wich kin git a punch and a stamp makin his own money, for then ther wood be an over-ishoo. To prevent that I shel require that the coinin uv leather shel be done at reglerly institooted government mints, and by nobody else. So much to perfect the currency.

3d—To perfect the people and to be shoor that enuff currency shall be furnisht to supply the wants uv trade, I insist that every man wich kills a bull shel be privileged to hev the hide tanned, and shel be allowed to take that hide, when tanned, to a mint and hev it stamped into money, each piece to weigh so much, and that when the government stamp is onto it, it shel be legle tender for a dollar.

The simple process will equalize the East with the West. Silver kin be lifted out in Colorado and them seeshuns ez easily ez cattle kin be killed in the East, and ez they want ther mejum with wich to pay their debts, uv course we want ours to pay ours. We hev cattle and they hev silver. I am willin they shall make legle tender uv their silver—I want to make legle tender uv a smart part uv our cattle. Ef it is urged that it will prevent our hevin sich shoes ez we ought to hev, my anser is ready. The Corners hevn't worn shoes to any extent for a great many yeers. The Corners hez other yoose for its money.

The advantages uv this medium are obvious. While we want more money we want money that anybody kin git hold uv. When we ask for a financial fish wat is the use uv offerin us a stun uv silver? Ef we aint got the silver we are ez bad off ez before. We want to pay our debts and git out. Leather is attainable by the most humble. He is a poor man indeed who hezn't got a bull to kill, and when he kin sell the carcass and coin the hide he kin pay. Then he is solvent. Then he kin start new and go into debt agin, conshus that the meens uv payment are alluz within his reech. The government stamp unto it perfects it and makes it good, and what more does any one want?

Do I heer a carper say that other countries won't take leather currency? Wat do we, wich are in debt, care about other countries? My deelins hev never bin in furrin countries. I deel prinsipally with Bascom, and ef I kin hev a currency wich will pay him, I don't keer for much else. Wat want is suthin that will stimoolate trade here and let me out. That done everything is done so fur ez I am concerned, and wat do I keer for anything else? Nothin.

It seems to me that this settles the currency question entirely, and that their is nothin more to be said. Give us not only a double but a triple currency. Le us hev gold, silver and leather. Only make em all legal tender, and help us out in the East, the same ez yoo do them in the West. Give leather a show for us, the same ez yoo do silver for them in the West. And espeshelly ez silver in the West kin be perdoost jist ez cheeply ez leather kin be in the East. Wat I want is fair play. In the gineral scoop I want my show.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Financeer.

He Got the Job.

"We might hire a new clerk," said the druggist, "if he were a good one. Are you a graduate in pharmacy?"

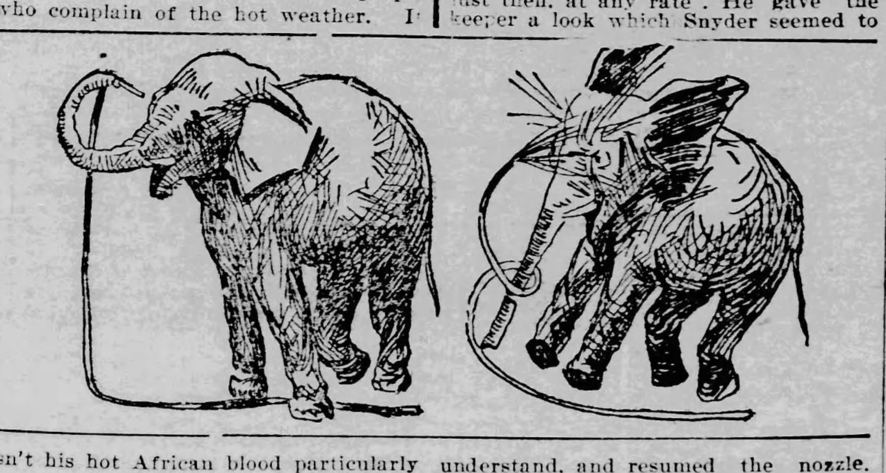
"No," said the man who wanted a job. "I ain't a graduate in pharmacy and I don't intend to be. I ain't looking for a cheap job. But I can draw soda water with both hands at once and know how to make 144 different sirups."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ELEPHANT JIM'S SHOWER BATH.

STOLE THE GARDEN HOSE FROM HIS KEEPER.

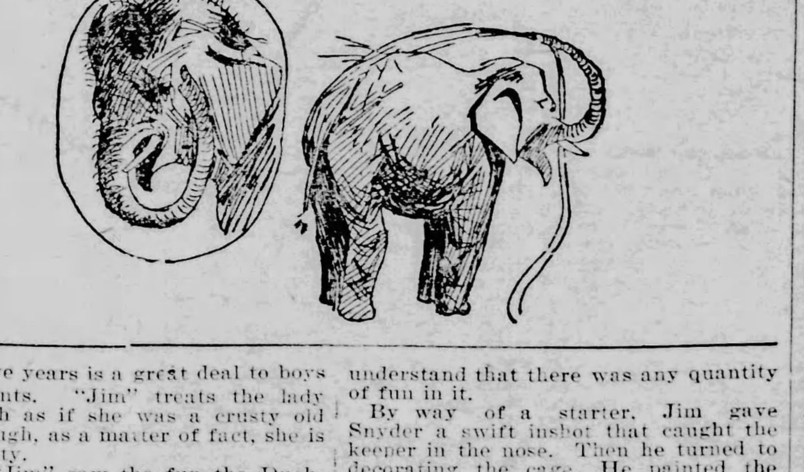
Liked It Better Than the Old Plan With His Trunk and Taught the Duchess.

"Jim," the Central Park elephant, has no patience on earth with people who complain of the hot weather. It



isn't his hot African blood particularly but he has found a new scheme, says the New York Herald.

Snyder, the elephant man—all the elephants know Snyder—was flushing the Duchess's apartment yesterday morning with a hose. The Duchess is the lady elephant, and is spending the summer at the park pending an engagement on the road this fall. She lives next door to "Jim." There is no particular friendship between the two, perhaps because the Duchess is five years older than "Jim," and when the male is



fifteen, five years is a great deal to boys or elephants. "Jim" treats the lady very much as if she was a crusty old maid, though, as a matter of fact, she is only twenty.

When "Jim" saw the fun the Duchess was having with the overflow from the garden hose, he said (to himself), "This is a good thing, and I think I will try some of it myself." Then he laid a violently prehensible trunk on the garden hose and took it unto himself.

Snyder often says he isn't afraid of Jim, and when he is outside the bars he can "sass" the elephant like a major. But when he saw that "Jim" seemed really in earnest about the hose he just drew off a little distance and said:

"Oh, well, if you want to flush your own room you can keep the old hose. I was about finished with it, anyway."

To which Jim only batted his starboard eye, which is far and away the wickeder of the pair.

It took Mr. James Elephans Indicus about ten minutes to get the hang of the hose. At the first attempt he got the hose wrong end to and flooded his off ear. The inner membrane of an elephant's ear is as sensitive as a cheap bicycle. Jim howled with pain and threw the hose against the wall of the room. There it lay so long that Snyder thought the elephant had finished with it and started to resume business on his own account.

That settled it. Jim may have had a misunderstanding with the nozzle, but he had not the slightest notion of letting Snyder holler down his rain barrel—not just then, at any rate. He gave the keeper a look which Snyder seemed to understand, and resumed the nozzle. He handled it gingerly enough at first, but in the course of time it seemed to dawn on him that a loaded garden hose might be a very good thing if you knew how to handle it.

His first play was to train the nozzle into the aperture which he calls his mouth. That was a complete success. The water gurgled and guzzled down his parched throat like the spring floods in a mountain stream. Jim took about a barrel of Croton in this fashion, and then pulled the hose out of his face. Snyder observed with apprehension that his charge had begun to look real devilish. The elephant had the nozzle under control by this time, and seemed to understand that there was any quantity of fun in it.

By way of a starter, Jim gave Snyder a swift inshot that caught the keeper in the nose. Then he turned to decorating the cage. He painted the walls and ceiling in water colors, and then flooded the floor. Some early morning visitors who were watching the show through the bars testified their approval with cheers. Jim gave them a broadside with the hose and they took to the woods.

The elephant then turned to ablution and the decoration of his own person, and for the space of half an hour he reveled in a shower bath of his own making, such as probably no elephant ever enjoyed before. It was not until Jim was tired out that it occurred to Snyder to turn off the water.

Jim has taught the trick to the Duchess now, and they take turns playing the hose on each other.

CONSERVATORY GOWN.

Of Pale Green Silk-Striped Challie and Green Ribbons.

So many women have discovered floral possibilities in their homes, even in flats, that a "conservatory dress" is found in the wardrobe of every discriminating woman. The reality means little except feminine daintiness and the title is comforting. A very charming little conservatory dress was sent home to a very charming little woman

A FLORAL POSSIBILITY.

a few days ago. The material in it cost but a song, yet the dress is the acme of all that's pleasing. Fourteen yards of challie, a square of coarse lace and a very little silk and ribbon were the materials.

The challie was the striped silk and cotton now found in very light weights. Its color was pale green and white; and underneath there was a reflection of the pale green material that lined it. The skirt was cut housemaid's width and length, and the sleeves were the balloon variety, stiffened for smartness.

The yoke of the dress was the square of lace laid upon white India silk, perfectly flat. This style of placing lace over silk is much liked. Inexpensive lace takes on a costly appearance treated in this way. The collar was a fold of green ribbon, and ribbon of the same color tied the snowy apron which, with bib edged with embroidery, is worn with this costume, as are also garden gloves.

Her Little Mouth.

Mrs. Hard—Do have some more cream, Miss Sweetooth!

Miss Sweetooth (hesitatingly)—Well, just a little, Mrs. Hard. Only a mouthful.

Mrs. Hard — Bridget, fill up Miss Sweetooth's plate again.—Tit-Bits.

An Impostor.

"Yes," said the dear girl. "I knew he was an impostor, though he did wear the college colors."

"And how?" asked the other dear girl.

"Easily enough. He didn't seem to think he was any better than anybody else."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

IT WAS A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE.

Even to a Bank Official She Would Not Tell Her Age.

It was a busy scene at a great bank, says the New York Herald. Long rows of women, some anxious and depressed looking, all of them with an unmistakable air of weariness, were waiting their turn with books to be presented for the semi-annual interest. A pompous and many-buttoned official paced back and forth with a look of determination to keep order or die on his grim visage. The woman at the window was a new depositor, and there was a longer wait than usual, while she answered all the questions relative to her genealogy and that of her sisters and her cousins and her aunts—information which one must always give to a great bank before it will condescend to receive and sometimes lose one's money.

At last came the fateful question: "What's your age?"

A faint flush stole over the faded cheeks, the antiquated and corkscrew curls quivered with agitation, as she murmured, "I'd rather not tell, please."

The bank clerk meant business. He had no sympathy with the maiden modesty of the trembling aspirant to financial dignity. "Oh, but you must tell," he replied, somewhat brusquely.

The blushes grew painful, but there was still a loophole of escape. At least all the world should not know her age, and raising herself on tiptoe so as to bring her face close to the window—for she was short of stature—she said: "May I whisper it, please?" and the woman behind her will never know how old she was.

NOT A WORD TO SAY.

He Had Seen His Partner Suffer From Talking Too Much.

The preciousness of silence receives a new illustration in a recent court room incident, says the Helena Independent.

Four years ago, more or less, two men were convicted of horse stealing in the District court of Choteau county. They deserved a sentence of ten years' imprisonment, but Judge Du Bose, for some reason, let them off with three years.

Then the worst man of the two, supposing, no doubt, that the sentence once pronounced was past revision, addressed the court.

"I just want to say," he told Judge Du Bose, "that when I get out you will be the first man I'll come here to kill."

"Oh, well," said the judge, "in that case, I'll make it ten years. Then you won't trouble me so soon."

Having said this, he turned to the other man.

"Is there anything you would like to say?" he asked.

"Not a blessed word," answered the prisoner.

The man who said nothing is now out of prison, while his partner is still behind the bars.

Sure to Bring 'Em.

Boggs—Boys, I want to get a policeman quick. There's never one around when you want him, and there are thieves in my barn.

Future Diplomat—Here, kids, git to playin' ball.

And before the ball had been passed a dozen times a big policeman came around the corner on a dead run.—Detroit Free Press.

Effect of Contact.

"Did Walker break the pedestrian record between Chicago and New York?"

"No; but he came close to it."

"How was that?"

"He was two days ahead of his time when he struck Philadelphia. While walking down Chestnut street there his feet went to sleep."—Truth.

Our Story Teller.

Ma'amselle Felice.

BY JULIA SCHAYER.

Fleming withdrew himself more and more. He had no time for music. He was writing for London magazines now—he was a clever fellow, with a happy turn for writing—and, like the rest of his teachers, the approaching close of the school year gave him much extra work. Indeed, we were all absorbed in additional duties, both teachers and pupils—the former forced to superhuman exertions by Dr. Bellamy's canine watchfulness and persistence, the latter nervous and apprehensive, or sulky and impertinent, as the case might be.

In a word, we were all wrought up to the artificial and unwholesome state common to such crises, and I am afraid that under the stress brought to bear on me I was even unmindful for a time of the change that was coming over Felice, or that she ceased almost entirely to come to my room, even avoiding me, as I at last perceived.

One morning, near the end of the term, I found Felice standing at Bellamy's door, which was opposite my own, engaged in earnest conversation with that gentleman, both evidently in great excitement, although he was smiling his most glittering and unpleasant smile.

"No!" Felice was saying rapidly, with many gestures. "No! Say what you will—I will not give her one more lesson!"

"But your reason, Ma'amselle?" I heard Dr. Bellamy say as I closed the door. "If Miss Triplett has been impertinent——"

"Impertinent!" cried Felice. "No, she would not dare but I give her no more lessons, all the same. Impertinent! Mon Dieu, her very existence is an impertinence to me— to me!" And she swept away tempestuously.

Felice had her way here, and Miss Triplett was excused from her music lessons for the remainder of the term. This occasioned some gossip among the girls, who spoke unreservedly before me. Perhaps, because I was myself young, and they felt safe with me. There was some girlish chaffing of Miss Triplett, in which Fleming's name was mentioned. She made no retort, but a faint pink crept over her creamy skin, and she kept her long, soft eyes downcast, slowly turning a ring on one of her fine, dimpled fingers. She smiled faintly, too. She had a smile that would have won St. Anthony from his cell.

All through the following days of toil and worry and excitement, Felice avoided me. Often I stole to her door when the house was quiet for the night and tapped softly, calling her name, but she did not or would not hear me.

The next day was the first of the public exercises which were to close the school year. The little town was overflowing with guests, and every spare room at the hall was filled with parents or relatives of the graduating class. I feared that Felice would be unable to fulfill her arduous duties; but she appeared at breakfast looking no paler than usual, and was, if anything, rather more voluble and witty.

A few minutes before 9 o'clock I stood on the veranda surrounded by the girls of my class in their white gala dresses, waiting the sound of the organ which was to be the signal for our entrance. Fleming and Dr. Bellamy were already upon the platform, and the seats assigned to the spectators were more than filled. Near me stood Miss Triplett, calm and unconcerned amid her agitated expectant schoolmates. She was dressed in the finest white mull, and her throat and bare arms were wreathed in the feathery foliage and yellow blossoms of the jessamine, which also shone star-like in her soft gold hair. She held in her hand a huge bouquet of yellow roses. She was the dullest girl in the class and the least popular, but no one could have denied that she was one of the most beautiful creatures under the sun.

All at once Felice came along the veranda on her way to the organ. She started at sight of Miss Triplett, and stopping before her, looked at her with a strange, uncanny smile. Small, haggard, badly dressed, she was but a sorry contrast to that tall and lovely blonde, in her exquisite flower-wreathed attire. I saw a kind of shiver pass through her as she looked, and suddenly she put one of her hands on the proud beauty's spotless arm.

"Good morning, Ma'amselle Triplett!" she said, speaking rapidly in French. "I hope you have slept well! No bad dreams or phantoms, eh?" She had begun speaking in her suavest tones, but before she had finished her voice had a harsh, almost fierce sound. The girl withdrew her arm haughtily and answered coldly in the same language:

"Thank you, Ma'amselle, I have slept well and I never dream."

Felice gave a short laugh and passed on. A moment afterward the stirring notes of the "Wedding March" pealed from the organ, and the exercises began.

Three days of excessive excitement and absorbing work followed, and on the third and last evening the house and grounds were thrown open to visitors. When the crowd was greatest I succeeded in stealing away, with the intention of enjoying the luxury of an hour's rest, when in one of the corridors I met Doctor Bellamy.

"I am looking for Ma'amselle Felice," he said, with evident impatience. "There are strangers who wish to hear her."

"Have you been to her room?" I asked.

"Certainly; she is not there. Perhaps," he added, "she is out on the lawn with—with Fleming."

I said I would look for her. It was a relief to find myself in the open air, and I walked about the grounds for some time, meeting many youthful couples—for on this occasion discipline was relaxed, and the young ladies could indulge for once in the privilege of flirtation—but I nowhere saw Felice. In a remote part of the lawn I came upon Fleming and Miss Triplett. I went directly up to him and said:

"I am looking for Mlle. Felice. Have you seen her?"

"I have not, indeed," he answered, coolly.

I returned to the house and went to Felice's room. She was there now. She had thrown herself upon the bed. A sorrowful, piteous figure she made in her soiled evening dress of blue silk, wreathed with torn and rumpled artificial roses. The long trail was wet and soiled from contact with the grass of the lawn. Her white shoes soaked through and through.

"Felice," I said, "Dr. Bellamy is looking for you." She made no answer. Her face was buried upon her arms.

"Come," I said, trying to raise her. "You must not give way to this. Where is your pride, Felice? Will you let that man see your misery? He is unworthy of your love—wholly unworthy."

Still no answer.

Doctor Bellamy came to the door, but I sent him away. Then I removed Felice's evening dress and prepared her for retiring. She gave herself into my hands without resistance or appeal, like a tired child. Poor Felice: how wasted were her slender limbs, how cold and trembling her small, child-like hands. I went to my room for my dressing-gown, and came back to her, for I dared not leave her alone. I turned the gas very low and lay down by her side, and there we lay, while the laughter and the music came up to us from below. Felice lay as if asleep or dead, except once, when Fleming's voice, singing: "Oh, ma charmante," came floating up alone, so sweet, so tender, so impassioned. Then a long, shuddering breath escaped her, and her cold fingers closed tightly upon my hand.

At last we heard the guests departing. Carriage after carriage rolled away. The inmates of the hall dispersed to their rooms with much talk and laughter. Doors and windows were closed, and silence fell. After an interval, Dr. Bellamy's slippered tread was heard, then followed perfect silence.

Worn out physically and mentally, I fell into deep sleep, from which I started all at once with a sudden sharp sense of fear. I turned to Felice. She was not beside me, not in the room. I rose and went out into the hall and listened intently. I was sure at last that I heard a slight rasping sound from below. I groped my way through the hall to the stairs and down them into the abysmal darkness of the lower passages.

At the foot of the stairs I listened again, and this time I heard a faint sound from the direction of one of the recitation rooms. This room was for Fleming's exclusive use. It was situated directly opposite his apartments, and opened upon the veranda. Toward this room I made my way, with no other object than to find Felice and save her from some evil—I did not know what.

I reached the door and pushed it gently. It opened without noise. At the same instance there came the sound of a match struck against the wall, and in the brief illumination which followed, I distinctly saw three figures—that of Fleming holding in his arms a tall, girlish figure in a white dress, and that of Felice, wrapped in a long black cloak, advancing swiftly toward them. Then came utter darkness again; a swift rush, a succession of piercing screams, a struggle, a wild laugh, a fall, and Fleming's voice calling for help. I must have answered him, for the next moment he said:

"Is that you, Miss Charles? For God's sake bring a light here—something terrible has happened!"

But there was no need. Already steps and voices were heard in the hall, and Dr. Bellamy appeared upon the threshold with a candle in his hand.

"What in heaven's name——" he began, but stopped suddenly, stricken with amazement, horror and anger. Miss Triplett lay in his nephew's arms insensible, with blood flowing over her white gown. Fleming was bending over her uttering wild words of tenderness. In a dark corner crouched Felice gesticulating and muttering incoherently.

"What does this mean, Caryl?" cried his uncle; but Fleming paid no attention. He carried the insensible girl across into his own room and laid her upon a couch.

"Let some one go for a doctor, quick!" he said to the group of teachers pupils, and guests which had gathered about the door. The girl's mother had already appeared and wringing her hands helplessly, while Fleming had turned back the loose sleeve and bound his handkerchief over the wounded arm.

I alone went to Felice, still cowering and muttering in the corner; and I saw that her fingers still clutched a dagger of peculiar shape.

* * * * * * * *

What happened within the next few weeks seems now to be a dream. Miss Triplett's wound was but slight, and recovered rapidly from the effects after being removed to her home, where Caryl was a constant visitor.

But Felice! That night was the culminating point of her life. The poor, abused mentality had fought through a short lifetime, and the struggle had been too much. The strain upon her sensitive organization had been too great, and with that final frenzied stroke the over-worked brain gave way and for weeks she lay in the delirium of fever.

During her illness Miss Triplett fully recovered. Caryl's joy was so great, and, truth to say, his sympathy for Felice was such that no charge was ever preferred against her, nor would have been had it been possible, for the wedding which followed would have been sorely marred had it been done.

But Felice never knew of her rival's happiness. When the fever left her the delirium remained, and finally I was forced to see her removed to an asylum. I never visited her but once, and on that occasion I saw her sitting on the edge of her bed, weaving her fingers in and out, and muttering to herself incessantly. Her hair was quite white, and her face had the same dead, blank look. She showed no signs of recognition, and had to leave her as I found her.

THE END.

GARFIELD ON FREE SILVER.

The Sage of Mentor Condemned It as a Colossal Swindle.

(From a Speech in the House of Representatives, July 13, 1876.)

Mr. Speaker—I can hardly conceive a situation in which the House could be brought more directly face to face with what seems to present on the one hand public honor and on the other the deepest public disgrace.

It has happened in the fluctuation of these metals that there is now a notable opportunity to cheat seven millions of men by adopting the baser metal as a standard of payment, and thus accomplish a swindle on so great a scale as to make the achievement illustrious. By the proposed measure one-fifth of the enormous aggregate of public and private debts can be wiped out with a sponge. This nation owes $2,100,000,000 and private citizens of the United States probably owe $2,500,000,000, possibly more. At the present moment the relation of debtor and creditor in the United States involves nearly $5,000,000,000. It is proposed by the amendment of the gentleman from Indiana that at one fell stroke one-fifth of all this enormous sum shall be wiped off, repudiated, and that the process shall be called honest legislation. Since I have been in public life I have never known any proposition that contained so many elements of vast rascality, of colossal swindling as this.

Gentlemen may remember the financial shock of 1837, the later shock of 1857, and the still later shock of 1873. Conceive them all in one vast crash, and the financial ruin, the overthrow of business would be light in comparison with the shock that would follow.

Put in operation the provision now suggested, and all our gold coin will leave the country as fast as it can be carried abroad. Do this, and a revolution in our monetary affairs, utterly unparalleled in the history of our nation, will follow.

An Ammunition Pie.

"Is this an ammunition pie, ma'am?" asked young Mr. Fledgely, as he raised the upper crust.

"An ammunition pie, Mr. Fledgely?" repeated the landlady. "I don't know what you mean by that. This is huckleberry pie."

"Oh," said young Mr. Fledgely, as he replaced the cover, "these are huckleberries, are they? I thought it was loaded with bird shot."

"Men have got shot for less than that," said Mr. Billings.

"Or half shot," said the landlady, "with a very small load."

Then everybody looked at young Mr. Fledgely and that facetious young man actually blushed.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Boston's Busy Police.

Boston Girl—Arrest that man, officer. He just made an improper remark. He said "done" for "did."

Boston Officer—You are in custody, sir. Do not compel me to use my club.—Detroit Tribune.

No New Symptoms.

"Well, Mr. Badger, how are you breathing now?"

"Just one breath at a time, doctor—same as I always do."—Chicago Record.

Free Silver Advocate—I want to urge you to vote for Bryan and free silver.

Merchant (who has just assigned)—You do, eh? Just look at that assignment notice! That's what your free silver craze has done for me. The talk about free silver by people just like you made my creditors demand their loans. I was getting along very well, but I couldn't meet my obligations all in a heap and after my assets are sold at forced sale I'll be where I was 20 years ago.

Free Silver Advocate—But if we had 16 to 1——

Merchant—If you had 16 to 1! Well, if Bryan is elected you'll get 16 to 1—only it will be 16 assignments then for every one now.

USEFUL ARTICLES.

Attachment for Refrigerators and Table Sherbet Freezer.

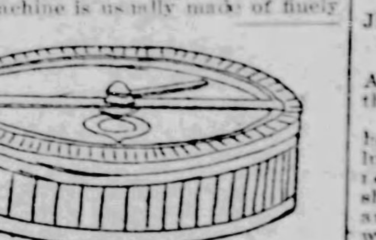
There is now to be had a novel and wonderfully compact little ice-box which is a freezer and refrigerator in one.

The case is made for storing in the pantry, or one can buy it in the form of a handsome walnut chest worthy of ornamenting a dining-room. One side is divided into a zinc lined recess, showing three woven wire shelves. The other side contains ice and in the ice compartment hangs a freezer that will hold one pint of liquid.

When the day's allowance of ice is stored the freezer must be filled, and when the refrigerator top is closed only a tiny knob and crank protrude at the top. Just a few minutes before the freezer's contents are to be served this

crank is given a few rapid turns and the cream or jelly will be found beautifully firm. The larger the ice-box the greater, of course, the capacity of the freezer.

On many a luncheon table this summer will be noticed at the hostess' right a dainty sherbet-freezer that turns water to ice in just three minutes. This small machine is usually made of finely



polished bits of choice woods bound in circular form by hoops of silver. The top and handle are of silver and the minute ice machine stands about four inches high, measuring 29 inches in circumference. It looks quite like a lovely round bonbonnieire, but really holds snowy sherbet of some flavor with which it is now the custom at luncheons to keep the guests' glasses filled.

At intervals the hostess gives the freezer handle a few turns, and then the maid, lifting off the top, goes about filling the glasses, oftenest with water ice flavored with limes.

HE OBTAINED JUDGMENT.

But the Merchant Doesn't Want Any More of the Kind.

A Washington attorney is rather noted for the facility with which he forgets financial obligations. He has owed a certain grocer $8 for a year or two. The other day the merchant concluded to try a new course with him. Meeting him in his store he said:

"Judge, I have a customer who owes me a small bill and has owed it for a long time. He makes plenty of money, but won't pay. What would you do?"

"I'd sue him," said the lawyer emphatically.

"Well, I will put the account in your hands," and the merchant presented a statement of the account against himself.

"All right, I will attend to it," said the disciple of Blackstone.

A few days later the merchant received the following note from the lawyer:

"In the case of —— against ——, I took judgment for full amount of your claim. Execution was issued and returned 'no property found.' My fee for obtaining judgment is $10, for which amount please send check. Will be glad to serve you in any other matters in which you may need an attorney."—Washington Star.

Paid No Attention to the Bell.

Sheep, so I am told, are just as stupid about bicycles as they are about everything else that goes on wheels. A young lady in Devonshire, riding down a grass slope, came across a sheep which was lying exactly in her way. Much to the consternation of her friends, who were watching the performance, she apparently attempted to jump the animal. Over rolled the trio, with the result that the bicycle was more or less damaged, the sheep's feelings were hurt and the lady got a black eye.

"But why did you do it?" they asked her.

"I do it!" was the indignant reply. "I rang my bell as loud as I could, but the silly creature would not get out of the way."—Blackwood's Magazine.

His Specialty.

Muggins—We got beautifully deceived in our entertaining friend, Goodfellow. It turns out that he is a professional crook.

Guggins—Great Scott! I can't believe it. What is his specialty?

Muggins—He's a security farmer.

Guggins—What on earth is that?

Muggins—He makes a business of raising notes.—Buffalo Express.

Dinner Diplomacy.

He—I have asked Huxley to dine with us this evening.

She—I do wish you wouldn't invite that man. It's such a disagreeable person."

He—Well, if I don't he is sure to ask me, and they never have anything fit to eat."—New York World.

DONE BY A WILD TURKEY

Disguised as a Bear, Jasp Had Some Exciting Experiences.

"Thur wuz a time w'en Jasp Frinkle wuz a mighty clev'r bear hunter," observed Uncle Jeff Harris.

"Ya-as?" remarked the man from Anacostia, interrogatively.

"Yes, sah," replied Uncle Jeff.

"Mus' ha' bin a great man?"

"Well, not 'ticularly so, 'cept in th' way o' ketchin' a heap o' bear. They wan't enny skeeters on Jasp w'en et kem t' gittin' bear. Jasp hed a skeem thet knockt ennythin' I ever hear tell o' all flat. He wuz a cute rascal, an' we oft'n useter wonner how he'd menage to get so menny bear. One day I meet Jim Turpie. Jim 'lowed thet Jasp get them bear by trickery. It kinder streck me th' same way, an' so we 'cided t' watch Jasp nex' time he went bear huntin'. An' we done it. We wuz all livin' tergether then. One mornin' bright an' early Jasp tuk down his gun, an' said he wuz goin' bear shootin'. He reckoned he'd bring back a bear er two. Then Jim winked at me an' I winked at Jim.

"Jasp sta'ted off. Purty soon we follered suit. We knowed jes' erbout whur Jasp would go, so we didn't bother ourse'ves too much t' keep him in sight. After awhile Jasp strech into th' woods. Then we wuz plump 'hin him.

"'S-s-s-sh,' said Jim, holdin' his fingers t' his lips.

"Jasp hed no more ijee then nothin' thet we wuz follerin' him.

"He streck deeper into th' woods until bimeby he kem t' a big tree wot wuz holler. Then he stopt an' lukt eroun'. But we hed dodged behin' trees an' he didn't see us. Jim wuz so 'xcited he cudden't ha'dly keep still. I mus' c'nfess I wuz purty ankshus m'se'f. Jasp reached his han's into th' hole in th' tree's trunk an' fetched out a bear's skin. Then he slipt into it an' drew his gun in atter him.

"'Well, I'll be jellgoshwhopped,' said Jim, all flubbergasted.

"It knockt me, too."

"I reckon it did," said the man from Anacostia, slowly cutting his initials on the window casing.

"Yas, sah, it did. Jasp, ez soon ez he hed th' bear skin on, sta'ted away, lokin' fer all th' world laik a bear. I never se er hear o' sech a trick. It jest showed ye how pow'ful cute Jasp wuz, an' incerdent'lly how all-fired dum' we wuz fer not thinkin' o' enn'thin' laik it. On through th' woods on all fours, jes' laik a bear went Jasp. After awhile we b'gin t' hear thet 'culiar noise bears mek w'en thur alone. It wuz thet durned rooster Jasp agettin' in his cha'min' wo'k. He did fust rate, fer it wa'n't long until two bear b'gin t' show themselves in th' woods.

"Jasp kep' right on cha'min' an' cha'min' t' beat th' ban'. Them bar kem cluster an' cluster, an' I reckon all thet time Jasp wuz a-smilin' t' hisse'f laik a basket o' chips.

"Jes' ez th' bigges' bear got near Jasp he poked his gun out an' fired. But it wuz a bad shot, an' went fur o' th' mark. That got th' bears all 'xcited, an' the way they went fer Jasp wuz a cawshun. I never see sech a fight afore. 'Course them bear reckoned a bear ez could shoot wuz a heap sight too dangerous t' hev eroun'. But Jasp wuz game ez they maik 'em, an' he fit fer all he wuz wuth.

"Jes ez we had c'ncluded t' jump in an' help Jasp out th' tricky feller swoshes his knife through th' air twict, an' then th' next thing we knowed two bear wuz layin' daid on th' ground. The fight ye'd a reckoned wou'd a done Jasp, eh? Jasp wa'n't built thet way.

"He jes' pulled his bear fur closer eroun him an' sta'ted on through th' woods in search o' more game. Thet's jes whur Jasp maid a mistake. T' be sure he wuz purty knowin', but then 'twan't everything he knowed. He hedn't gone wery far afore he kem acrost a big wil' turkey. Yo' know how a wil' turkey kin fit; well, this wil' turkey wa'n't no 'xception t' th' rule. It went fer Jasp hotfer'n a candidate goes after an offis. Jasp fit laik all fo'ty, but th' turkey wuz too much fer him, an' he wuz fas' losin' groun' w'en we reshed t' rescue. We killed th' turkey, but Jasp wuz a purty well used up man. And Jasp," concluded the old man, "ain't gone turkey er bear huntin' since."—Washington Post.

She Meant Well.

"You should make home more pleasant for him," was the advice of the wise matron to the weeping young wife. "That's the way to keep a man at home."

"I have done everything I could," sobbed the young woman. "Haven't I been reading one of those delightful Scotch dialect stories aloud to him every night for a week?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Did He?

Magistrate (to elderly witness)—Your age, madame?

Witness—Thirty.

Magistrate—Thirty what?

Witness—Years.

Magistrate—Thanks. I thought it might be months.—Comic Cuts.

Had Been Misinformed.

Biktup—"I hear old Topley forgave his son and went to live with him in St. Louis. Decided that blood was thicker than water, eh?"

Razwit—"That was his first idea, but when he saw the water he changed his mind and came back."—New York Press.

Not On the Make.

"And, with all your art, you don't make money?"

"No," sighed the realist painter, "it's against the law."

Thus again has the crude effort of organized society to regulate conduct resulted in the repression of aspiration.—Detroit Tribune.

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or or firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Campaign Funds.

M. F. P., Columbus City, Ia., asks: "Please state whether McKinley is receiving money from Wall street to help run the campaign. We have heard so, and a number of Republicans refuse to vote for him if he is. It is circulated all around here."

The funds to run a campaign are the voluntary contributions of those who are able to give, and are willing to do so, to advance the cause of the party they support. This is true of Democrats, Republicans, Populists, Prohibitionists and all others. If no one contributed, there would be no money to print and circulate campaign literature, to pay the traveling expenses of speakers, to hire bands, or pay various other expenses. In the past, Republican bankers and business men in New York city have contributed to the Republican campaign funds. It is undoubtedly the same to-day. The money is not paid to Major McKinley. He has no voice in its disposal, nor is it probable he knows who contributes it; and the same is true of Bryan. Such contributions are paid to the national committees, and used by them. As for "Wall street," if you mean the New York bankers collectively, they do not hang together in politics. "Wall street" is a bogey to frighten voters who don't understand clearly what it is. The silver mine owners are putting up a good deal of the money for Bryan's campaign.

Presidential Votes.

A. Y. B., Lancaster, O.: In 1888 Harrison carried the states of California, Colorado, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont and Wisconsin, giving him a total of 249 electoral votes.

But in 1892, it will be remembered, the great landslide completely reversed conditions and Harrison was defeated, getting only 150 votes of the electoral college that year. He then carried the states of Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Vermont, Washington and Wyoming.

Cleveland swept into the White House with majorities and pluralities behind him from the states of Alabama, Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia and Wisconsin, giving him 271 out of the 444 votes of the electoral college as it then stood.

In 1892 the states of Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, North Dakota, Nevada, with a total of 23 electoral votes, were carried by Weaver, the Populist candidate.

Since 1892 Utah, with three votes, has been added to the list of states.

Prices and Free Silver.

C. J. C., Little Rock, Ark., says: "What can we say to the farmers and planters here who expect to be benefited by free coinage, as they say it will increase the volume of currency, and thus increase prices?"

In the first place, the free coinage of silver would not "increase the volume of currency." It would disastrously contract it by drawing from circulation all gold coin and gold certificates. These constitute nearly one-half of our national currency. Under a law as certain as that of gravitation the overvalued metal drives the higher standard out of circulation. This has happened and is now the fact in every free-coinage country in the world. There is absolutely no reason to expect that the United States would prove an exception.

In the second place, prices do not depend upon the volume of money at all. We have not space to go into an extended discussion of this point, but it is a fact, nevertheless.

As to increasing prices, are the farmers really so infantile in knowledge and in reasoning powers as to suppose that the price of their products can be increased by cheap money without a corresponding increase in everything they have to buy? Every yard of cloth, every pound of sugar, every tool and implement, every day's labor on the farm, would adjust itself to the new standard of value quite as quickly as the corn, the cotton and the wheat. And what would it profit a farmer to have the selling price of his products enhanced if the purchasing power of the dollars he got in return were diminished in the same ratio?

Election by the House.

J. W. A., Heflin, Ala., asks: "If neither the Presidential candidates get a majority of the electoral vote, and the election of a President is thereby thrown in the House of Representatives, how will the vote be taken? Will Alabama have nine votes, or just one?"

The constitution provides that the vote shall be by states. Each state will have one vote. They must vote for one of the three highest candidates voted for by the electors. They can not go outside and take a new man. The vote of a state must be cast for the candidate for whom a majority of its Representatives vote. For instance, Ohio has 19 Republican Representatives and 2 Democrats. The one vote of Ohio would be cast for McKinley. In case this election went to the House, it is the present House which would elect the President. It would require a majority of the state to elect, and, as there are 45 states, it would take 23 to elect. The Republicans have a majority of the Representatives of 28 states. So McKinley would be elected.

Nominee Bryan.

C. M. L., Summit, Cala., asks: "Is the Democratic nominee a Roman Catholic, and is his name Bryan or O'Bryan?"

His name is Bryan. The Celtic O means "grandson of." O'Brien means the grandson of Brien or Bryan. Mr. Bryan is a Presbyterian, not a Roman Catholic.

Wire Nails.

J. M. H., Rea, Mo.: The exorbitant price of wire nails just now is because of a combination among the manufacturers. The tariff cuts no figure in it. It would be the same, were wire nails free of duty. As every wire nail manufacturer in this country is in it, they control the market, and would do it if there were no duty. The price is far above the duty, and the result will be that German and Belgian manufacturers will rush nails on here as soon as they get it through their heads that there is a big profit to them, and the pool will be broken. The manufacturers have done a cut-throat business for over two years past, in trying to undersell each other; they are now trying to get the money back which they lost. Both methods are wrong.

The Ratio.

A. V. W., Franklin, Ill.: The ratio, 16 to 1, refers entirely to the relative weights of the pure metal in the silver and gold dollars. It makes no difference whether you say "16 to 1" or "1 to 16"—the meaning is the same. The idea was to give equal values to the two coins; so the weight of pure silver in the silver dollar was made 15 times the weight of pure gold in the gold dollar, by the law of 1792, because at that time 15 ounces of silver were equal in value to 1 ounce of gold. But silver fell in value, and the ratio was changed in 1834 to 16 to 1. There is no need to confuse value and weight. The ratio refers to the weight.

The Greenbacks.

I. C., Glenwood, Ky.: The greenbacks were issued as a necessity. They were simply a forced loan on the people. They were a debt of the government's just the same as any other debt, and of course had to be paid. At the time they were issued they were not expected to be a permanency, and the first concern of the financiers after the war was over was to consider how to get rid of them. They would have all been paid off long ago, and the government been under no necessity of maintaining a gold reserve, had it not been for the popular clamor incited by the greenbackers.

Miscellaneous.

A. W., Ira, Iowa: We have no means of knowing how large are English investments in American silver mines. As the stocks are bought and sold on the New York Stock Exchange, no doubt Europeans—not necessarily Englishmen—have invested in them, as they have in railroads, breweries, factories, etc. The free coinage of silver would simply put the entire currency of this country at the mercy of the silver speculators of London, for the price of bar silver is fixed in that city.

P. F. C., McLouth, Kan.: Write to the National Republican Committee, 308 Wabash avenue, Chicago, and ask them who publishes campaign music.

J. H. O., Phlox, Ind.: The 5-franc piece is a French coin. It weighs 385.8 grains, and contains 347.22 grains of pure silver.

A Yarn From Maine.

A Dexter selectman, taking the annual inventory, called at a certain house and inquired if the family had any musical instrument and he was greeted with a reply in the affirmative. The readiness and joyousness of the acknowledgment were explained when the assessor was ushered into the presence of a melodious infant in a cradle—and he immediately raised that happy taxpayer's valuation $10,000.—Lewiston Journal.

A Clever Teacher.

That was a clever kindergarten teacher who wishing her class of boys and girls to take up sewing and fearing revolt on the part of the young lads, cleverly managed that their sewing should take the form of sailmaking for small boats, learning to stitch balls and to mend sweaters. The result was keen interest and complete success.—New York Times.

A Compliment Indeed.

He—I'm going to pay you the highest compliment a man can pay a woman.

She—This is so sudden.

He—I know it, but I came away without my pocketbook—can you loan me a dollar until to-morrow?—New York World.

AMERICAN TOWN NAMES.

Some Peculiarities Noted in a Perusal of the Official Postal Guide.

No one would dream of recommending the United States Postal Guide as an addition to a list of short stories for light summer reading, and yet there are less interesting volumes that are perhaps better known, although of more limited circulation. This postal guide would not, at first sight, appeal to the average reader; it is not attractive in outward appearance, neither does a casual turning of its leaves reveal what the one who reads to be amused would call a "conversational" interior, yet it can be both attractive and amusing, as a perusal of the list comprising 70,064 post offices will prove.

In this "great and glorious" republic it is natural to expect big things, even in the names of post offices, and there are "big" post offices galore from Big-bug in Arizona to Biglick in Tennessee. There are no less than twenty-four Alphas and twelve Omegas. There are two Angels, twenty-three Arcadias, one Ashcake, three Alligators, two Askews and two Backbones. Of course there is only one Bar Harbor, but it strikes the feminine readers as singular that there should be but one Bargaintown. There is a Blooming office in Oregon, and four Bohemias scattered in different states. There are fourteen Bostons, but only one Bucksnort, and that is in Tennessee. There are a dozen or more Bluffs and four Buncombes, thirteen Climaxes, one Cannonball and one Coke, which, singularly enough, is in Wood county, Texas.

Catarrh is the romantic name of a South Carolina office. That there is a variety of tastes in selecting these names is shown by the following list picked at random: Birdie, Grubgulch, Polkadotte, Looneyville, Deweyrose, Pulltight, Sweet Air, Spinks Corners, Yum Yum, Catlett, Get Up, Friskey, Halfway, Ink, Jakajones, Moonshine, O. K., Shoulderblade, Sweet Home, Tiplersville, Strawberry Valley, Vox Populi, Tribulation, Mousetail, Puckerbrush and Mud.

Parnassus and Olympus are repeated thrice and Paradise sixteen times. There is a Romulus and a Remus; a Romeo and a Juliet; likewise a Rip and a Rat. There is one Truly and eleven Rurals, but no combination of both, although there is a Land of Promise, a Rocky Comfort, a Sabbath-day Point and a Sodom but no Gomorrah. There are two Othellos, one Desdemona, ten Ovids, a Hiawatha, a Minnehaha and a Nokomis. Nix is a favorite name; so is Oakgrove, for there are twenty-three, and several offices are named Ohio. Georgia has its Payup Rhode Island its Quonochontaug, Kentucky its Rabbit Hash, and Tennessee its Cute. There are sixteen Coldwaters, including one in Kentucky, which also has a Croakville, a Honeysuckle, a Tarheel, a Teatearsville, a Pope, a Ninevah, a Sania, an Austerlitz, a Daisydell, a Pigeon Roost, a Gimlet, a Bonanza, a Celery, a Sassafras, a Maddog, a Richelieu, a Nazareth, a Taffy, and a Cromwell, besides Ep, Goforth, Grapevine, Troublesome, Jamboree, Waterloo, Nonesuch and Temperance.

This is a liberty loving country, if sixty-two postoffices bearing that name with villes, falls, groves, squares, corners and centers are any indication. There are twenty-three offices bearing the name of Independence; also twelve Jerichos and nine Jerusalems; numerous Mascots, and one Mesopotamia; twenty-eight Moscows, thirty Midways, nine Napoleons, twenty-two Quincys, thirty-six Riversides, innumerable Rainbows, forty-five Salems, including villes, depots, etc., and no end of Scotts with hills, dales, plains and stations affixed. Washington is perpetuated in forty-seven postoffices, and there are one hundred and thirty-one Unions. Of the country's famous men Lincoln seems to be the favorite in selecting town titles, forty-five being thus named. Others are Jefferson, Blaine and Garfield twenty-six each; Sheridan and Sherman twenty-five; Garrison fourteen, and McClellan one. There are eighteen Gladstones.

There was a little imagination put into the name of Lock No. 3. A printer doubtless had something to say about Stet, Mo., and Stick, Tenn. Here are a few of wide extremes: Settendown, Gunpowder, Huff, Harmony, Quince Orchard, Saltpetre, Troublesome, Happyland, Cash, Difficulty, Needmore, Quid Nunc, Spot Cash, Thunderbolt, Morning Glory, Gin, Fate, Girltown, Peachblow, Sparkling Springs, Pipestem, Scuffletown, Zip, Society Hill, Tomales, Whynot, Wildcat, Haysockrun, Huckleberry Jug, Judy and Jingo.

Only nine offices begin with the letter X; two of them are Xerxes, one is Xenophon, and all the others are Xenia.

Adroit.

Miss Kissam—You seem depressed to-night, Mr. Dexter.

Mr. Dexter—Yes, I am. I went to a fortune teller to-day to find out my fate and was told that the girl I loved would not marry me.

Miss Kissam—But, Mr. Dexter, no fortune teller is authorized to speak for me.—Detroit Free Press.

Unterrified.

"Do you think it's unlucky to meet a cross-eyed person?" asked the man of superstition.

"I should say not," replied his newly made friend. "I'm an oculist."—Washington Star.

Very Large Thing.

"But there is something between you and the girl?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied sadly. "The dog."—Buffalo Times.

BRIEF NOTES OF NOTABLES.

The efforts to secure an annuity for Joseph Arch, the English labor leader, are meeting with great success.

W. D. Howells, the author, with Miss Howells, is making an extended stay at Fabyan house, New Hampshire.

Mrs. Helen Cody Wetmore, the editor and publisher of the Duluth Press, a weekly paper, is said to be a sister of "Buffalo Bill."

Dr. James P. Cocke, of Boston, though blind, is one of the most enthusiastic bicycle riders. He rides a duplicate with Mrs. Cocke.

William T. Richardson, of Cambridge, Mass., left an estate of $100,000 and his old wearing apparel to "some poor worthy Baptist minister."

A Dublin fisherman recently sent a sturgeon, weighing 300 pounds, to Queen Victoria. The Queen sent part of the fish to Albert Edward's family for breakfast.

William J. Gilmore, who died in Columbus, O., the other day, at the age of 73 years, was one of the most widely known lawyers in the state, and was at one time a justice of the supreme court of Ohio.

Father Stojalowski, the Polish Christian Socialist, who was recently suspended from his priestly functions by the Papal Nuncio at Vienna, is going to run for the Reichsrath in district now represented by a priest.

The first woman in England to receive the honorary degree of LL. D. was a Miss Jane Harrison. She has now had an additional honor conferred on her in being elected a member of the Berlin archaeological society.

The director of the Lick observatory has received a letter from Miss Caroline W. Bruce, of New York city, inclosing a check for $1,000, to be expended in purchasing needed apparatus for use at the observatory.

Mrs. E. L. Loring, of Washington, goes in swimming every day in the bathing pond at Appledore, and regularly swims four times around the pond. As she is 85 years old, the islanders claim that the smartest old lady on the coast is a guest there.

Pure

Blood means sound health. With pure, rich, healthy blood, the stomach and digestive organs will be vigorous, and there will no Dyspepsia, Rheumatism or Neuralgia. Scrofula and Salt Rheum will disappear. Your nerves will be strong, sleep sound and refreshing. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. That is why it cures so many diseases. That is why thousands take it to cure disease, retain good health. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

NEXT BABY OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

LOYALL FARRAGUT SEWALL BEARS THE NAME OF HIS UNCLE.

Mrs. McKinley's "Best Baby."—With a Fondness for "Sweetheart," She Still Likes Her Nieces and Nephews.

The baby of the White House is an interesting American figure wholly unrivalled by "the baby" of any other country. Even in monarchies where the baby is the direct descendant to the throne there is less interest centered in him, for the reason that he is to be kept obscured from public gaze for years while learning to be a king. But our White House baby is the child of the whole land; and the country would be indeed cheated out of its right were it to have no baby with the new administration. But that such will not be the melancholy case it is certain.

The most interesting of the White House baby possibilities, from a genealogical and historic point of view, is Loyall Farragut Sewall, son of Harold M. Sewall, a young man very prominent in business circles in Maine.

This small child of three summers struggles under a weight of prenatal responsibility that would daunt any but a stout-hearted lad. His mother was Miss Camilla Ashe, of San Francisco, a daughter of Gen. Ashe, of the Mexican war. He is likewise historic in another direction, being a grand-nephew of the famous Admiral Farragut, after whom he is named. This child is up and away the favorite of his grandmother, Mrs. Sewall, wife of the nominee.

One of Mrs. Sewall's fads is for photography, and she has "taken" the child in every conceivable attitude. She has painted him in foreign scenery; and in her summer home near Bath, Me., there are sketches Venetian and sketches Russian, all with little Farragut standing in them. Mrs. Sewall is a very accomplished woman, having been to the manor born in the matter of family and wealth. Her education was obtained abroad, whither she expects to send the White House baby when he is old enough to go. He now understands three languages and talks a little in all. Life has been very rose-hued for this baby.

THREE FIRM FRIENDS, MRS. M'KINLEY, DORIS AND GARRET A. HOBART, JR.

"Mrs. McKinley's babies" have for years been a matter of interest to her friends. At one time Marion Foster, a little crippled artist of Washington, was her "baby," and received the lavish love of Mrs. McKinley. All the nephews and nieces of her husband have held that position until they outgrew it.

The present holder of the title is Miss Doris Pentland, the youngest child of a resident of Columbus. Doris is a very sweet-tempered little one, with the great virtue of being able to keep quiet for an hour at a time, an accomplishment prized by an invalid.

If the Major and Mrs. McKinley move East they will leave a standing invitation to one small resident of Columbus. And more than that, they will undoubtedly have her for many a long visit.

In tastes Mrs. McKinley and Doris are very congenial. Mrs. McKinley's conservatory and her famous worsted slippers are both of intense interest to Miss Doris, who holds the worsted for the slippers and carries water for the flowers. She afterwards superintends the distribution of both.

It has been predicted that Mrs. McKinley would be very apt to turn the administration halls into an institution resembling a babies' nursery, but that she can make selections has been shown by her conduct hitherto.

"My Sweetheart" is the name bestowed by Mrs. McKinley upon the fair-haired little one, who will go to Washington with her next spring, if Fate should decree, and so from the corner window where Baby Ruth's bird cage now swings there may peep a baby's face not unlike in looks and age and sweet disposition.

Mrs. Cleveland added a Baby Ruth corner to the conservatory. Mrs. McKinley would add a Baby Doris corner. Little Doris and her adopted mother buy many flowers together. Their taste is good, for Mrs. McKinley is a woman of culture, and the White House conservatory would take just such a stride forward as it did in the days of Mrs. Harrison. When that lady, having her choice of ferns or dishes, decided that the appropriation be spent upon palms, it was because Baby McKee took his lessons daily in the palm-room.

There are still nephews and nieces in the McKinley family, and as both Mr. and Mrs. McKinley are very broad in their affections, these little ones may be White House babies also.

Hobart, jr., is a tall lad who blushes at the mention of White House baby, as applied to himself. He plays musical instruments, drives a nice team, and is getting ready for college. His ambition is the collection of things, his collection of campaign buttons being a really wonderful gathering of metals and designs. He is a walking McKinley poster, and has been seen with 100 of these buttons upon his handsome young self.

As the White House baby this young man would be sent away to school, for he is of the bright kind that you can spoil easily. He hears with "ears of little pitchers." His parents are not fond of precocious children, and prefer a plain, healthy lad to one spoiled by public life. Mrs. Cleveland's idea of keeping the children out of the public part of the White House coincides with that of Mrs. Hobart. Young Hobart has a fancy for anything strange or odd, and would find infinite entertainment in the children of foreign legations, with their queer English and their foreign ways.

His life has been spent largely in the capitol, and he knows most of the little foreigners. He, more than any of the other "White House baby" possibilities, has enjoyed the benefits of wealth and foreign travel. He has "done" the Orient and is familiar with the best society of the world. Everywhere he is so courted and petted that his parents would strive through a four-year term to keep him in the background.

The Bryan children would make very precocious White House babies. They understand German, from having their mother read Hans Andersen to them in that language, and they are posted on the history of all nations. Even their bed-time tales have been instructive ones, and their infantile dreams have been fed upon the tales of Bruce and the lives of the kings. With American history they are very familiar.

The youngest of the family, Grace, is the most studious. William, jr., is the least so. For a long time it was a very great grief to his mother that he did not enjoy being read to; but when Lincoln became a center of interest William, aged six, began to show that he had grasped things without seeming to do so. His mother stopped worrying about him after she found him laughing to kill himself upon one of the verandas. "What is the matter with you, William?" she asked.

"I'm laughing at that old man. He said he thought Lincoln was on the border of civilization."

That from her six-year-old, set Mrs. Bryan to worrying in a fresh direction. Was he too precocious?

As White House babies, the small Bryans would go in for philanthropy and all the progress of the capitol. They are bright, ambitious little ones, and would be very interesting. They would not be kept secluded from public gaze. They are all skilled in athletics. Three small bicycles decorate the front piazza, and three under-sized bathing suits hanging in the Bryan apartment of the Lincoln natatorium, for the children are all swimmers. Their pet play is "Club," at which one reads from a manuscript, and the others applaud, a la Sorosis, where their mother is president. All three intend to be lawyers like their mother.

Every one of these children are little Americans to the backbone, and should Li Hung Chang or any other foreigner quiz the youngsters they would be found well up on the rights and advantages of young America.

Idiotic Advice.

Peasant—I spoke to our herb doctor and he advised me that I should——

Doctor (interrupting)—Oh! he gave you some idiotic advice, I don't doubt!

Peasant—He advised me to see you!—Humoristische Blaetter.

JUST ABOUT GIRLS.

Few young girls recognize the necessity for discrimination in the choice of associates, provided they are pleasing.

There is no finer picture of complete satisfaction than the stout woman wearing butterfly bows on her shoulders.

If you make your porch attractive visitors get a very favorable impression of the house, even before seeing the interior.

Some women eager for novelty and with a desire to be unusually extravagant have their hats decked each day in fresh flowers.

The "nose hat" that is the millinery fad of the season made its debut in a play called Bohemia, presented very early in the spring.

Chewing gum is being sold almost by the ton, the numbers of expectant ocean voyagers deeming this a sure preventive of seasickness.

There are great crowds in the select jewelry establishments these days. The little diamond-studded watches are a fad of the summer girl.

THE THREE BRYANS AND LOYALL FARRAGUT SEWALL.

FOUR VERY PRECOCIOUS "WHITE HOUSE BABY POSSIBILITIES.

EXCITEMENT AWHEEL.

An Oregon Woman Bicyclist Falls In a River and Meets a Bear.

The days of the "foot log and the trails" are not yet passed in Oregon, and the pioneers who broke the trails and put the foot logs across the "branches" will be interested in learning how they answer for bicycle travel, says the Portland Oregonian.

A Portland lady has been visiting friends in Roseburg, and a few days since she started from there to visit relatives living about 30 miles out in the mountains. She is an energetic and accomplished bicyclist, and got along very well on her journey for about 25 miles, when the road gave out. She found a trail, which she followed for about a mile, when she came to a foot log over a narrow but deep stream. She was afraid to try to walk across the log with her wheel, but, having confidence in her skill as a rider, determined to ride across.

When about half way over something went wrong, and she and the wheel plunged into the stream and went to the bottom. She rose to the surface, and, being a good swimmer, succeeded in reaching the shore. She then determined to have her wheel, which had remained at the bottom. Securing a long pole, with a limb near the end which formed a hook, she started in to fish for her bicycle, and after some trouble fished it out. The trail beyond the creek was level and in good condition, and as night was approaching, she concluded to mount and make a desperate effort to reach her destination.

She had just got under a good headway and was scorching along when she saw a bear on the road ahead. The bear seemed the worse scared of the two, and stood staring in amazement at the strange wheeled figure approaching, the wet and dripping bloomers sticking closely to the limbs of the rider giving her a weird appearance. As has been remarked the Portland woman was a skilled rider, and having been accustomed to having everybody clear the way for her, she was not going to back down for a bear, so she charged down on him at full speed, ringing her bell like mad. The bear, seeing certain death, or six months in the hospital inevitable, wheeled out of the path, and the lady whirled by in a blaze of golden glory. She did not stop to look back, but "put her best foot forward," and fortunately soon arrived at the house of her friends. She did not attempt to come back alone.

WOOD PULP.

The Enormous Amount of Forest It Requires Each Year.

The demand on our forests for wood out of which to manufacture pulp that is used for paper is beginning to be a serious one and in the state of New York alone 100,000,000 feet (board measure) are used annually for wood pulp. It has taken the place, as a consumer of wood, that was formerly held by charcoal. Gas, gasoline and other liquid fuels have taken the place of charcoal and the demand for that product has nearly disappeared.

But the manufacture of wood pulp is constantly on the increase. According to statistics compiled by the forest commission, the amount of wood converted into pulp and utilized in the manufacture of articles, from a newspaper to the sheathing of a sea-going vessel, was in 1891 69,274,283 feet, board measure. These figures jumped up to 80,918,537 in 1892 and to 92,135,707 in 1893. Since the latter year the increase has been gradual until the last year the sum total exceeded 100,000,000. Since the year when the first statistics were taken there has been an increase in the number of mills by more than a dozen. Thus it will be seen that while the consumption of wood for fuel has depreciated to a large extent, its increase in the manufacture of enduring articles has been of extraordinary dimensions.

In this industry New York leads all the states, having 80 pulp mills out of 250 in the United States. Wisconsin ranks second, Maine third and New Hampshire fourth. The pulp goes into the manufacture of the paper used by newspapers very largely and most of that is turned out by the mills of New York. When a single establishment will use in its daily editions from fifteen to twenty tons of paper each day it can be seen what an enormous demand must be made in the forests by the pulp mills for the material out of which that paper is made to supply the combined newspaper demand of the whole country.—Chicago News.

"A LITTLE LEARNING."

A Dreadful Punishment.

"Oh, Harold, last night I dreamt I died and went to purgatory, and how do you suppose I was punished?"

"My dear little wife has never done anything deserving of punishment," replied the gallant Harold. "But what did you dream?"

"I was made to do all the things I had ever told my acquaintances I would do if I were in their places. Oh, it was too horrible to think of."—New York World.

—Merit in medicine means the power to cure. The great cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla prove its unequaled merit.

Fine Training.

"What a brilliant imagination Cutely must have to jump so suddenly into fame as a novelist."

"Nothing strange about it. He made out the bills of a big plumbing firm for years."—Detroit Free Press.

A WONDERFUL PHYSICIAN.

Marvelous Cures Made Without Drugs, Medicines or Surgical Applications.

Special Correspondence Toledo Weekly Blade.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 31.—Thousands will bless the memory of Dr. C. H. Carson for what he is doing for suffering humanity. This doctor's power to heal seems to have no limit. People are coming and going at all hours of the day to his Temple of Health, Washington and Twelfth streets, in Kansas City. All who come receive permanent benefit, and many of the most hopeless cases of suffering are relieved and cured after a few applications of this Wonderful Healing Power. The treatment is not Faith Cure, Hypnotism or Christian Science methods, neither does he administer drugs or medicines of any kind.

Dr. Carson has been located in Kansas City for eighteen years and during that period he has gained a reputation which is not only national, but which extends to all parts of the world. Not only do patients from all over America visit him and receive successful treatment, but they come from across the ocean. His marvelous power as a vital healer is as familiar as current history. The fact that he heals without drugs or medicines, surgical operations or appliances of any kind is too well known to need discussion. He is the busiest man in Kansas City, yet he never fails to find time to answer all inquiries regarding his wonderful treatment, when a stamp is inclosed for reply and letter addressed to Dr. C. H. Carson, corner of Washington and Twelfth streets, Kansas City, Mo.

THE PLOT SPOILED BY A HOAX.

A Romantic and Pretty Authoress Sold by a Bogus Earl.

She was sitting in the corner of the carriage opposite me, and we had got into conversation via the window, which I pulled down for, and a magazine, which I lent her. She agreed with me that it was a hot day, and that the magazine was stupid. A chance incident gave a more personal turn to the conversation. I took out my pocketbook to see that my ticket was safe, and let a letter drop on the floor of the carriage. The letter was addressed to the Earl of Dunmore. Her eyes fell on it, and she looked at me with a pleased smile.

"Is that you? Are you an earl?" she asked.

Now I may at once state that I am not an earl, and that the letter was not addressed to me, but was intended for my autograph collection. Yet she was pretty, and I thought she seemed pleased at the idea that I was an earl. The only other occupants of the carriage were two somnolent old ladies, who were not likely to overhear me, so I decided to be an earl, and condescendingly admitted the fact.

"I'm so glad," she answered. "I did so want to meet a real lord."

"I am gratified that my presence is any pleasure to you," I said, wondering whether she was an American or merely an ordinary Radical.

"You see," she replied, "I write a little."

"You're not going to interview me!" I exclaimed in real alarm, for the Earl of Dunmore might be a choleric man and the consequences unpleasant.

"Oh, no," she answered, "I don't write things like that. I write novels."

"A milder form of fiction," I suggested. "Perhaps I've read your novels."

"I'm afraid an earl wouldn't have read them. They only come out in penny editions," she said, wistfully. "But I'm writing a serial story for a Sunday paper now. That's better, isn't it?"

"Much better. You're getting on," I replied, with increased interest in my companion, for I had long wished to know what kind of person writes penny dreadfuls. "But are you going to put me into the serial story?"

"Would you mind much?" she asked.

"Well, if you don't give my name," I said.

"It's awfully good of you," she answered, gratefully, "and you can tell me a lot of things I want to know. You see, people who buy penny books like them to be about lords, and it's so hard to write about lords when you've never met one."

"If I can be of any assistance," I said.

"Thank you very much," she said. "Now tell me, are you a bad lord or a good lord? They're always very bad, or very good, aren't they?"

"Generally," I said. "I'm afraid I'm one of the bad kind."

"I'm so glad," she answered. "There's a good marquis in my story. He's the hero, and I can write about him pretty easily, because he comes to see the humble heroine. And there's a bad earl. He's a villain, and he lives in his castle, and that what makes it so hard. How are you so bad?"

"Oh, I'm pretty bad all round," I said. "It's not necessary to be particular to a crime or two in drawing my character."

"Would a wicked earl," she asked, "keep a good marquis starving in a dungeon if they were rivals for a lady's hand?"

"He might," I said, "but I'm not a marrying man myself."

"I suppose you have an old baronial castle?" she went on.

"Pretty baronial," I replied. "It was rather injured in the crusades. The moat is particularly fine. We are constantly finding skeletons in it."

"How lovely," she exclaimed. "And you have ghosts there? There's a ghost in my story."

"Oh, yes," I said, "we keep quite a pack of ghosts, but they get rather tiresome after a time."

"I'd never get tired of them," she replied, enthusiastically. "Now tell me more. Do all countesses have violet eyes?"

"That is a most extraordinary popular delusion," I said—she had brown eyes. "A really well-bred countess ought to have brown eyes."

"I must remember that," she said. "And would a countess wear a blaze of diamonds at breakfast?"

"If she was particular about etiquette, she would," I replied. "But people are getting so careless nowadays."

"I suppose that's because of the rich manufacturers," she answered.

"It is," I said; they've introduced those cheap articles."

"I'll put that in my story," she said. "Now tell me more about your wickedness. Do you often commit murders?"

"I'm sorry," I said, "that I can't tell you much about my crimes. The police, you know. That's the worst of a democracy."

"Oh, I like that," she replied; "I'll certainly put that in. But you might tell me about them. I wouldn't let any one know they were yours."

"I am not alone in these matters," I said mysteriously. "I am sworn to a silence as deep as the grave. I wish I could be more explicit. Our crimes are so unlike the petty crimes of the people."

"Are you going to your castle now?" she asked.

"No," I said; "I'm going to Kinton to stay with a man there. He's a mere commoner, but he's got money, and dice can be cogged, you know."

"You play with cogged dice, do you?" she answered. "How lovely! I'm going to Kinton, too," she added, after a pause.

"Do you live there?" I asked, beginning to feel uneasy.

"No," she said; "I'm going to Mrs. Dawson's."

"Mrs. Dawson's?" I inquired, faintly; "on a visit?"

"No," she said; "I am going as maid to Mrs. Dawson. I was in service, you know, before I took to literature, and I generally take a place for my summer holiday. It will be jolly. I've never been at so big a house before."

I was very uncomfortable, for I was going to stay at the house, too.

It occurred to me at first to pretend that I was traveling incognito, but she would be certain to find me out. In all probability Mrs. Dawson would be in possession of the whole conversation in a day or two, and I should become a laughing stock. I am a shy man and averse to ridicule; besides for several reasons, I wished to produce a good impression on Mrs. Dawson.

I decided to make a clean breast of the whole thing to the young woman. When I had told her she looked at me with unutterable contempt.

"Then you are not a lord at all," she said. "And was everything else you told me just as untrue?"

"I am afraid so," I answered.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she went on. "You might have spoilt my novel altogether. I shall write to the Authors' society about you."

"I want you," I said, "not to tell any one."

I reasoned with her for some time, and eventually agreed to give her a sovereign down, and three more if she kept the secret while I was at Kinton. We had only just concluded the agreement when we reached our destination. As we stopped the young woman handed the sovereign back, and said, with a smile:

"Mr. Trevor, you shouldn't pretend to be the Earl of Dunmore, when your name is on your hatbox."

"Hullo, Lena, here you are," exclaimed Mr. Dawson, from the platform. "How do you do, Trevor? I didn't know you knew my niece."

"Please don't tell," I whispered.

"Of course not," she answered. "I have the eyes of a well-bred countess." And she did not tell.

Men! Do not despair. Read Thos. Slater's offer on page 3.

The Way She Took It.

Mrs. Lovey (proudly)—Yes, Mr. Lovely and I have been married for 25 years and we have yet to make up our first real quarrel.

Miss Pert—Isn't that rather a long time to sulk?—New York World.

At the Card Table.

She tried very hard to play euchre,
But just thirteen seconds it tuchre
To forget what was trump,
Her husband hissed "chump,"
And her fortitude quickly forsuchre.
—Detroit Tribune.

$100 REWARD for a man I cannot cure of private weakness. Write to DR. LEE, 124 Orange Street, Newark, N. J.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Disease In Pigs.

Mrs. M. E. B., Illinois: The lumps and sores on your pigs indicates impure blood, and the disease is given two or three different names. Clear the pen or sty thoroughly. Do not permit any wet bedding or filth of any kind. Give each pig in a bran mash, a teaspoonful of Epsom salts once a day for three days. Wash the pigs well with soft soap and warm water, and after drying them touch all parts that are abraded with tar. If you have other pigs remove the affected ones from them. Feed no corn for a week or two, and especially give them no new corn. A run on grass will be good for them. Washing pigs with soap should be done on a day when there is no chill in the air.

Milk Bitter—Cream Spongy.

W. J., Kansas: The best way yet known to overcome bitter milk is to give a drink of a full pound of Epsom salts in a pint and a half of warm water. This should be stirred well and administered through a drenching horn. Follow this with an ounce of pulverized saltpetre in drinking water once a day for about five days. This will remedy the acidity which causes the bitterness. Milk three times a day. Bathe the udder in water as warm as the cow will stand, and, after wiping it dry, rub in with hand-friction camphorated liniment. If you can possibly get it give the cow a daily dose of 1 oz. of hyposulphate of soda on scalded bran or cut feed. This is an excellent correcter of acidity, and should be kept by all persons having milch cows.

Corn Weevil.

A. McP., Alabama: There is no way to rid a corn bin of weevil excepting by the use of bisulphide of carbon. This is a very inflammable liquid, and must not be brought near to a flame. The bin, or crib, should be closed well, and saucers placed on top of the corn containing the bisulphide of carbon. This being heavier than air, sinks, and distributes itself to every part of the corn, destroying all the insects. Before putting corn in the crib, the crib should be well cleaned out and swept.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FRUIT NOTES—NO. III.

Fall Planting of Strawberries.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—Now is the time and this is the weather for fall-planting of strawberries. Spring is without doubt the best time for general planting, but August and early September is the preferable fall season for setting plants and may be utilized by those who wish a fruiting bed for next June. October and November setting amounts to nothing, but new runner plants set in July, August and early September, when the moisture is sufficient, will quickly root and enlarge so as to make good fruiting plants the next season. The sooner they are planted after new plants can be secured the better. Old plants do not succeed well at this time of the year.

The ground should be plowed or spaded deep and worked up fine. Make rich with any well rotted fertilizer or with bonemeal and ashes. Plant when ground is moist and water once or twice. Pack the earth tightly around the plants when setting and bury under pieces of runners and long leaf stems to help sustain the plants until roots start which will be in from four to six days. In setting beds for home supply instead of market purposes at this period I would advise planting twelve or fifteen inches each way and then hoe frequently to promote growth. It is best to cover a little in December with leaves, corn-stalks or any litter that is free from grass or weed seed, cover lightly, just enough to shade the ground. The choice of varieties is an important item when you plant. Many new and old varieties are not worth planting when compared with other varieties. Then there is a long list, all of which are good; but the best way is to have the cream of this list. We may hardly expect any newer varieties to surpass some of the well-tried varieties.

There is quite a difference in time of ripening, but the earliest have generally proved unproductive, and the same is true of nearly all of the late kinds. Out of a large number of varieties I would select Warfield as the best early variety, putting enough of Lovett with it to pollenize the blossoms and make it fruitful. For medium ripening would plant Havaland and Bubach. Havaland is larger, more productive and more showy than Crescent, and Bubach is one of the very best very large berries. It is perhaps the most productive of the smooth sized berries. Plant with these two also the Lovett. It is a very superior large productive fruit with perfect blossoms. Among the latest berries Eureka and Gandy head the list. Both of these are large, choice berries. The Eureka is somewhat irregular in form, but produces much more fruit than the Gandy and is fully as late.—M. S. Hubbell, West Toledo, O.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Washing Butter.

The Ontario agricultural college's dairy department gives some practical suggestions, the results of experiments made in washing butter. The report says: "During the past year we have made one experiment each week by taking out about one-third of each churning and salting, working and packing this in a tub without washing. The remaining two-thirds we washed once, and then salted, working and packed one-half of it. The other half (or remaining third of the original churning) we washed twice and then salted, worked and packed it. We have found that by adding about 25 per cent of water to the contents of the churn before drawing off the buttermilk we thin the buttermilk and so allow a better separation of the butter, whereas if this is not done it is difficult to get the buttermilk from the butter. We would recommend adding in winter about 10 per cent of water at churning temperature, when the butter breaks, and the remaining 15 per cent of colder water after the granules are full size. After this revolve the churn a few times to mix the water with the milk and then draw off the buttermilk and water.

"As a result of the season's experiments on this point, we would recommend little or no washing where the butter is made into pound prints for customers who like highly flavored butter, and who will consume it in from eight to ten days after it is made. While we have found the unwashed butter to keep fully as well as the washed in some cases, yet the general results indicate that the former has not quite so good keeping quality as the washed butter. For packing in tubs butter may be washed once or twice, but we feel satisfied that many makers are spoiling the flavor of their butter by too much washing. To-day (December 28) I have just examined three prints of butter from the same churning made at the dairy on the 18th instant, and the print of unwashed would score three or four points higher in flavor than the others which were washed. Winter butter especially should not be washed too much."

Profitable Hog-Raising.

It is an undeniable fact that the majority of farmers raise and fatten their hogs in such a manner that their pork costs them 25 to 75 per cent more than it would have cost them to purchase the home supply from their merchants. It is true, as a general thing, that home-raised pork is superior in quality, but the increased cost of production, all of which may be remedied for a little trouble and a very little cost when everything is taken into consideration.

In the first place, there is not one farmer in every hundred that has a breed of hogs that is eligible to registration. This being the case, we can see at a glance that here is a cause for part of the increased cost of production, simply because the cost of raising a scrub is as great as a thoroughbred (in some instances greater), and at nine months of age the scrub, if well cared for, will probably weigh 125 pounds, while a Poland China, Berkshire or Jersey, kept under the same conditions, will weigh 250 pounds. Hence the first step toward lessening the cost of production is to improve the breed. But don't commence by crossing a thoroughbred and the scrubs, this is too slow and expensive when we consider the cost of thoroughbred pigs of any breed. Any farmer that has been raising his pork from scrubs at a cost of seven

Steering clear of the shoals of ill health and the rocks of disease is easy enough if only the digestion be kept in good order. It isn't often any one is sick unless they have indigestion. The commonest way in which indigestion shows itself is in constipation. Nine people in ten are troubled more or less in this way. Nine-tenths of all the world's sickness is caused by this one trouble. Sleeplessness, pimples, blotches, headaches, sour stomach, dizziness, "heart-burn," palpitation, biliousness, distress after eating—all these are merely symptoms of constipation. Why do people suffer with them when the cure is so simple and so easily obtained? Years ago, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets were placed on the market. Since then, there has been no excuse for anybody to suffer from constipation, and its attendant ills. The "Pellets" cure every case infallibly and permanently. They are very small, easy to take, gentle and quick in action. They are not at all violent; they do not disturb the system. They cure you so you stay cured. Thousands of women will find if they take the "Pleasant Pellets" that their ills will vanish with the constipation.

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser gives more plain useful information about the human body and all the ailments to which it is subject than any other single book in the English language. It is really a medical encyclopedia in one volume, a large heavy book of 1008 pages, with over 300 illustrations. The outlay of money, time and effort in producing this great book was paid for by the sale of the first edition of 680,000 copies at $1.50 each; and the profit has been used in publishing the present edition of half a million copies to be sent absolutely without price to all who will remit the small charge of 21 cents in one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing only. Address, with stamps, World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

cents per pound, can produce a better quality for 3½ cents per pound by simply changing to a standard breed.

And then in the second place, there is just about as much in the feeding as there is depending on the breeding. The idea is to feed the hogs on a ration that can be raised the cheapest if it will produce the same results as a higher priced feed. For instance, the potato contains a greater per cent of muscle, bone and fat forming elements than the artichoke, but it is cheaper to raise artichokes because the cost of raising them is at least 80 per cent less than that of the potato. The same may be said of the pea crop as compared with corn. It is true that the cow-pea does not contain quite two-thirds the nutritious elements as that of corn, but it is economy to raise peas in preference to corn as a hog feed, because the fertility added to the soil more than pays for all trouble and expense of planting and cultivating, hence, all that the hogs consume is a clear gain.—Ag. Epitomist.

Air-Slacked Lime.

Air-slacked lime scattered about the house or yards will prevent disease, in many instances, and always prove of benefit in any case. Vermin is destroyed by the dusting of roosts, walls and floors with this penetrating, purifying powder; while in the outer runs the earth is cleansed of much of the poisonous quality by use of lime. No harm comes from the lime habit, but on the contrary a great deal of good may be effected by contracting it. Cleanliness is the key note, and the employment of agents of this sort is the right thing.

Value of Sheep.

It does not require a large farm to keep a small flock of sheep, which everything considered is the best, says the Missouri Farmer. It should be well fenced so that they can be kept where wanted. Many a rough, worn out farm might be brought up and made valuable by raising sheep. There is no stock so well adapted to rugged hillsides or rough pastures or to prevent the growth of weeds and bushes. Where sheep have the range of a field very few weeds will go to seed, and bushes will be so thoroughly cropped that they will either die or be kept back. When a farmer can thus easily turn the weeds and bushes of a farm into excellent manure, and at the same time have them converted into mutton and wool, it is certainly a good thing. Sheep will thrive in a pasture and get fat where cattle would almost starve. They also scatter their droppings over the field and never fail to enrich lands, where kept. Feed them extra, for this additional food works to the profit of the raiser in two ways—it not only insures a good growth of flesh and wool, but it makes the manure richer and more valuable.

To make the most profit out of sheep they should be well fed and cared for. A sheep must be fed to make the best mutton, but few conceive that a well-fed sheep produces more wool than one poorly cared for. Wool is a product from feeding, the same as fat, and many farmers lose half the profit from neglect to feed properly. Sheep should have, besides good feed, dry, clean quarters, sheltered from rain and storms.

Is Honey Poisonous?

On this subject in the American Bee Journal, Prof. A. J. Cook writes as follows: "Another argument in favor of the poisonous qualities of some honey comes from actual cases often reported by physicians and the press. These cases are generally from regions where the mountain laurel or kalmia latifolia grows. The fact that this plant is said to be poisonous to stock might naturally lead to the opinion that honey from it would be poisonous, as explained above. There are very good reasons to doubt the accuracy of these observations and reports. It is an unquestioned fact that in many regions along the Alleghany mountains this mountain laurel is very abundant, and is visited profusely by the bees. Yet there is never any trouble from poisonous honey.

"As we have already seen, even the best of honey, especially if eaten in undue quantities, may make any person sick, and often will make some people sick. So we see it is easy to account for the sickness without deciding that the honey is necessarily poisonous. I have often, myself, known of cases where people have been made deathly sick by taking only a few teaspoonfuls of honey and that of the best quality—honey that I could eat ad libitum without the least injurious effect. Suppose, then, that a person should eat heartily of honey in the region of the mountain laurel bloom—it is easy to see how some not over-scrupulous or over-cautious physician might start a first-class sensational report regarding poisonous honey.

"But I have other evidence which to me is more conclusive than any yet offered. While in Michigan I received a large number of samples of the so-called poisonous honey; some of them were as white and beautiful as the white clover honey, and as agreeable to the taste, while others were bitter, and some of it dark as well as ill-flavored. In every case I ate freely of this honey, and according to reports am alive yet. I even went further than this. I took the great risk to ask my friends to eat of this honey, and in no case was there the least ill effects from it. I have thus had honey from Pennsylvania, Eastern Tennessee, North Carolina and South Carolina, all of which were reported to be poisonous, and all of which, to my certain knowledge, was as wholesome as any honey.

"Of course we ought not to be dogmatic in any such matter. It is very easy for any of us to be mistaken, but from the facts given above I have come to the conclusion that we need more and better evidence than we have yet had before we decide positively that the flowers secrete poisonous matter.

"To sum up: It is easy to see how reports of poisonous honey have become current from the very nature of honey, and without any basis of fact. It is also easy to see how that people given to theorizing might conclude that honey from certain flowers was poisonous without any real reason for doing so. Again, the fact that many of the so-called poisonous plants abound in regions where poisonous honey is never reported, gives a 'black eye' to this theory. Lastly, actual tests of the very honey pronounced poisonous have failed to show the presence of poison."

Every man should read the offer of Thos. Slater on page 3 of this paper.

Talmage's Sermon.

SPEAK KIND WORDS.

Kindness Often Conquers Where Violence Would Avail Nothing.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 31.—In these days, when satire and retort and bitterness fill the air, the gospel carol of this sermon will do good to all who read and practice it. The text is: Proverbs xxv., 15, "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

When Solomon said this he drove a whole volume into one phrase. You, of course, will not be so silly as to take the words of the text in a literal sense. They simply mean to set forth the fact that there is a tremendous power in a kind word. Although it may seem to be very insignificant, its force is indescribable and illimitable. Pungent and all-conquering utterance: "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

If I had time, I would show you kindness as a means of defense, as a means of usefulness, kindness as a means of domestic harmony, kindness as best employed by governments for the taming and curing of criminals, and kindness as best adapted for the settling and adjusting of international quarrel; but I shall call your attention only to two of these thoughts.

And first, I speak to you of kindness as a means of defense. Almost every man, in the course of his life, is set upon and assaulted. Your motives are misinterpreted or your religious or political principles are bombarded. What to do under such circumstances is the question. The first impulse of the natural heart says: "Strike back. Give as much as he sent. Trip him into the ditch which he dug for your feet. Gash him with as severe a wound as that which which he inflicted on your soul. Shot for shot. Sarcasm for sarcasm. An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth. But the better spirit in the man's soul rises up and says: "You ought to consider that matter." You look up into the face of Christ and say: "My master, how ought I to act under these difficult circumstances?" And Christ instantly answers: "Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you." Then the old nature rises up again and says: "You had better not forgive him until first you have chastised him. You will never get him in so tight a corner again.

You will never have such an opportunity of inflicting the right kind of punishment upon him again. First chastise him, and then let him go." "No," says the better nature, "hush, thou foul heart. Try the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." Have you ever in all your life known acerbity and and acrimonious dispute to settle a quarrel? Did they not always make matters worse and worse and worse? About 55 years ago there was a great quarrel in the Presbyterian family. Ministers of Christ were thought orthodox in proportion as they had measured lances with other clergymen of the same denomination. The most outrageous personalities were abroad. As, in the autumn, a hunter comes home with a string of game, partridges and wild duck, slung over his shoulder, so there were many ministers who came back from the ecclesiastical courts with long strings of doctors of divinity whom they had shot with their own rifle.

The division became wider, the animosity greater, until after a while some good men resolved to explain away the difficulties; they began to forgive each other's faults, and lo! the great church quarrel was settled; and the new school Presbyterian church and the old school Presbyterian church became one. The different parts of the Presbyterian order, welded by a hammer, a little hammer, a Christian hammer that the Scripture calls "a soft tongue."

You have a dispute with your neighbor. You say to him: "I despise you." He replies: "I can't bear the sight of you." You say to him: "Never enter my house again." He says: "If you come on my door sill I'll kick you off." You say to him: "I'll put you down." He says: "You are mistaken; I'll put you down." And so the contest rages, and year after year you act the un-Christian part, and he acts the un-Christian part. After awhile the better spirit seizes you and you go over to the neighbor and say, "Give me your hand. We have fought long enough. Time is so short and eternity is so near, that we can not afford any longer to quarrel. I feel you have wronged me very much, but let us settle and be good friends for all the rest of our lives." You have risen to a higher platform than that on which before you stood. You win his admiration and you get his apology. But if you have not conquered him in that way, at any rate you have won the applause of your own conscience, the high estimation of good men, and the honor of your Lord who died for his armed enemies.

"But," you say, "what are we to do when slanders assault us, and there come acrimonious sayings all around about us and we are abused and spit upon?" My reply is: "Do not go and attempt to chase down the slanders. Lies are prolific, and while you are killing one, 50 are born. All your demonstrations of indignation only exhaust yourself. You might as well, on some summer night when the swarms of insects are coming up from the meadows and disturbing you and disturbing your family, bring up some great "swamp angel," like that which thundered over Charleston, and try to shoot them down. The game is too small for the gun.

But what, then, are you to do with the abuses that come upon you in life? You are to live them down! I saw a farmer go out and get back a swarm of bees that had wandered off from the hive. As he moved amid them they buzzed around his head, and buzzed around his hands and buzzed around his feet. If he had killed one of them they would have stung him to death. But he moved in their midst in perfect placidity until he had captured the swarm of wandering bees. And so I have seen men moving amid the annoyances, and the vexations and the assaults of life in such calm, Christian deliberation, that all the buzzing around their soul amounted to nothing. They conquered them, and, above all, they conquered themselves. "O," you say, "that's a very good theory to preach on a hot day, but it won't work." It will work. It has worked. I believe it is the last Christian grace we win. You know there are fruits which we gather in June, and others in July, and others in August, and others in September, and still others in October; and I have to admit that this grace of Christian forgiveness is about the last fruit of the Christian soul. We hear a great deal about the bitter tongue, and the sarcastic tongue, and the quick tongue, and the stinging tongue; but we know very little about "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." We read Hudibras, and Sterne, and Dean Swift, and the other apostles of acrimony, but give little time to studying the example of him who was reviled, and yet reviled not again. O that the Lord, by his spirit, would endow us all with "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

I pass now to the other thought that I desire to present, and that is, kindness as a means of usefulness. In all communities you find sceptical men. Through early education, or through the maltreatment of professed Christian people, or through prying curiosity about the future world, there are a great many people who became sceptical in religious things. How shall you capture them for God? Sharp argument and sacastic retort never won a single soul from scepticism to the Christian religion. While powerful books on "The Evidences of Christianity" have their mission in confirming Christian people in the faith they have already adopted. I have noticed that when sceptical people are brought into the kingdom of Christ, it is through the charms of some genial soul, and not by argument at all. Men are not saved through the head; they are saved through the heart. A storm comes out of its hiding-place. It says: "Now we'll just rouse up all this sea;" and it makes a great bluster, but it does not succeed. Part of the sea is roused up—perhaps one-half of it or one-fourth of it. After a while the calm moon, placid and beautiful, looks down, and the ocean begins to rise. It comes up to high-water mark. It embraces the great headlands. It submerges the beach of all the continents. It is the heart-throb of one world against the heart-throb of another.

And I have to tell you that while all your storms of ridicule and storms of sarcasm may rouse up the passion of an immortal nature, nothing less than the attractive power of Christian kindness can ever raise the deathless spirit to happiness and to God. I have more faith in the prayer of a child five years old, in the way of bringing an infidel back to Christ and to heaven, than I have in all the hissing thunderbolts of ecclesiastical controversy. You can not overcome men with religious argumentation. If you come at a sceptical man with an argument on behalf of the Christian religion, you put the man on his mettle. He says: "I see that man has a carbine. I'll use my carbine. I'll answer his argument with my argument." But if you come to that man persuading him that you desire his happiness on earth and his eternal welfare in the world to come he can not answer it.

What I have said is just as true in the reclamation of the openly vicious. Did you ever know a drunkard to be saved through the caricature of a drunkard? Your mimicry of the staggering step, and the thick tongue, and the disgusting hiccough, only worse maddens his brain. But if you come to him in kindness and sympathy; if you show him that you appreciate the awful grip of a depraved appetite; if you persuade him of the fact that thousands who had the grappling-hooks of evil inclination clutched in their soul as firmly as they now are in his, have been rescued, then a ray of light will flash across his vision, and it will seem as if a supernatural hand were steadying his staggering.

A good many years ago there lay in the streets of Richmond, Va., a man dead drunk, his face exposed to the blistering noonday sun. A Christian woman passed along, looked at him, and said, "Poor fellow." She took her handkerchief and spread it over his face, and passed on. The man roused himself up from his debauch and began to look at the handkerchief, and, lo! on it was the name of a highly respectable Christian woman of the city of Richmond. He went to her, he thanked her for her kindness; and that one little deed saved him from this life, and saved him for the life that is to come. He was afterward attorney general of the United States; but, higher than all, he became the consecrated disciple of Jesus Christ. Kind words are so cheap, it is a wonder we do not use them oftener. There are tens of thousands of people in these cities who are dying for the lack of one kind word. There is a business man who has fought against trouble until he is perfectly exhausted. He has been thinking about forgery, about robbery, about suicide. Go to that business man. Tell him that better times are coming, and tell him that you yourself were in a tight business pass, and the Lord delivered you. Tell him to put his trust in God. Tell him that Jesus Christ stands beside every business man in his perplexities. Tell him of the sweet promises of God's comforting grace.

That man is dying for the lack of just one kind word. Go to-morrow and utter that one saving, omnipotent, kind word. Here is a soul that has been swamped in sin. He wants to find the light of the Gospel. He feels like a shipwrecked mariner looking out over the beach, watching for a sail against the sky. O, bear down on him. Tell him that the Lord waits to be gracious to him, that though he has been a great sinner there is a great Saviour provided. Tell him that though his sins are as scarlet they shall be as snow; though they are red like crimson, they shall be as wool. That man is dying forever for the lack of one kind word.

There used to be sung at a great many of the pianos all through the country a song that has almost died out. I wish somebody would start it again in our local circles. There may not have been very exquisite art in the music, but there was a grand and glorious sentiment:

> Kind words never die, never die;
> Cherished and blessed.

O, that we might in our families and in our churches try the force of kindness. You can never drive men, women or children into the kingdom of God. A March northeaster will bring out more honeysuckles than fretfulness and scolding will ever bring out Christian grace. I wish that in all our religious work we might be saturated with the spirit of kindness. Missing that, we miss a great deal of usefulness. There is no need of coming out before men and thundering to them the law unless at the same time you preach to them the Gospel. The world is dying for lack of kindness.

These young people want it just as much as the old. The old people sometimes seem to think they have a monopoly of the rheumatisms, and the neuralgias, and the headaches, and the physical disorders of the world; but I tell you there are no worse heartaches than are felt by some of these young people. Do you know that much of the work is done by the young? Raphael died at thirty-seven; Richelieu at thirty-one; Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight; Innocent III. came to his mightiest influence at thirty-seven; Cortez conquered Mexico at thirty; Don John won Lepanto at twenty-five; Grotius was attorney general at twenty-four; and I have noticed amid all classes of men that some of the severest battles and the toughest work come before thirty. Therefore, we must have our sermons and our exhortations in prayer meeting all sympathetic with the young.

And so with these people further on in life. What do these doctors and lawyers and merchants and mechanics care about the abstractions of religion? What they want is help to bear the whimsicalities of patients, the browbeating of legal opponents, the unfairness of customers, who have plenty of fault-finding for every imperfection of handiwork, but no praises for twenty excellencies. What does that brain-racked, hand-blistered man care for Zwingle's "Doctrine of Original Sin," or Augustine's "Anthropology?" You might as well go to a man who has the pleurisy and put on his side a plaster made out of Dr. Parr's "Treatise on Medical Jurisprudence."

In all our sermons there must be help for some one somewhere. You go into an apothecary store. We see others being waited on; we do not complain because we do not immediately get the medicine; we know our turn will come after a while. And so, while all parts of a sermon may not be appropriate to our case, if we wait prayerfuly, before the sermon is through we shall have the divine prescription. I say to these young men who are going to preach the gospel, these theological students—I say to them, we want in our sermons, not more metaphysics, nor more imagination, nor more logic, nor more profundity. What we want in our sermons and Christian exhortations is more sympathy. When Father Taylor preached in the Sailors' Bethel at Boston, the jack tars felt they had help for their duties among the ratlines and the forecastles. When Richard Weaver preached to the operatives in Oldham, England, all the workingmen felt they had more grace for the spindles. When Dr. South preached to kings and princes and princesses, all the mighty men and women who heard him felt preparation for their high station.

Do you not know that this simple story of a Savior's kindness is to redeem all nations? The hard heart of this world's obduracy is to be broken before that story. There is in Antwerp, Belgium, one of the most remarkable pictures I ever saw. It is "The Descent of Christ from the Cross." It is one of Rubens's pictures. No man can stand and look at that "Descent from the Cross," as Rubens pictured it, without having his eyes flooded with tears, if he have any sensibility at all. It is an overmastering picture—one that stuns you and staggers you, and haunts your dreams.

One afternoon a man stood in that cathedral looking at Rubens' "Descent from the Cross." He was all absorbed in that scene of a Saviour's sufferings when the janitor came in and said: "It is time to close up the cathedral for the night. I wish you would depart." The pilgrim looking at that "Descent from the Cross," turned around to the janitor and said: "No, no; not yet. Wait until they get him down." O, it is the story of the Saviour's suffering kindness that is to capture the world. When the bones of that great behemoth of iniquity which has trampled all nations shall be broken and shattered, it will be found out that the work was not done by the hammer of the iconoclast, or by the sword of the conqueror, or by the torch of the persecution, but by the plain, simple overwhelming force of "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

Kindness! We all need more of it in our hearts, our words, and our behavior. The chief characteristic of our Lord was kindness. A gentleman in England died, leaving his fortune by will to two sons. The son that stayed at home destroyed the father's will and pretended that the brother who was absent was dead and buried. The absent brother, after awhile, returned and claimed his part of the property. Judges and jurors were to be bribed to say that the returned brother and son was no son at all, but only an impostor.

Sir Matthew Hale, the pride of the English court room and for twenty years the pride of jurisprudence, heard that that injustice was about to be practiced. He put off his official robe. He put on the garb of a miller. He went to the village where that trial was to take place. He entered the court room. He somehow got empaneled as one of the jurors. The bribes came around, and the man gave ten pieces of gold to the other jurors, but as this was only a poor miller the briber gave to him only five pieces of gold. A verdict was brought in rejecting the right of this returned brother. He was to have no share in the inheritance. "Hold! my Lord," said the miller. "Hold! we are not all agreed on this verdict. These other men have received ten pieces of gold in bribery and I have received only five." "Who are you? Where do you come from?" said the judge on the bench. The response was: "I am from Westminster Hall; my name is Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of the king's bench. Off of that place, thou villain!" And so the injustice was balked, and so the young man got his inheritance.

It was all for another that Sir Matthew Hale took off his robe and put on the garb of a miller. And so Christ took off his robe of royalty and put on the attire of our humanity, and in that disguise he won our eternal portion. Now are we the sons of God. Joint heirs! We went off from home sure enough, but we got back in time to receive our eternal inheritance. And if Christ was so kind to us, surely we can afford to be kind to each other.

Hood's Pills

Are gaining favor rapidly. Business men and travellers carry them in vest pockets, ladies carry them in purses, housekeepers keep them in medicine closets, all recommend them. Price 25 cents.

ONE EVENING AT HOME.

Showing the Good Nature of a Well Meaning Husband.

Dinner was over at the Columbus Flatte's. Mrs. Flatte was lying on the lounge, convalescing from a sprained ankle. The dinner for the first time in some weeks had been up to its usual excellence. This was owing to Mrs. Flatte's having on that day resumed supervision of the menu.

Mr. Flatte drew his smoking chair up to the table, lit a cigar, took the evening paper out from the pocket of his jacket and was just settling himself for an hour's solid comfort when his wife said:

"Columbus, dear, I don't want to vex you, but you've set the drop light into the blanc-mange."

"So I have," said Mr. Flatte, good naturedly, and proceeding to wipe the bottom of the light with his pocket handkerchief. "That comes of lighting the drop before I set it down. Looking down through the light I thought the blanc-mange was a pattern of the tablecloth."

Mr. Flatte made a move to resume his chair.

"Columbus, dear," said his little wife, plaintively, "would you mind fixing my pillows for me once more before you sit down? No one else but you, not even mother, fixes them so they fit anywheres."

Very patiently and very deftly, too, Mr. Flatte arranged the pillows, changed the position of the hurt foot, and then got at his paper again.

Silence reigned for about five minutes. Then Mrs. Flatte fidgeted a little and said: "Columbus, I wish you wouldn't use a soiled plate for your ashes. I'm always buying ash trays. Seems to me I never go to Redstars for anything but ash trays and curling tongs, and there's a million of them on the mantel piece."

Mr. Flatte got up and supplied himself with an ash tray.

Quiet for five minutes more, and then:

"You must excuse me, dear, for interrupting you this way. I am so lonesome all day; just dying for somebody to talk to. And then, too, you've been so good to me since I've been ill. You remember an old school friend of mine—Andy, we used to call her, because she looked so much like her father?"

But he did not remember.

"Oh, I am sure you must, Columbus! Her mother was a very pious woman and wore a wig."

Still Columbus did not remember.

"Well, anyway, when they were first married and keeping house like we are, she used to sing in church, and every Sunday morning her husband did the housework for her while she was at church, and even pared the vegetables. Mrs. Rounds said she'd be back at 9 o'clock, but she may be drunk, and I'm sure the butter is running all over the hot kitchen! If you only would take the dinner things out and set them on the tubs and put the food into the refrigerator!"

"Look here, Alicia!" said Mr. Flatte, getting up not at all impatiently, but with a very firm expression in the cleft of his chin, "I'll get those things out of here in a jiffy if you'll agree not to give me any instructions. You know how I am when I start in to do housework—I don't want any interference!"

Mrs. Flatte agreed; and Mr. Flatte, telling her that if she broke her word he'd leave the house, went to work with a vim.

He put five separate parcels of butter into the ice box. Then he scraped the leavings of the plates, including the pie and stewed tomatoes, into the coffee box. He put the big platter of meat into the ice box, and when he found the door wouldn't shut, he left it open. He got the dishes all out without dropping one, the soiled plates piled methodically, with napkins in between. For a moment he stood hesitating with a loaf of bread in his hand, and then threw it out of the window. Finally he shook the table cloth into the corner of the room, tossed it into a light roll and kicked it under the lounge. Then he got to his reading again, remarking, airily, that he "didn't se what women wanted to make such an almighty fuss about a little bit of housework for, anyway."

BRILLIANTS.

> "Three faces in a hood."
> Folk called the pansy so
> Three hundred years ago.
> Of course, she understood!
>
> Then, perching on my knee,
> She drew her mother's head
> To her own and mine, and said,
> "That's mother, you and me!"
>
> And so it comes about,
> We three, for gladness' sake
> Sometimes a pansy make
> Before the gas goes out.
> —William Canton.

> You waves, though you dance by my feet like children at play.
> Though you glow and you glance and you purr and you dart;
> In the Junes that were warmer than these are, the waves were more gay
> When I was a boy with never a crack in my heart.
>
> The herring are not in the tides as they were of old;
> My sorrow! For many a creek gave the creel in the cart
> That carried the take to Sligo town to be sold,
> When I was a boy with never a crack in my heart.
>
> And ah, you proud maiden, you are not so fair when his oar
> Is heard on the water, as they were, the proud and apart,
> Who paced in the eve by the nets on the pebbly shore,
> When I was a boy with never a crack in my heart.
> —William B. Yeats.

> O level Sun! thy broken rays
> Lie on the winding meadow ways,
> And by the stream long shadows fling
> From willow trees that hedge the spring.
>
> O level Sun! thy rays are tipped
> As wands in thy soft circle dipped;
> Low-flying birds, touched as they pass,
> Flirt gilded wings from grass to grass.
>
> O level Sun! these broken rays
> Presage another death of days;
> On meadow ways shades pricked by light
> Move, merge, and darken into night.
> —Margaret Sutton Briscoe.

> When all the overwork of life
> Is finished once, and, fast asleep,
> We swerve no more beneath the knife,
> But taste that silence cool and deep,
> Forgetful of the highways rough,
> Forgetful of the thorny scourge,
> Forgetful of the tossing surge,
> Then shall we find it is enough?
>
> How can we say "enough" on earth—
> "Enough" with such a craving heart?
> I have not found it since my birth,
> But still have bartered part for part.
> I have not held and hugged the whole,
> But paid the old to gain the new;
> Much have I paid, yet much is due,
> Till I am beggared sense and soul.
> —Christina Rossetti.

> O vanished loveliness of flowers and faces,
> Treasure of hair, and great immortal eyes,
> Are there for these no safe and secret places?
> And is it true that beauty never dies?
> Soldiers and saints, haughty and lovely names,
> Women who set the whole wide world in flames,
> Poets who sang their passion to the skies,
> And lovers wild and wise:
> Fought they and prayed for some poor fitting gleam.
> Was all they loved and worshiped but a dream?
> Is love a lie and an illusion, breath,
> And is there no sure thing in life—but death?
> —Richard Le Gallienne.

Deadly Humidity.

Weary Waddler—Say, Mosey, we've got to git out of this here climate at once.

Mosey Mogalong—What's th' matter with it?

Weary Waddler—It's this blasted atmosphere. They calls it humid. Thet means it's fu'l o' moisture.

Mosey—Well, wot of it?

Weary—Why, great Caesar, man, we're 'akin' baths every hour an' not knowin' it!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Could Not Escape It.

Giblets—I hear Growler threw up his old job because he got the rheumatism.

Joblots—Yes. Afraid of getting a stiff joint.

Giblets—Well, he got one, anyway.

Joblots—One what?

Giblets—Stiff joint.

Joblots—How's that?

Giblets — He's superintendent of the morgue.—San Francisco Chronicle.

What Amount.

"I will tell you honestly, the mother of the young woman is said to be terribly cross. But the father is good!"

"For how much?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Preparing for Emergencies.

Jane—How did you ever happen to fancy such a little man?

Laura—Why, you see, Mrs. Wheels has asked us to go slumming next fall and I wanted a husband whose clothes I could wear.—Cleveland Post.

HARRISON'S SPEECH.

Formal Opening of the Campaign In New York.

Carnegie Hall, New York, Aug. 28.—With the words of McKinley's letter of acceptance on nearly every tongue, ex-President Benjamin Harrison acted as the Eastern proxy of the Republican candidate last night and struck the keynote of the Eastern campaign in an explanatory and careful speech to 5,000 people. Half as many people as composed the audience were denied admittance because of lack of room. The enthusiasm was tremendous and the many brilliant points were received with hearty applause. The audience was a distinguished one, and from the early hour when they cheered the band's interpretation of "America" displayed their patriotism in every possible way. Indeed the vast audience arose and sang the national anthem with ardor.

Dr. Depew, as chairman of the evening, introduced Mr. Harrison.

Gen. Harrison Speaks.

Gen. Harrison said in part:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am on the Republican retired list, not by reason of any age limit, nor by the plea of any convention, but that younger men might have a chance and that I might have a rest.

I shall speak as a Republican, but with perfect respect to those who hold different opinions. Indeed I have never had so much respect for Democrats as I have now, or perhaps I should say I never had so much respect for so many Democrats as I have now. That party has once more exhibited its capacity to be ruptured and a party that cannot be split is a public menace.

When the leaders of a party assembled in convention depart from its traditional principles and advocate doctrines that threaten the integrity of the government, the social order of our communities and the security and soundness of our finance, it ought to split and it dignifies itself when it does split. A bolt from any party is now and then a most reassuring incident and was never more reassuring and never had better cause than now.

The Republican party, the Republican voter if sound money triumphs, as I believe it will, must in the nature of things, constitute the body of successful army. We ought not, therefore, to be asked to do anything that will affect the solidity, the loyalty, the discipline or the enthusiasm of the Republican party. The Republican party fronts the destructionist, trumpets its defiance to the enemies of sound money. It will fight, however, without covering any of the glorious mottoes and inscriptions that are upon its banner. If our Democratic friends realize as we realize the gravity, the far reaching consequences of this campaign they ought not ask the Republican party to reorganize itself to put aside any of the great principles that it has advocated in order to win a vote. If their opinion is sincerely held, as they insist, it ought to determine their action for themselves without deference to what anybody else would do. And I submit to these gentlemen for whose opinions I have the highest respect, whether, if it is true as they say, that the success of the Chicago nominee would plunge this country into commercial distress and drag the nation's honor in the dust can there be any question for such gentlemen but this. How can we most surely defeat the Chicago nominees?

A Living Issue.

The defense of the constitution and of the integrity of the Supreme Court of the United States, and on the President's power and duty to enforce all of the laws of the United States without waiting the call or consent of the governor of any state is an important and living issue in this campaign. Tariff and coinage will be of little moment if our constitutional government is overthrown. When we have a president who believes that it is neither his right nor his duty to see that the mail trains are not obstracted and that interstate commerce has its free way irrespective of state lines and courts who fear to use our ancient and familiar power to restrain and punish law breakers, free trade and free silver will be appropriate accompaniments of such an administration and cannot add appreciably to the national distress or the national dishonor.

There is only one rule by which we can live usefully as a nation or peacefully as citizens. It is the rule of the laws constitutionally enacted and finally interpreted by the judicial tribunal appointed by the constitution. When it becomes the rule that violence carries its end we have anarchy—a condition as destructive to honest labor and its rewards as death is to the tissues of the human body.

The atmosphere of the Chicago convention was surcharged with the spirit of revolution. This platform was carried and its nomination made with accompanying incidents of frenzy that startled the onlookers and amazed the country.

Senator Hill's Position.

Senator Hill, watching the strange proceeding, had to extend that brief political code from which he has gained so much renown. He felt compelled to say: "I am a Democrat, but I am not a revolutionist." All these things indicate the temper in which the platform was adopted and the spirit that prompted the nominations that were made. There was no calm deliberation; there was frenzy. They denounce in their platform interference by federal authorities in the local affairs as a violation of the constitution of the United States and a crime against free institutions. It was intended to be in words a direct condemnation of Mr. Cleveland, as President of the United States, for using the power of the executive to brush out of the way every obstacle to the free passage of the mail trains and inter-state commerce. Whenever our people approve the choice of a President, who believes he must ask Gov. Altgeld or any other governor of any other state, permission to enforce the laws of the United States, we have surrendered the victory the boys won in 1861. This constitutional question, this division between the general and national authorities is a plain and easy one. A disturbance which is purely local in a state, is a state affair. The President can not send troops or lend any aid unless the legislature calls upon him for help, or the governor, if the legislature is not in session. But when a law of the United States is invaded and broken, it is the sworn duty of the President to execute it, and this convention arraigns the President for doing what his oath compelled him to do. Comrades of the great war of the Union, sons of those who went out to battle that the flag might not lose its lustre, will we consent after these years (Cries of "No, no!") that that doctrine which was shot to death in the great war shall be revived and made victorious in a civil campaign? (Cries of "No.") But this assault does not end there. The supreme court of the United States and the federal lower courts are arraigned because they use the familiar writ of injunction to suppress violence to restrain men from breaking the law and that, that the platform plainly means.

Democratic Policy.

I will show you that it was understood in the convention, and in the committee on resolutions, that the Democratic policy was that when the supreme court, exercising its constitutional power and duty, gave an interpretation to a law of the United States that was not pleasing to Congress, they would increase the number of judges and pack the court to get a decision to please them. Our fathers who framed this government divided its great powers between three great departments. The supreme court, the most dignified judicial body in the world, was appointed to interpret the laws and the constitution, and when that court pronounces a decree as to the powers of Congress, or as to any other constitutional question, there is but one right method if we disagree, and that is the method pointed out by the constitution, to amend it to conform to our views. That is the position today. You are to answer then whether you will sustain a party that proposes to destroy the balance which our fathers instituted in our form of government and whenever a tumultuous Congress disagrees with the Supreme court and a subservient President is in the White House, that the judgment of the court shall be reconsidered and reversed by increasing the number of judges and packing the court with men who will decide as Congress wants them to. I cannot exaggerate the gravity and the importance and the danger of this assault upon our constitutional form of government. Whatever the question is, whether Mr. Bryan's view of the constitutional question shall prevail, or that of the august tribunal appointed by the constitution to settle it, the courts are the defense of the weak. The rich and powerful have other resources, but the poor have not. The high-minded, independent judiciary that will hold to the line in questions between wealth and labor, between the rich and the poor, is the defense and security of the defenseless. I do not intend to spend any time in the discussion of the tariff question. That debate has been won. We needed an experience of our own and we have had it. It has been a hard lesson but a very convincing one, and everybody was in the school house when it was given. We have history so fresh and recent, history so indelibly written on the hearts and minds of our people that certain things must be admitted, and among those things is the historical fact that in 1892 we had the most prosperous times, the most general diffusion of prosperity, the most universal participation in prosperity and the highest mark of prosperity we have ever attained as a nation. Now, what has happened since? Then our business prosperity was like the strong current of the mighty river; now they are like a fading spring in an Autumn drought.

Fear and Anxiety.

I do not believe there has ever been a time except perhaps in the very heat of some active panic, when universal business fear and anxiety and watchfulness, even to the point of desperation, has characterized this great metropolis as it does to-day. (Applause.) Men have been afraid to go away for a vacation. They felt they must every day in this burning heat, come into the city and watch their business. That is the situation. Who is there to defend the Wilson tariff bill? Who says it is a good tariff measure? Mr. Cleveland repudiated it. It was so bad that he would not attach his official signature to it, and it became a law without it. He said it was full of incongruities and inequalities, and it was a better one that he wanted to give us.

The maintenance of the gold reserve up to $100,000,000 by the government, for the redemption of our notes, was essential to confidence in the stability of our finances. When the government reserve runs down people begin at once to say: "We may come to the silver basis; gold is going out; the reserve is going down." And this fear is greatly increased. But how can you keep a gold reserve of $100,000,000 when you have not got one hundred millions in the treasury all told? How can you maintain this gold reserve for the redemption of notes when you have an annual and continual deficit in your income not equaling your expenses? So that, my friends, this tariff bill has not only contributed by increasing importation, by taking away the needful support of our own manufacturers, but it has contributed in the way of increasing the silver scare to bring us into the present condition of distrust and dismay which now prevails. The bond sales which have been made necessary by reason of this deficit because, I think every one will agree that as a financial problem it is one thing when you have $300,000,000 surplus in the treasury to keep one dollar in three in gold, and quite another when you have only $125,000,000 in the treasury all told.

But I did not intend to follow this question further.

Cheapening Workingmen.

I am quite as much, however, opposed to cheapening the American working men and working women as I am to cheapening our dollars. I am quite as strongly in favor of keeping days' work at home as I am gold dollars. If it could be known to-night that gallant soldier, that typical young American, that distinguished and useful statesman, William McKinley, of Ohio, (applause and cheers) would certainly be elected President, how the bears would take to cover on the stock exchange to-morrow. As a Republican I am proud of many things, but I can sum up as the highest satisfaction I have had in the party and its career that the prospect of Republican success never did disturb business.

In connection with this financial matter, do we all realize how important the choice of a President is? Do you know that as the law is now, without the passage of any free coinage of silver law at all, it is in the power of the President of the United States to bring the business of this country to a silver basis? All he has to do is to let the gold reserve go, to pay out silver when men ask for gold and we are there already. It is only because the Presidents of the United States that we have had, and the one we now have, have regarded it under the law as his public duty to maintain the gold basis, maintaining that parity between our silver and gold coins which the law declares is the policy of the government and because he has had the courage to execute the powers given him by the resumption act to carry out that declaration of public law. I undertake, therefore, to say that if Mr. Bryan, or a man holding his view, were in the Presidential chair, without any legislation by Congress, we should be on a silver basis in a week's time.

The silver question. What is it? Do we want silver because we want more money, a larger circulation? I have not heard anybody say so. Mr. Bryan is not urging it on that basis. If any one was to seek to give that as a reason for wanting free silver, he would be very soon confounded by the statement that free silver would put more gold out of circulation than the mints of the United States could possibly put in in years of silver, and that instead of having more money we would have less. (Applause.) With our six hundred and odd millions of gold driven out of circulation, we will reduce the per capita money of this country between eight and nine dollars. So it is not for more money. We have an abundant supply of circulating medium gold, silver, national bank paper, greenbacks, treasury notes, fractional silver. We have something like $23 per capita of our population. What is it then that creates this demand for silver? It is openly avowed: It is not more dollars, but cheaper dollars that are wanted. It is a lower standard of value that they are demanding. They say gold has gone up until it has ceased to be a proper standard of value and they want silver.

Cheap Dollars.

If you have two things one of which will pay a debt and one is not as valuable as the other, you are sure to give the least valuable one. So that unless these two things maintain approximately the relative value of that sixteen ounces of silver is worth ounce of gold you can not make such dollars circulate together. The one that is more valuable the man will keep in his pocket or he will sell it to a bullion broker and everybody will use the other. It is an old law proclaimed years ago in England by Gresham that the cheaper dollar drives the better one out. You might as well say that if we had two kinds of bushels if the law should declare that sixty pounds of wheat was a bushel and thirty pounds of wheat was a bushel—well, what farmer would deliver wheat by the sixty pound measure if he had sold it by the bushel?

Now, what do these people propose to do? When the markets of the world fix the relative value of silver or gold at 31 ounces of silver to ounce of gold, they propose to say sixteen. (Laughter.) There has been nothing more amusing, and yet I fear that with the thoughtless it may have been in some measure misleading, then the repeated declaration of Mr. Bryan that everybody admitted that bimetallism was a good thing, there is no doubt on that subject, and that the debate of the campaign has simmered down to this fine point; the Republicans say we can not have this good thing without the consent of England and we say we can have it ourselves, and he has endeavored to pivot this great campaign with its tremendous issues upon that pinhole. (Great applause.) But this feeling is well adapted to touch the prevailing American bumptiousness and well adapted to touch that prejudice against England which we people have. Can we do this thing ourselves? It is a question whether we will do it or ask somebody's consent whether we may ask the co-operation of somebody? Not at all. I will tell you what this government can do alone. It can fix its money unit. It can declare by law what shall be the relative value of an ounce of gold and an ounce of silver, but it can not make that last declaration good. It is unquestionably within the power of this government to bring this country to a silver basis by coining silver dollars and making them legal tender. They can do that. This government says you shall take one of those dollars in discharge of any debt owing to you for a dollar, notwithstanding you may have loaned gold dollars, but it can not say, and enforce its decree, if you should call out the regular army and navy and muster all our great modern ships and add the militia and put William J. Bryan in command of them—it can not enforce the decree that one ounce of gold is the equivalent of sixteen ounces of silver. (Great applause and cheers.) Not only that, not France, and England and Germany can do that unless the markets respond. (Applause.) Why? You may make me take a silver dollar for a debt; but if I have bought my goods at gold prices you can not make me give as many yards of cloth for a silver dollar as I have been in the habit of giving for a gold one. If I have a gold dollar in this hand and a silver one in that and you declare they are equal and I can take the gold dollar to a bullion broker and get two dollars for it I know it is a lie. (Great applause and cheers.)

It is trade; it is the merchant; it is the man who exchanges and deals in these things that fixes their relative value and if you do not take the value he fixes the gold dollar will go back to the gold vault and the gold will go out of circulation. In this connection these gentlemen say, "Why did not we win the battle at Bunker Hill?"

It is Balderdash.

"Did not we whip the British at Yorktown, and do you mean to say we can't do it again?" The logic of these gentlemen—if I may use such a term in connection with such balderdash, is that a nation that can do these great things an destablish its political independence can also be financially and commercially free. It can not be free of the laws of trade. They might just as well pass a law that fifty cents is a dollar. That would not make it so, would it? But it would be a legal dollar; but it would not buy a dollar's worth of anything. What is the effect of that? The merchant would take care of himself. A man keeps a store down here on Broadway and the law is going into operation to-night. He summons all his clerks and buys 25 cents worth of pencils and before he opens his store in the morning he has marked up his goods to the new scale. He can do all that, but there are great numbers of people, numberless people, who enlist our interest and some of whom enkindle our sympathies, who can not use the pencil. Take the workingman. He can not go to the pay roll with a pencil and mark it up. Then there is the pensioner. He can not take his pension certificate and when it reads $8 make it read $16. He must wait for an appeal to Congress, and a Congress that is Populistic in character would be unsympathetic. What can the depositors in our savings bank do, this great company of widows and orphans? Can they take their bank pass book and where it says $10, write $20? Not at all. Take the men who have life insurance, can they where the policy reads, $5,000 make it read $10,000? This police coerces integrity.

These men surely do not contemplate the irretrievable and extensive character of th disaster and disturbance and disruption which they are proposing for all of us in all our business affairs, great and simple. Take the laboring man; how full of sympathy they are for him. The first dirty errand that a dirty dollar does is to cheat the workingman. A cold statistical inquiry, non-partisan in its character, was made by a committee of the Senate in 1890 and following year. This investigation covered the years of the war. Labor in one period advanced 3 per cent. Goods, the things the men had to buy out of their wages for their families and living advanced 16 per cent. Through another period the laborer's wages advanced 10½ per cent and the price of goods advanced 49 per cent. In another period the wages of the laborer went up 25 per cent and the prices of merchandise advanced 90 per cent. In another period the laborer's wages went up 43 per cent and the prices of goods 117 per cent. Now, these statistics are the result of a cold scientific inquiry, made by men of both parties to determine what the truth was and the truth they found that the enormous disparity between the advance of the cost of living and the advance of wages, falls in exactly with what we would conclude in advance. The laborers, men who work, whether with head or hand in salaried positions, would do well to take these facts to heart and settle the question after that broad, deep inquiry to which Mr. Bryan invites you as to whether you want to enter into another experience such as it had during the war, when wages advanced so slowly and tediously and the cost of your living moved on so swiftly. I have sketched very hastily some of the evils that will result from this change to a debased dollar, a contraction of our currency by the exporting of our gold, and a readjustment of everything.

Who Will Be Benefitted?

Now who will get any benefit? Well, the man who owes a debt that he contracted upon a gold basis and is able to pay it with a 50-cent dollar. He and the mine owner who gets an exaggerated price for the products of his mine are the only two people or classes of people that I can see that would have any benefit out of it. The people who advocate this class of legislation, this legislation favorable to the mine owners to double the price of the products of their mines and offer this temptation of repudiation to the better class, is the party that have for twenty years been proclaiming against class legislation. They make a strong appeal to the farmer. They say it will put up prices. If wheat goes from fifty cents to a dollar twenty, the price has been increased, but if the price of everything else has gone up in the same proportion a bushel of wheat won't buy for the farmer any more sugar or coffee or farming implements or anything else that he has to purchase. If that dollar won't buy for the farmer any more or a better dollar than the one we have now, where is the good to anybody of introducing these fictitious prices that are now real. Shall we now in these times when all the ills we suffer are curable if we only pass a revenue bill that will generously replenish the treasury of the United States; that will generously protect American labor against injurious competition and bring back again full prosperity to all our people—shall we now contemplate for a moment, or allow to have any power over our hearts and minds, this temptation to debase our currency and put it in its financial position alongside of the Asiatic countries and of our weak and struggling sister republic of Mexico? Does not every instinct of pride, does not every instinct of self-interest, does not every thoughtful affectionate interest in others, does not our sense of justice and honor rise up to rebuke the infamous proposition that this government and its people shall become a nation and a people of repudiation. (Cheers.)

Dr. David J. Hill, president of the Rochester University; Mr. Hanna, Mr. Lauterbach and Mr. John Wanamaker spoke very briefly and the audience dispersed after giving three hearty cheers for the national ticket.

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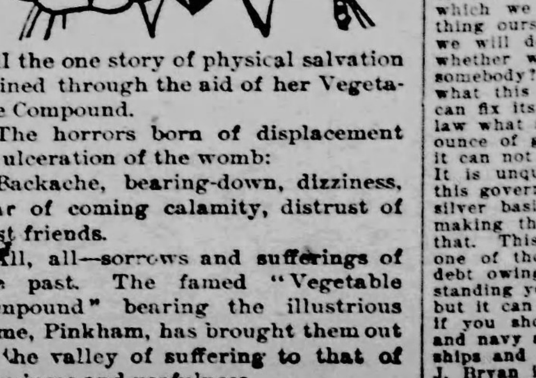

tell the one story of physical salvation gained through the aid of her Vegetable Compound.

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All, all—sorrows and sufferings of the past. The famed "Vegetable Compound" bearing the illustrious name, Pinkham, has brought them out of the valley of suffering to that of happiness and usefulness.

GOWNS FOR LITTLE MAIDS

Picture Dresses Are In White Over Rose Pink, With Long Black Streamers.

Little maids wear white shoes and short black socks, when they are dressed up for callers, or getting their pictures taken, or any other great events of childhood. They likewise wear lace lavishly upon their undergarments, and little dresses are short to show the lace. However "sensible" may be the play gowns, the fashionable dresses are made for picture effect, without doubt.

SITTING FOR HER PICTURE.

The little maid's waist is a fanciful one. The surplice is the most becoming pattern. This crosses at the front with ribbons and gives fulness. The ribbons are sewed upon the waist in such a way as to cover the small pearl buttons that fasten the dress.

Pierced batiste over pale rose color makes a very becoming yoke for a child's peach-bloom face. The ribbons can be black if a Frenchy combination is sought, or rose if a plainer one is sufficient. In rose, pink and black, Dorothy, the baby daughter of W. C. Whitney, appeared last week at a birthday party.

Sorrow, Indeed.

"He loved me," she sobbed. "I fed upon his love until it grew cold. What was I then to do, I, who had been used to three warm meals a day?"

As they listened their hearts grew heavy. Here, indeed, was sorrow.—Detroit Tribune.

Heartless Girl.

Harry—You admit that you love me, then why do you refuse to marry me?

Fannie—I will marry you; but not now.

Harry—When will you marry me?

Fannie—As soon as Tom and Dick have proposed.—Texas Siftings.

The Sunday School.

David's Gratitude to God.

LESSON II, SEPTEMBER 13, 1896.

Golden Text: The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer.—2 Sam. 22: 2.

(2 Sam. 22: 40-51. Memory verses, 47-50.) Read 2 Sam. 22 and 23: 1-23.

40. For thou hast girded me with strength to battle; them that rose up against me hast thou subdued under me.

41. Thou hast also given me the necks of mine enemies, that I might destroy them that hate me.

42. They looked, but there was none to save; even unto the Lord, but he answered them not.

43. Then did I beat them as small as the dust of the earth; I did stamp them as the mire of the street, and did spread them abroad.

44. Thou also hast delivered me from the strivings of my people, thou has kept me to be head of the heathen; a people which I knew not shall serve me.

45. Strangers shall submit themselves unto me; as soon as they hear, they shall be obedient unto me.

46. Strangers shall fade away, and they shall be afraid out of their close places.

47. The Lord liveth; and blessed be my rock; and exalted be the God of the rock of my salvation.

48. It is God that avengeth me, and that bringeth down the people under me.

49. And that bringeth me forth from mine enemies; thou also hast lifted me up on high above them that rose up against me; thou has delivered me from the violent man.

50. Therefore I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the heathen, and I will sing praises unto thy name.

51. He is the tower of salvation for his king; and sheweth mercy to his anointed, unto David, and to his seed for evermore.

The Lesson Story.

Nothing could be more fitting to introduce, at the close of the life of a hero like David than such an outburst of his deepest emotions at his most eventful moment, as is preserved to us in the song which he spoke "in the day that the Lord had delivered him out of the hand of all his enemies, and out of the hand of Saul." That it should be given twice in Scripture—in the Eighteenth Pslam and in the Book of Samuel, shows how highly it was valued, even in the earliest times, while the variations between the two versions, though only such as must occur when everything needed to be copied by hand, show that it had been circulated widely, and existed, from the earliest times, in many manuscripts.

But how different a man does it reveal to us than the story of David's outward life would have led us to expect! The fierce wilderness leader, frightening Nabal to death by his threats, or leaving "neither man nor woman alive" of the Bedween tribes he could reach (1 Sam. 27:9), proves to have had another and infinitely higher life under this rough outward one,—a life which drew its inspiration, not from the shout of battle and the excitement of heady pursuit, but from communion with its God, and aspirations towards a grateful love of him, and zeal for his service.

To judge any one justly, we must evidently know him as a whole. Yet we must not expect from the eleventh century before Christ the same ideal of religious feeling as is familiar to us who live since Christ's day. David's song is a grand expression of his gratitude to Jehovah for having delivered him from all his enemies, rising to magnificent poetry, marking a genius of the highest order. God is conceived as coming down to his deliverance, from the heavens, on the wings of the wind, in whirlwind and storm, amidst thunder and lightning, and as scattering the foes of his anointed before the marshaled forces of the skies,—"the blast of the breath of his nostrils" laying bare even the channels of waters and the foundations of the world, in the fierceness of his anger against David's foes!

Strongholds were necessarily built on lofty rocks, and God had been his "rock;" the shield was the warrior's protection, and God is his shield; the horn of the buffalo was the emblem of victorious strength, and God is the "horn of his salvation." He had called on Jehovah in his sore distress, when "the waves of death and the sorrows of Hades compassed him round,"—"floods of the sons of Belial making him afraid;" but God had heard his cry in his heavenly temple, and had come down, as he has described, and delivered him. "He sent from above," says David; "he took me; he drew me out of many waters; he was my stay, because he delighted in me; he brought me into a large place." It is strange to read that this amazing deliverance was regarded by its object as a "reward for his righteousness—for the cleanness of his hands, for his having kept the ways of the Lord, and for having kept himself from iniquity;" that, in fact, "the Lord had rewarded him according to his righteousness" (vs. 21-25).

His conception of an ideal character follows. It consists in being merciful, upright, pure and humble, for such an one God saves from evil in his troubles, while he brings down the haughty. This is a very different estimate of himself from that of the publican in the Gospels, and shows the contrast between the spiritual conceptions of David and those of our Lord in the moral relations of man towards the Eternal. But the secret of his deliverance was only his having followed God as his "lamp," for such as do will be lightened in their darkness.

It is to be noted, also, that David ascribes to Jehovah all his powers of every kind. By his help, he had broken through a troop of beleaguerers or pursuers; by his God he had been able to escape over the wall, perhaps of Keilah, when shut in by Saul's emissaries (v. 30). His swiftness was like that of a hind, aiding him in gaining high places, out of reach of his enemies; but the swiftness is a gift of God. He is so strong that he can break a steel bow with his arms, but it is God who taught him to do so, and made him skillful in all that concerns war (v. 35). The Almighty has been a shield to him in the battle. To have slipped when in the fight would have been fatal, but God kept his feet from slipping, and had girded him with strength in war (vs. 37-40).

His wild and savage war-fury is strangely mixed up with this sincere gratitude; for he attributes it to God's favor that he has been able to "destroy his enemies," "beating them as small as the dust of the earth, stamping them as the mire of the street," and it is he who has given him "their necks" that he might destroy them that hated him—a reminiscence, no doubt, of his Philistine wars, his troubles from Saul, and the perilous struggle with outside enemies, far and near. His foes, like himself, had cried to Jehovah for help, but their prayers had not been answered (vs. 41-44). Nor would the favor shown him end with past help; for he is to reign over every foreign nation, and to be the head of the heathen. Such thoughts call forth a fresh outburst of grateful praise. Jehovah liveth! Blessed be his "rock," exalted be the "rock" of his salvation. It is God who avenges him, and brings down the people under him, and brings him forth safely from the crowd of his enemies. He will, therefore, give thanks among the heathen to this God, so much greater than theirs, and will sing praise to his name. He is the tower of salvation for his king, and shows mercy to his anointed, to David, and to his seed, forever!

It would be a fatal error to ascribe to even so grand a psalmist the light and spirit which came only through Jesus Christ; but it is delightful to see how, with his imperfect revelation he gives all the glory of even worldly success to his heavenly protector. As the anointed of Jehovah, he, no doubt, felt himself an object of his special care, in a sense peculiar to such a relation; but we can rejoice that all men may be the sons of the great Father, in Christ, and have a protection no less perfect, here and hereafter.—Cunningham Geikie, D. D., LL. D., in S. S. Times.

Combination.

"Oh, you just ought to see our flat," she exclaimed enthusiastically. "We've the loveliest combination kitchen and folding-bed that ever was."—Detroit Tribune.

To Be Sure.

She—Young Spilkins appears to be a man of extensive views.

He—Yes, to be sure. He's a kodak fiend.—Detroit Free Press.

Are You Tired

All the time? This condition is a sure indication that your blood is not rich and nourishing as it ought to be, and as it may be if you will take a few bottles of the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands write that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured them of that tired feeling by giving them rich, red blood.

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AGENTS WANTED For Skirts and Corsets. Sold only by canvassers. Territory assigned. Agts. make $5 to $6 a week. Mention this paper. Address The McGraw Corset Co., McGrawville, N. Y.

$95 WEEKLY $5.00 yearly, no experience required, failure impossible; our scheme a new one; particulars free. Address S. S. Ware Co. Box 5308, Boston, Mass.

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GET RICH quickly. Send for "100 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co. 245 B'way, N Y

600 SECOND HAND BICYCLES All makes. Must Be Closed Out. $5.00 to $25.00 each. Send for Descriptive Lists M. V. Mead & Prentiss, Chicago.

RODS and Dip Needles for Prospectors, Miners and Treasure Seekers. Circular, 2c. P. & M. AGENCY, Palmyra, Pa.

MEDICAL.

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH. Sealed information FREE. J. C. DYE, M. D., BUFFALO, N. Y.

LADIES A friend in need is a friend indeed. If you want a regulator that never fails, address The Women's Medical Home, Buffalo, N. Y.

DROPSY TREATED FREE. Positively cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases called hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. Book of testimonials of miraculous cures sent Free. Ten Days' Treatment Free by mail. Drs. Green & Sons, Specialists, ATLANTA, GA.

WEAK-MEN

Manhood Restored, small, weak organs enlarged. Night emissions, exhausted vitality, nervous and physical debility and effects of self-abuse quickly and permanently cured. I will send (sealed) free the receipt of this simple remedy which cured me after everything else had failed, and will cure you. Address, H. C. OLDS, Box 904, Kalamazoo, Mich.

THOMAS SLATER'S OFFER.

VITALITY IN MEN RESTORED.

Failing Sexual Strength in old or young men can be quickly and permanently cured by me to a healthy vigorous state. Sufferers from Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Night Losses, and all Wasting Disease should write to me for advice. I have been a close student for many years of the subject of weakness in men, the fact is, I was a sufferer myself. Too bashful to seek the aid of older men or reputable physicians I investigated the subject deeply and discovered a simple but most remarkably successful remedy that completely cured me and fully enlarged me from a shrunken, stunted condition to natural strength and size. I want every young or old man to know about it. I take a personal interest in such cases and no one need hesitate to write me as all communications are held strictly confidential. I send the recipe of this remedy absolutely free of cost. Do not put it off but write me fully at once, you will always bless the day you did so. Address,

THOMAS SLATER, Box 2346, KALAMAZOO, MICH. Shipper of Famous Kalamazoo Celery.

FROCK FOR AFTERNOONS

Trimmed With Cut Steel and Bugle Beads, It Became a Dressy Novelty.

A one-piece waist is a waist that is put on all at once, without detached plastron or removable choker. These waists are coming in for the reason that they must be "order-made," and so one is sure of having something unlike all others. Most of the one-piece waists are made to match a dress skirt, and so one sees ahead the disappearance of the miscellaneous silk waist. But that is a long look forward.

A ONE-PIECE WAIST.

A one-piece waist was of very fine cream cashmere, made plain in the bodice until it reached the armholes, when it was prettily shirred across the bust. This shirring decreased towards the neck, making a pretty bust fullness, which was all the trimming the waist needed.

The sleeves were of the kind that showed the arm line almost to the shoulder, where a full puffing of cashmere set out over them. Over the sleeve puffs were extended a trimming of cut steel and bugle beads. This design was all the prettier from its unaccustomedness, and when repeated upon the skirt gave a very elegant look to a simple toilet. The shoulder seams were outlined with it and the buttons upon the back were of steel set in the bugle trimming. A choker of mousseline de soie made a very pretty finish.

Extras.

Builder—You fix the cost at $100,000, which is a very satisfactory figure, but you do not seem to include labor and material in your estimate.

Architect—Oh, there will be extras, of course.—Detroit Tribune.

Celebrating.

Nobbs—Binks and his mother-in-law have had another row.

Crooks—How do you know?

Nobbs—He treated all hands when he came down town this morning.—Philadelphia North American.

What He Did.

"He lives in a brick house now, does he?" sneered the rural cynic. "I used to wipe the clay off my boots that the bricks in that house are made of."—Truth.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1896.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.........Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE..............Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 180,000

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL TICKET.

For President,
WILLIAM McKINLEY, of Ohio.
For Vice President,
GARRET A. HOBART, of New Jersey.

Protection, Reciprocity, Honest Money and Prosperity!

TO CAMPAIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

Our cash premium campaign offer to club agents for the Weekly Blade expired with the month of August. There will be no cash premiums for September, but we will continue to take three-months' subscriptions, for NEW subscribers, at 10 cents for three months, with the agent's commission as stated in our card of terms to agents.

The three-months' subscribers whose time expires in September have all received from us a proposition by postal card for renewal, which is remarkable for cheapness, and which they can not resist.

We do NOT, however, take a renewal for another three months at 10 cents. By this we mean that we will take all the three months' subscriptions from NEW names, offered us during September, for 10 cents each, but the campaign subscribers whose time expires in the month of September, must renew, if they renew at all, on the terms of the special postal card proposition mentioned above.

NAMES WANTED.

The Blade wants, as speedily as possible, the addresses of the secretaries of all the Republican clubs in the United States, whether local, county or district.

We ask anybody and everybody who knows the address of any secretary of any Republican club, to send it to us at once on a postal card.

The object we have in getting these addresses is that we wish to communicate with those secretaries on an important matter relative to the Presidential campaign.

PRICES REDUCED!

OUR CHINA SETS.—Read the advertisement of The Blade china and tea sets on the 7th page of this paper, and you will see that we have been enabled to reduce the prices. Now is the time to take advantage of this offer.

THE BLADE BICYCLE.—The manufacturer has shaded his price to us for the few bicycles yet remaining subject to our order. We are now enabled to offer a Blade bicycle, lady's or gentleman's, and the Weekly Blade one year, for $45 cash. Order one quick!

"The proportions between the values of gold and silver is a MERCANTILE PROBLEM altogether. Just principles will lead us to disregard the legal proposition, to inquire into the market price of gold in the several countries with which we shall probably be connected in commerce, and TAKE AN AVERAGE from them."—Thomas Jefferson.

"SWAPPING" WON'T RAISE THE PRICE.

Mr. Bryan's contention—or rather his plea to deceive his auditors—is, that "any purchaser who stands ready to take the entire supply of any given article at a certain price can prevent that article from falling below that price."

The par of silver with gold at 16 to 1 is $1.29 per ounce. Mr. Bryan says that no man would sell silver at less than $1.29 per ounce when the government stands ready to take it at that price. Therefore he thinks the price of silver would rise to $1.29 per ounce, and the silver dollar be worth as much as the gold dollar.

His contention would be true, if the government bought the silver and paid $1.29 an ounce for it in gold. But under free coinage the government would not buy an ounce of silver. The men who buy bullion would take it to the mint, have it stamped into dollars, and receive it back again. It would be a mere "swapping" of silver bullion for silver dollars.

What effect would it have on the price of wheat if the government stood ready to take all the wheat offered at $1 per bushel, to be paid for in other wheat, bushel for bushel, at $1 per bushel? A mere "swap" does not affect prices in the least, as any one can see.

To give a silver dollar containing 371.25 grains of silver to every one who brings 371.25 grains of pure silver to the mint will not affect the price of silver in the least. It would be a mere swap, weight for weight.

Mr. Bryan's fallacy can be detected by any ten-year-old schoolboy. He ought to be ashamed to stand up before an audience and offer them such childish argument.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S UTTERANCE.

The great "Defender of the Constitution," Daniel Webster, was not in sympathy with any plan for the cheapening of the currency or the debasement of the money statndard. Hear what he said over fifty years ago on the subject:

The very man, of all others, who has the deepest interest in a sound currency, and who suffers most by mischievous legislation in money matters, is the man who earns his daily bread by his daily toil. * * * His property is in his hands. His reliance, his fund, his productive freehold, his all, is his labor. Whether he work on his own small capital or another's, his living is still earned by his industry; and when the money of the country becomes depreciated and debased, whether it be adulterated coin or paper without credit, that industry is robbed of its reward. He then labors for a country whose laws cheat him out of his bread. I would say to every owner of every quarter section of land in the West, I would say to every man in the East who follows his own plow, and to every mechanic, artisan and laborer of every city in the country—I would say to every man, everywhere, who wishes by honest means to gain an honest living, "beware of wolves in sheep's clothing." Whoever attempts, under whatever popular cry, to shake the stability of the public currency * * * stabs your interests and your happiness to the heart.

The Popocratic campaign managers at Washington virtually concede the loss of Kentucky to Bryan, and are trying to comfort themselves with the assertion that they can lose Kentucky and still win. We have some curiosity to see how they can possibly figure this out.

M'KINLEY'S LETTER.

The letter of Major McKinley, accepting the Republican Presidential nomination, is the clearest and most thorough exposition of the issues before the American people in this campaign which has yet been made. It is not an apology, not a defense. It appeals directly to the reason and intelligence of the voters. It does not aim to excite prejudice, to inflame passion, to mislead and betray. It is the honest utterance of an honest American to his fellow-Americans.

Major McKinley takes up silver first, as was proper. In clear, temperate and plain words, he shows why the Republican party can not betray the people by advocating a policy which would inevitably change the money standard, debase our currency, precipitate a panic and ruin the people. He shows what a trick is involved in the word "free" in the term "free coinage." The men who own silver bullion would be free to have it coined into dollars; but this would not make free dollars to any one else. No man could get one of those dollars without working for it, or selling something for it. The man who has no money would not find it any easier to obtain than now.

He punctures the fallacy that a change of standards would mean increased wealth. To call two pecks a bushel will not increase the actual amount of grain a farmer raises. To call a half-acre an acre will not double the area of his farm. To make an 18-inch yard will not put more cloth on the merchant's shelves. To have a pound of eight ounces will not double the amount of sugar and coffee and tea in the grocer's hands. To legislate that 53 cents' worth of silver shall be a dollar will not double wages, nor increase the actual value of the money the farmer receives for his crops. A new measure of value can not impart more value to the thing measured thereby.

The distinction between the obligation the government rests under with regard to the silver dollars coined on its own account, and for every one of which in circulation it received a gold dollar's worth of value, and the lack of any such obligation with regard to dollars coined free for bullion-owners, is made perfectly clear. In every vital quality the two issues would differ, and that difference would spell disaster to the nation.

His rebuke to the demagogues who play upon men's prejudices, and make it appear to be a battle between classes of our population, deserves to be read and carefully considered by every voter. Every sentence rings with true patriotism, not with the false note of the Popocratic appeal to those who basely excite passion, envy and jealousy.

Protection and reciprocity find in Major McKinley the same unswerving champion as of old. He tells us what the Wilson law has wrought of evil to our nation; and thus speaking to a people who have the example before their eyes, he makes the most convincing argument for protection possible. He shows up the Popocrat fallacy that the hard times are the result of the mint act of 1873, and in speaking of this he uses an epigrammatic sentence which will pass at once into current political use: "Good money never made times hard." And in the same vein he says: "It is not more money that we want. What we do want is to put the money we already have at work. When money is employed, men are employed."

No issue touched upon in the Republican platform is left without mention, and every word thereon is earnest, clear and sound. The letter closes with a patriotic and statesmanlike appeal to the American people to uphold the national honor, and not be misled by the vagaries of the ignorant and the demagogic. It is an appeal to that high patriotism which has never failed the American people in times when the nation's integrity, or honor, or existence were in peril, and it will meet with as full and complete a response as did the proclamation of President Lincoln which called upon loyal Americans to rise in defense of the insulted flag and the imperiled nation.

SENATOR SHERMAN'S PLAN TO MAINTAIN THE GOLD RESERVE.

The Blade received the following letter of inquiry a few days ago, from Mr. E. F. Chandler, of Steinauer, Nebraska:

About a year ago, I believe, Senator Sherman in a speech advocated and proposed a plan to maintain the $100,000,000 gold reserve. It struck me then as being very plausible, but I cannot recall the plan. Can you give me any information on the subject?

We failed to recall anything Senator Sherman had said on the maintenance of the gold reserve other than that advocated by every Republican—to enact a protective tariff law, which will bring in enough revenue to meet governmental expenses, restore public confidence, and, as was the case from 1878 to 1894, the dues paid the government daily, for customs and internal revenue taxes, will contain a sufficient proportion of gold coin to maintain the reserve, as was the case for the sixteen years following resumption.

Thinking, perhaps, that our Steinauer correspondent had seen some utterance of the Senator's which we might have overlooked, The Blade inclosed his letter of inquiry to Senator Sherman, with a request for information. The following is Mr. Sherman's reply:

Mansfield, O., Aug. 22.

Editor Blade:—Upon my return from Cincinnati, I find your letter of the 17th enclosing one from Mr. Chandler. There would have been no difficulty whatever in maintaining the gold reserve at $100,000,000 if the Dingley bill, as it was called, had become a law; but, as you know, the silver Senators, joining with the Democrats, indefinitely postponed the bill, and this prevented any action upon the subject. The inevitable result was the continued deficiency which created a demand upon the gold reserve. I know no way of relief from the present situation except the passage of a revenue law that will provide means to meet the necessary expenses of the government, and an amount in excess to apply on the principal of the public debt.

Very truly yours,
JOHN SHERMAN.

We are glad to have this opportunity of recalling to the public mind a fact which has been obscured by the free silver controversy—that the Wilson law is a deficit-producing measure; that the greenbacks paid into the Treasury for gold have been used to meet current expenses; and that, had it not been for this cause, the Treasury would long ago have been bankrupt.

The Republicans of New York have nominated Representative Frank S. Black for governor, to succeed Mr. Morton. Mr. Black has not the national reputation of the present governor (who declined a renomination), but he is a strong and popular man in his own state. He represented the Nineteenth district of New York in the present Congress, and he brought so much ability, aptitude and fidelity to the discharge of his public duties as to make him very popular. His nomination for governor is received with great satisfaction by the Republicans of the Empire state, and he will be elected by a tremendous majority.

Ex-Gov. Pennoyer, of Oregon, is a silver shouter; but four mortgages taken from the official records of Multnomah county, show that in every instance Pennoyer has made his mortgages, principal and interest, payable in "United States gold coin." Pennoyer is following Altgeld's lead.

MR. BLAND'S FOLLY.

The singular error grew up in the decade from the close of the war to 1875, that the "fiat" of the government—meaning the passing of a law—is all that makes money; that coin, by the mere process of stamping, is changed in some occult way, so that it receives a value it did not before have. This queer misconception arose doubtless from the issue of legal tender paper money (greenbacks) by the government as a war measure. The fact that it was merely the government's promise to pay coin was overlooked; that it got its value from the ability of the government to redeem it was not understood; and the chimerical idea was elaborated that in some mysterious manner the "fiat of the government" gave it value.

Mr. Richard P. Bland still adheres to this error. In a recent speech he said:

People by common consent may accept a bank note or other form of currency, but such currency is not money in any true sense. There is not a dollar in existence in the United States of real money that is not fiat money. All the gold of the world would not pay a single debt but for the fiat of the federal government, nor would all the silver of the world pay a dollar of debt except by the fiat of our government. This is made too plain for argument.

Mr. Bland then argues from this that it does not matter whether a silver dollar has a dollar's worth of silver in it or not; that 53 cents' worth makes just as valuable a dollar, because the "fiat of the government" says it is a dollar.

It is lamentable that men should so befog themselves with theories, and attempt to befog others. The truth of the matter is very simple. Every nation has an unit of money, as it has an unit of weight, of length, of capacity. That unit of money is defined as a certain weight of gold or silver. The value of the unit is simply what that much gold or silver will sell for as bullion.

To take an example: The money unit of the United States is the dollar. The law defines the dollar as the weight of 23.22 grains of pure gold. Whatever 23.22 grains of gold are worth as bullion is the value of the dollar. If gold becomes more valuable, the dollar does also. If gold falls in value, so does the dollar. No law can create value. All the law does is to define the weight of gold that shall constitute a dollar, and to make it legal tender.

All paper money consists of promises to pay coin. Its value depends on the ability of the issuer to pay the coin on demand. If this is undoubted, the paper passes at par. If doubtful, it depreciates. The greenback itself proves this. After the suspension of specie payments everybody knew that the government could not redeem the greenbacks on demand. So they depreciated in value. They were legal tender by "fiat of the government," so men had to take them; but they would not take them at their face value in gold. An article in 1864 that was worth $1 in gold required $2.40 in greenbacks to purchase it. Where was the "fiat of the government," with its boasted power of creating value?

Another thing which Mr. Bland does not seem to know is that the preference of the commercial world for gold would continue the use of that metal in international commerce, and for large transactions within this country, if the law should demonetize gold entirely, and even if gold coinage were stopped. Gold coin gets its value from the worth of the gold. The government stamp, and the "fiat of the government," neither add to nor detract from its value. If there were no American gold coin, it would either be used in bars or be coined by private parties, or foreign gold coin be used. The absence of law would not stop its use, for gold was used as currency long before any law was passed regarding such use.

Mr. Bland owes it to the people of the United States to abandon his financial views, one and all, and start in at the bottom to learn the A B C of finance.

HOW IT WOULD BE.

Below we give a reproduction of the editorial head of The Two Republics, a daily newspaper published in the City of Mexico. The paper is printed in English, and circulates among the Americans who are engaged in business in Mexico. Note that directly under the head are given each day the value of the Mexican silver dollar, the price of bar silver, and of the other metals in which the industries of Mexico are mostly interested:

THE TWO REPUBLICS
A DAILY JOURNAL,
ESTABLISHED IN 1867.

P. O. Box, 295. City of Mexico.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 16, 1896.

Mexican dollars, 52 cents.
Silver, 67⅝ in New York; 31 pence in London.
Pig Iron, $10.00@12.00.
Copper, $10.00@12.00.
Lead, $2.70@2.75.
Tin, $13.10@15.00.

If the voters of the United States should elect Bryan we would be driven to the silver standard. American dollars would probably be quoted every day at their fluctuating value, precisely as Mexican silver dollars are in Mexico. Gold would be an article of commerce, and its premium would be also given daily; for every person engaged in foreign trade would want to know what gold was worth, in order to determine the price—not the value, but the price—of whatever commodity he dealt in.

THINK IT OVER!

Have you noticed there are no cablegrams from England telling of great mass meetings of the unemployed in Trafalgar square? That these are no bread riots? That there are no great strikes over there, as there were a few years ago?

Of course you have noticed these things. But have you thought of the reason?

This change from dull times, from mass meetings of the unemployed, from want and idleness to activity in industry, plenty of work and prosperity for the masses began with the passage of the Wilson bill. English mills were closed and English workmen idle while the McKinley bill was in operation. But when the Wilson bill became a law, hard times set in over here, and the prosperity we enjoyed was transferred to England.

Industry has revived in England because England has found a market for her wares and manufactures. Industry is paralyzed in this country because England is making and selling here the wares and manufactures we ought to make for ourselves. It is as plain as the alphabet and yet the Bryanites are yelling for more free trade and for free coinage of silver in the same breath.

Elect McKinley and a Republican Congress, that a properly protective tariff law may be passed which will start the American mills again, and restore our lost prosperity!

And still the Wilson tariff is making an unexampled record as a deficit-producer. So far this month the receipts of the government, have been $19,101,729 and the expenditures have been $31,031,000—a deficiency of nearly twelve millions. This makes the deficiency since July 1, $24,988,529.

Young men or old should not fail to read Thos. Slater's offer on page 8.

Ask the Blade Your Questions!

Wherever two or three men get together, the political issues are the topic of conversation. This is a marked feature of this year's campaign. And have you noticed that, in the course of five minutes, some one will advance a proposition which the others will not accept, but for which they have no answer? Or they challenge proof of the proposition, which he is unable to give?

These people need and desire information on that point, yet they have no ready and direct means of getting it. The Blade has determined to furnish it, if asked.

We find that there are certain points advanced, in almost any locality, which are deemed "stickers." They are "tough questions" to those unfamiliar with the minute details of the tariff and the silver questions.

We propose to answer such questions, in a new department of the paper, to be run from now during the rest of the campaign, called "Tariff and Silver." We will answer ONLY such questions as are sent by actual subscribers to The Blade, whether regular or campaign subscribers.

PLEASE NOTICE!

Make your questions full and clear, stating exactly what you want to know, or the point on which you are in doubt. Give your full name and postoffice address, so that it will be easy to refer to the subscription list and see that you are a subscriber. Address your letter "Political Editor," The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

We shall endeavor to answer all questions sent; but, should more come during any week than can be answered in the space set apart for that purpose, we shall reserve the right to select those to answer—in every case choosing those of the greatest general interest.

"Confidence lies at the foundations of active and sucesful business operations. We cannot restore confidence by a proposition to debase the currency of the government and scale down private and public obligations. Such a proposition strikes at the very life of credit and business. It makes it harder to get money for legitimate and worthy enterprises by deliberately proposing to pay back what has been already borrowed in depreciated currency."—William McKinley.

THE FALL IN SILVER.

There are thousands of voters in this country who believe that the fall in the price of silver since 1869—for it began before 1873, and before any nation had dropped its use as a full money metal—was because of such legislation. And the plea is made by the silverites that if we restore it as a money metal its price will rise to $1.29 per ounce at once.

Even if the drop in the price of silver bullion were due to this legislation—which it is not—how could its restoration by the United States alone raise the price to the old level? We have 70,000,000 people. The countries of Europe which have dropped silver alone have a population of 218,000,000; India has 220,000,000. How can the action of 70,000,000 reverse the action of 438,000,000—over six times as many?

But the main factor in the fall in silver is simply its increased production. To show that this is correct we reprint the following table from the current number of Dun's Review. It gives the production by ounces of the United States and of the world, and the average price of bullion:

Year.	U. S.	World.	Average Price.
1873	27,650,000	63,267,187	$1.004
1874	28,849,000	55,300,781	.988
1874	28,849,000	55,300,781	.988
1875	24,518,000	62,261,719	.964
1876	30,009,000	67,753,125	.894
1877	30,783,000	62,679,916	.929
1878	34,960,000	73,385,451	.891
1879	31,550,000	74,383,495	.868
1880	30,320,000	74,795,273	.886
1881	33,260,000	79,020,872	.881
1882	36,200,000	86,472,091	.878
1883	35,730,000	89,175,023	.858
1884	37,800,000	81,557,801	.861
1885	39,910,000	94,609,959	.823
1886	39,445,312	93,297,290	.769
1887	41,269,240	96,123,586	.758
1888	45,783,632	108,827,606	.727
1889	51,354,851	120,213,611	.724
1890	54,500,000	126,095,062	.810
1891	58,330,000	137,170,919	.764
1892	63,500,000	153,151,762	.674
1893	60,000,000	166,092,047	.604
1894	49,501,122	167,752,561	.491
1895	55,727,000	174,796,875	.506
1896 (6 mo.)			.528

Note that the increase in production has been accompanied by a steady decline in price. The two things have gone together. There have been fluctuations from year to year, but the increase year by year in production has been accompanied by a fall in price. It will be noted that the occasional decrease in the column showing the American production played but a small part in affecting the world's price.

The decline in the price from 1873 to 1876 was slight. The production had decreased, but Germany had thrown a vast quantity of silver upon the markets. Other mints were open, however, and in 1873 France coined $30,000,000 and Belgium $20,000. The result was that serious apprehensions were excited that year, and in January, 1874, the Latin Union limited the coinage of five-franc pieces. Then the price went down until the passage of the Bland act, which caused another advance. Germany took advantage of this boom to sell 25,000,000 ounces in 1878, closing out its stock the next year. From 1878 to 1881 the production increased but little, and the market remained comparatively steady, notwithstanding the suspension of coinage by the Latin Union. Another radical fall began in 1885, coincident with the world's big increase of production. A speculative rise was caused in 1890 by the passage of the Sherman act, which was expected to take all the American product, but the price dropped swiftly, while production went on increasing.

No law can raise the price of silver while the production is so enormous. Free coinage would only stimulate production, and the price would fall, as it did under the Sherman law.

M'KINLEY ON TARIFF.

Some of the Eastern Democratic papers which are opposed to Bryan and free silver, are disposed to find fault with Major McKinley's strong attitude in favor of a protective tariff in his letter of acceptance. The true view is that taken by the Brooklyn Eagle, which paper has a well-deserved reputation for political honesty, as well as for its soundness as a Democratic organ. It rejects Bryan utterly, is uncompromisingly in favor of maintaining the gold standard, and as strongly opposed to a protective tariff. The Eagle does not agree in the criticism mentioned above. It says:

We wish to say once and for all that we dissent from the tariff propositions in this letter (that of acceptance), and would hardly respect the author if he omitted a single one of them. He believes in them, and he has always believed in them. They are contained in the platform of his party. * * * If they are Democrats who think that Major McKinley should run on half of himself, or in his letters and speeches, should denote but half of himself, they exhibit an arrogance or advocate an evasiveness with which we have no sympathy, and for which we have no respect. Democrats who intend directly or indirectly to defeat Mr. Bryan and, as a consequence, help elect Mr. McKinley, have no right to expect the latter to be other than absolutely sincere, and have no warrant to place upon or to suggest to him either a muzzle or a mortgage.

BRYAN ON RAILWAY RATES.

Mr. Bryan, in his Eastern speeches, is telling the farmers that "railroad rates have not been reduced to keep pace with falling prices." This is an appeal to ignorance. There is, in the first place, no more reason why a railroad should reduce its freight rates below the line of making a reasonable profit, when the prices of staples fall, than that a physician should lower his prices for medical service from the same cause. The reduction of prices does not cheapen the expenses of running a railroad. It does not cut down wages, nor cheapen the cost of locomotives and rolling stock, nor reduce the price of fuel, nor in any way lessen the cost of operation.

What Mr. Bryan is trying to do is to prejudice the farmers against the railroads by making them think that they are making enormous fortunes every year through extortionate freight rates. He carefully abstains from telling his hearers that freight rates in this country are cheaper per mile than in any other under the sun. He does not refer to the fact that the railroads have lost more since 1873 by decrease in rates than business men have by lower prices for merchandise; that considerably more than half the railroad stock in this country is earning nothing and that the average return on railway investments is about 3 per cent; and that the majority of men who put their money in railroads are fortunate if they get it back without dividends.

The railroads have not impoverished or robbed the country. On the contrary they are the main factors of its wonderful development, and even the roads which have been manipulated by speculators for purposes not strictly legitimate have contributed to the general good. On the whole, the roads have served the public as well as the people, through their representatives, have dealt with the common carriers. It is true that the corporations have damaged each other by senseless rate cutting, but it should not be forgotten that legislatures encouraged and sanctioned the construction of new roads where the facilities already were more than sufficient for the traffic, and in this way the people are accountable for the financial troubles of many roads.

After permitting the building of unnecessary lines, demagogue-controlled legislatures did more mischief by regulating rates on the principle that "monopolies" ought to be grateful for the privilege of operating their lines for less than the cost of moving wheat and corn. Between sharp competition, legislative interference and the economy made possible by improved equipment, the reduction in rates during the past 23 years has been remarkable. Here are some facts which prove this statement true.

In 1873 the Treasury Department reported that the average rate per ton mile of 18 roads was 1.988 cents. This, the Railroad Gazette says, is too low for the average of all the roads, as the 18 companies, the most prosperous in the country, had heavy traffic and low charges, and those having little traffic and high rates were not included. In 1894, according to the interstate commerce commission, 0.86 cent was the average rate on the New York Central is said to be lower than the average of all the roads. In 1873 it was 1.573 cents; in 1895 it was 0.74 cent—a decrease of about 53 per cent. The Lake Shore rate in 1873 was 1.297 cents; in 1895 it was 0.566 cent—a decline of over 56 per cent. On all the roads the fall was 56.7 per cent., and notwithstanding Mr. Bryan's assertion, there are no figures to show that "rates have not kept pace with falling prices." The rail rate on corn dropped 70 per cent., but the New York price of corn fell only 26 per cent. The rate on provisions from Chicago to New York went down 50 per cent., but the price of beef and salt pork is 35 and 27 per cent. less than at the beginning of the period referred to. The percentage of the decine of wheat since 1873 is 56, the percentage of the fall in wheat rates by lake and rail was 74, all rail 63, these being the figures of the Treasury Department.

The saving to the public due to these reductions is enormous. The Railroad Gazette estimates that if the freight of 1894 had been carried at the rate of 1873 the total receipts of the roads would have been nearly doubled, and $906,000,000 would have been added to their earnings. But facts are not sought by the so-called anti-monopoly orators; wild assertion is preferable to argument based on reliable figures, and Mr. Bryan is no better than the less conspicuous agitators who profess to believe that the "railroad robbers" have kept rates up while the prices of provisions and clothing have gone down.

"The first dirty errand that a dirty dollar does is to cheat the workingman."—Benjamin Harrison.

MR. BRYAN'S DILEMMA.

In his Madison Square Garden speech Mr. Bryan used these words:

We contend that free and unlimited coinage by the United States alone will raise the bullion value of silver to its coinage value, and thus make silver bullion worth $1.29 per ounce in gold throughout the world.

Does Mr. Bryan think that remonetization of silver by the United States alone would double the price of silver bullion? Does he think the use of silver by 70,000,000 people would do it, when India, with 220,000,000 of people, had to stop the free coinage of silver in 1893 because the value of the rupee was falling? Does he think remonetization by us could do anything, when Russia, with 113,000,000 people, is preparing to abandon silver in favor of gold? Unfortunately, he did not see fit to explain the process whereby this doubling in value of the world's entire stock of silver would be accomplished—an omission we much regret, as it is believed an impossibility by all persons versed in financial matters, who believe in the law of supply and demand.

Another thing Mr. Bryan omitted to discuss was this: If silver rises to $1.29 per ounce, the silver dollar will be equal in value to the gold dollar. In that case there can be no rise in prices; debts cannot be paid at 53 cents in silver on the dollar; mankind will still be nailed to the "cross of gold," without remedy. The men who are for free silver because they think gold has doubled in value, thus doubling their debts (which, by the way, is utterly false), will thus have their motive taken away; for if prices measured in gold are one-half too low, they will not be raised by making silver as valuable as gold.

Will Mr. Bryan explain these things? Will he tell a waiting nation whether his Eastern doctrine—that silver will rise to parity with gold—is true, or whether his Western doctrine is the correct one, that the silver dollar will be worth only half the gold dollar, and men can cheat their creditors by legal process?

Which horn of the dilemma are you going to take, Mr. Bryan?

The younger Sewall says Maine will give 25,000 Republican majority at the state election, and the elder Sewall, Bryan's running mate, don't deny the statement.

MR. HARRISON'S SPEECH.

The speech of ex-President Harrison in New York city reminds one of those excellent little addresses he made at Indianapolis to visiting delegations during the campaign of 1888. These were important factors in the election that year, and his later effort will be quite as effective in the campaign now waging.

The characteristic of General Harrison's campaign speeches is their plain common sense. They appeal directly to every man who is ruled by reason instead of being swayed by prejudice and passion. His grasp of his subject is always sure, and he carries his audience with him from the start. It is not a wild wave of enthusiasm evoked by sky-rocket rhetoric, which subsides as soon as the orator stops, as is the case with Bryan and others of the turgid and inflammatory oratorical school. The irresistible logic of his facts, presented with crystal clearness, carries conviction to the minds of his auditors; and this conviction is abiding.

General Harrison treated of three topics—the antagonism to the Supreme Court expressed by the Popocrat platform, the tariff, and the money question. On the first, he showed the wise design of the framers of the constitution in creating three co-ordinate branches of government—legislative, executive and judicial; that these three were carefully made independent of each other; and the true nature of the Popocratic design of breaking down the independence of the Supreme Court, that it might be made the creature of Congress, should the alliance of repudiators and anarchists—of Bryan and Altgeld—unfortunately succeed in securing control of that body. That portion of his speech should be read attentively by every honest and patriotic voter. It gives him food for serious reflection.

As to the tariff, Mr. Harrison declares that question is decided in the minds of the people. They have had, and are now having, a practical experience of the evils of free trade. Though the Wilson law is by no means a radical measure of that sort, it has brought distress upon the entire working class—the bone and sinew of the nation. It has injured our industries and our agriculture, increased our debt, and its evil still continues. It would be strange indeed if the people voted to continue this vicious policy longer.

General Harrison's discussion of the money question is a most valuable contribution to the campaign for honesty and integrity in our financial policy. He has done a good service in showing that authorizing free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 would not bring us to bimetallism, but to silver monometallism. His "stilt" illustration is homely and practical. A man can not walk on stilts if one is only half the length of the other; a nation can not keep dollar of two metals in circulation as basic money if one dollar is worth only half as much as the other. No one who reads his discussion intelligently can fail to be impressed with the cogency of his argument, or escape conviction of the truth of his conclusions.

"Every attempt to array class against class, the 'classes against the masses,' section against section, labor against capital, the poor against the rich, or interest against interest in the United States, is in the highest degree reprehensible."—McKinley.

WHICH IS CORRECT?

If the United States should adopt free coinage, one of two things must necessarily happen: Either the silver dollar would rise in value to an equality with the gold dollar, and the price of silver bullion the world over rise from about 69 cents an ounce to $1.29; or the value of the dollar thereafter be measured by the worth of the silver in it, gold go out of circulation, and we drop to the silver standard with Mexico, India, and China for company.

Our free silver friends are perpetrating the absurdity of claiming both as true. In the West, they are telling the farmers they can pay their mortgages with 53-cent dollars and quieting their consciences by asserting that gold has risen in value, and that the gold dollar is "a 200-cent dollar." The farmers are told that the prices of grain will rise, and that they will make more money.

In the East, they are taking the other side. In his New York speech Bryan declared his belief that silver will rise to $1.29 per ounce, and the silver dollar be worth as much as the gold dollar.

If Bryan believes that, then he descended to falsehood in his Chicago speech, when he talked about "the cross of gold." If silver is to be worth as much as gold, the farmers will get no higher prices, and they will have to pay their mortgages in 200-cent dollars; for, if the silver dollar will be equal to the gold one, and the latter is a 200-cent dollar, then the silver dollar will be that also.

Will some of our free silver friends out in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado tell us which the free silver men there believe? They can't believe both. If the silver dollar does not depreciate, then all the arguments in favor of free silver which have been so far preached in the West are false. If the silver dollar will depreciate, then Bryan told a falsehood in his New York speech.

Which road are the free silver men going to take? Which do they believe, anyhow—in a 50-cent dollar or a 200-cent dollar?

A FALSE UTTERANCE.

William J. Bryan said, in his speech at Albany, New York: "The gold standard makes hard times."

Mr. Bryan knew, when he made that statement, that it was false.

We have been on the gold standard, as a matter of fact, ever since 1834, save during the suspension of specie payments during the greenback era. And we have been by law on the gold standard since 1873.

The most prosperous times this nation has ever seen were during the years from the resumption of specie payments—January 1, 1879—to the year 1893. In these fifteen years every industry flourished. Our agriculture was prosperous until the cheapening of ocean freight rates made it possible for wheat grown in Argentina, Australia, South Africa and India to be sold in the European market at a profit. Up to that time this was the only country across seas which furnished wheat to the countries of Western Europe that do not raise enough breadstuffs to supply their needs.

Our farmers had then to compete only with Southern Russia. Now we have to compete also with the wheat grown by the other countries named; and land is cheaper there than here, and the wages of agricultural labor are cheaper. Wheat growing there took a big impetus. The result is the world-wide low price of grain.

Will Mr. Bryan explain how the gold standard had anything to do with cheapening grain, in the face of this enormously increased production and keen competition for the only foreign market for grain?

All men should read Thos. Slater's offer on page 8.

Tariff and Silver Queries.

The Blade will answer questions on the tariff and silver issues on the following conditions: That the name and address of the sender occompany every question; that only one question at a time be sent—this being necessary on account of the large number received.

Mexican Prices.

Quite a number of queries have reached us which express doubt of what we have said concerning prices in Mexico. The Mexican silver dollar passes at its bullion value. It buys just as much in Mexico as it would here. And, under free coinage of silver, the silver dollar would be basic money with us. It would not be held up to gold value as it now is; in fact, could not be.

As to prices in Mexico, we are glad to present an official statement made by the mayor of El Paso, Texas. El Paso is on the north side of the Rio Grande river. Juarez, Mexico, is right across the river. Read what he says:

"I, R. F. Campbell, mayor of the city of El Paso, Tex., hereby certify that I have made careful and thorough inquiry into the wholesale price of some common articles of merchandise in the city of El Paso, Tex., and the city of Juarez, Mexico, just across the Rio Grande, and at this date, August 7, 1896, the prices of the following articles in the two cities are as follows, those of this side of the river being reckoned in United States money, and those on the other side in Mexican silver:

	In U. S.	In Mexico.
Breakfast bacon, per lb...	$0.11½	$0.32
Ham, per lb...	.11½	.32
Matches, per gross...	.60	1.20
Pickles, in 5-gal. kegs...	2.25	6.50
Vinegar, in 5-gal. kegs...	.60	1.40
Baking soda, per doz...	1.06	2.40
Salt, in 2-lb. sacks...	.40	.90
Macaroni, per lb...	.10	.25
Molasses, per gal...	.75	1.69
Beans, per lb...	.03	.17
Cheese, per lb...	.12½	.29
Candles per box...	5.00	11.75
Catsup, per doz...	2.00	6.25
Jelly, per doz...	2.00	5.00
Dried plums, per lb...	.11	.25
Dried apples and peaches, per lb...	.11	.25
Dried prunes, per lb...	.10	.20
Corn starch, per doz...	1.06	1.90
Lemon extract, per doz...	1.00	1.90
Vanilla extract, per doz...	2.25	3.00
Coffee, per lb...	.20	.40
Soap, per box...	3.75	5.00
Tea, per lb...	.35 to 1.00	70 to 1.50
Deviled ham, per box...	2.90	6.50
Sugar, per sack of 100 lbs...	5.50	10.75
Flour, per sack of 100 lbs...	2.25	8.50
Rice, per lb...	.05	.11¼
Condensed milk, per case...	8.00	21.50
Canned tomatoes, per case...	2.25	7.90
Canned peas, per case...	2.40	8.50
Crackers, per lb...	.07½	.21

"The Mexican prices are the prices which prevail in the free zone, on which there is small duty, of course in the interior they would be much higher. I also find and do hereby certify that Mexican labor in Mexico, in the larger cities, is paid from 75 cents to $1.50 per day in Mexican silver. The highest price for the very best and most skilled labor is $2 per day, in the same kind of money. In the interior of Mexico, in the country and smaller cities, the wages paid are from 20 to 30 per cent lower than that given above.

"Given under my hand and seal of office, on this 7th day of August, A. D., 1896.
"R. F. CAMPBELL,
"Mayor of El Paso, Tex."

There is Money Enough.

"It seems probable now that the free silver cause will not win in November. What does the Republican party propose to do to increase the amount of money in circulation, which, after all, is what the people waant free silver for?"—A. D. C., Lincoln, Neb.

There are two things implied in the above question which are false. The first is, that free silver would give us more money; second, that there is not enough money in the country.

The first is absolutely wrong. Free silver would not increase the volume of the circulation, but enormously decrease it. In our $1,600,000 (round numbers) of money in circulation (or outside of the Treasury) there is $450,000,000 of gold. If we came to the silver standard for paayments a silver coin of 412½ graains, with a commercial value of only 51 cents—gold would no longer circulate; it would become a commodity; the entire stock of gold would go out of use as money, and the currency would be contracted to the extent of $450,000,000. There would be left about $1,150,000,000 of currency, which, at the silver standard, would haave a purchasing power of only $575,000,000. Instead of more money, the silver standard would inevitably and immediately bring a vast contraction not only of the circulation, but also of the purchasing power of the remaining value of money.

But it is said that silver, either in the form of coin or its paper representative, would in time more than fill the place of the banished gold? Suppose such would be the case. This currency would have only one-half the purchasing power of the money we now have. And the demand regulates the supply of money in active circulation. The amount in use depends upon the business conditions; if it were otherwise, would not Mexico have a per capita circulation of $30 or $40 instead of $4.40?

Business makes money, not money, business. The country that has few or languishing industries and small trade has little use for money. Just as true is it that in the United States or any other great commercial and industrial country, when stagnation prevails, for any reason, money, however plentiful the stock of it, will go into hiding. If good times or hard times were the result of a vast or small stock of money, then, looking at the past, we should say the United States ought to be highly prosperous to-day. If prices depended on the volume of money, prices would now be high. Below is an official statement of the circulation of the United States (coin and paper) from 1860 to 1895, inclusive, with the amount of circulation per capita:

Year.	Total Money.	In Circulation.	Money Per Capita.	Circulation Per Capita.
1860	$442,102,477	$435,407,252	$14.06	$12.85
1861	452,005,767	448,405,767	14.06	13.98
1862	358,452,079	334,697,744	10.96	10.23
1863	674,867,283	595,394,038	20.23	17.84
1864	705,588,067	669,641,478	20.72	19.67
1865	770,129,755	714,702,995	22.16	20.57
1866	754,327,254	673,488,244	21.27	18.99
1867	728,200,612	661,992,069	20.11	18.28
1868	716,553,578	680,103,661	19.38	18.39
1869	715,351,180	664,452,891	18.95	17.60
1870	722,868,461	675,212,794	18.73	17.50
1871	741,812,174	715,889,005	18.75	18.10
1872	762,721,565	738,309,549	18.70	18.19
1873	774,445,610	751,881,809	18.58	18.04
1874	806,024,781	776,083,031	18.83	18.13
1875	798,273,509	754,101,947	18.16	17.16
1876	790,683,284	727,609,388	17.52	16.12
1877	763,053,847	722,314,883	16.46	15.58
1878	791,253,576	729,132,634	16.62	15.31
1879	1,051,521,541	818,631,793	21.52	16.75
1880	1,205,929,197	973,382,228	24.04	19.41
1881	1,406,541,823	1,114,238,119	27.41	21.71
1882	1,480,531,719	1,174,290,419	28.20	22.37
1883	1,643,489,816	1,230,305,696	30.6	22.91
1884	1,705,454,189	1,243,925,969	31.06	22.65
1885	1,817,658,336	1,292,568,615	32.37	23.02
1886	1,808,559,694	1,252,700,525	31.5	21.82
1887	1,900,442,672	1,317,539,143	32.36	22.45
1888	2,062,955,949	1,372,170,870	34.30	22.88
1889	2,075,350,711	1,380,361,649	33.86	22.52
1890	2,144,226,159	1,429,251,270	34.24	22.82
1891	2,195,224,075	1,497,440,707	34.21	23.41
1892	2,372,599,501	1,601,347,187	36.21	24.44
1893	2,323,402,392	1,596,701,245	34.70	24.85
1894	2,423,434,781	1,661,808,708	35.39	24.28
1895	2,399,007,420	1,601,968,473	34.33	22.93

It will be observed that during the war period, when there was general business activity, "flush times" the per capita of money was less than it has been in any year since 1880. It will be noticed also, that there is now a larger per capita circulation than there was during the period of 1888-90, when the country enjoyed good times. It appears, moreover, that the volume of money was greater in 1894 than in 1892, when the United States was immensely prosperous, everybody had employment and prices were up. This table of circulation covering thirty-five years must prove to any one not blinded by a "craze" that other influences than the volume of money enter largely into the requirements for prosperity. In the matter of prices, supply and demand are the cihef elements. As to industries and commerce and business of every description, confidence is the foundation stone of enterprise; confidence in the stability of the currency and in safe conditions affecting the future of the market.

It is not the volume of money that makes good times; it is the rapidity with which exchanges are made. There is as much money in the United States as is needed for any and all purposes. Many men think if there was more money interest would be lower; but the rate was never lower than it is to-day. The rate is high for farm loans, we know, but that is because a loan on a farm mortgage lacks one great element—it does not insure the repayment of the money when due. Foreclosure proceedings are slow, costly, and in many states there are laws which render the obtaining of the loan by the lender very difficult. The man who loans takes the risk, and he asks high interest in consequence. A man could borrow in New York at 2 or 3 per cent any time within the past three or five years, if he could give good security; while farm loans in the West were three or four times that rate. The reason for the difference is given above. More money would not make the security any better, don't you see? So it would not do what so many in the West expect it to do.

Railroad Freight Rates.

"How can you expect Western farmers to support a 200-cent dollar standard, when the prices of their grain has lowered one-half since 1873, and they still have to pay the same outrageous freight rates they did then?"—D. D. W., Emporia, Kan.

But if it is a 200-cent dollar, then the farmer gets, in reality, $1.20 a bushel for 60-cent wheat, doesn't he? And grain rates by rail are not on the same level as they were in 1873.

The official report of the Chicago Board of Trade for 1895, page 115, gives the freight charges on heat and corn from Chicago to New York by rail from 1858 to 1895. Freights by rail and canal are given since 1869.

In 1858 the railroad freight on wheat from Chicago to New York was a trifle under 39 cents a hundred pounds, or a little over 23 cents a bushel. This rate increased to 50 and 60 cents a hundred during the war. At 60 cents a hundred the freight was 36 cents a bushel. This increase was under a cheap greenback money system, similar to a 53-cent silver dollar system.

In 1873 rail freights had decreased to 31 cents a hundred, or a little over 18 cents a bushel. In 1874, the year after the "crime," freight had fallen to 26½ cents a hundred, or 16 cents a bushel. In 1875 there had been a further decrease to 14½ cents a bushel.

From that period freights have generally declined, with slight fluctuations in some years, to the rate of 1895. Last year the rate was a fraction under 12 cents a hundred, or 7 cents and 2 mills a bushel.

Railway freight on corn in 1858 from Chicago to New York was 36 cents and 2 mills a hundred, equal to about 22 cents a bushel. In 1873 corn freight was 29 cents a hundred, or between 17 and 18 cents a bushel. The next year, 1874, there was a further decrease to 24½ cents a hundred, or 16 cents and a fraction a bushel. In 1895 corn rates were 5½ cents a bushel.

It is a noticeable fact that, after 1873, the "crime year," freight on both wheat and corn decreased until 1878, the year of partial silver rehabilitation. There was then a slight increase caused by silver inflation.

These facts are more fully set forth in the tables of the Board of Trade report. The all-rail rates for wheat and corn from Chicago to New York from 1858 to 1869 were as follows, per hundred pounds:

	Wheat.	Corn.		Wheat.	Corn.
1858	.39	.36	1864	.60	.56
1859	.35	.32	1865	.45	.42
1860	.34	.32	1866	.46	.43
1861	.42	.38	1867	.45	.42
1862	.48	.45	1868	.38	.35
1863	.49	.46			

A further table shows the decrease between 1872 and 1895. This gives only the rate on wheat per hundred pounds, to which the rates on corn correspond. The rate by water, lake and canal, by rail and canal and by all rail are given as a matter of additional interest:

	By lake and canal.	By lake and rail.	By all rail.
1872	24.47	28.00	33.50
1873	19.19	26.90	33.20
1874	14.04	17.09	25.23
1882	7.89	10.90	14.60
1890	5.85	8.50	14.31
1891	5.96	8.53	15.00
1892	5.61	7.55	14.23
1893	6.33	8.44	14.70
1894	4.44	7.00	12.88
1895	4.11	6.95	11.89

The rates per bushel of sixty pounds are three-fifths of these rates per hundred.

These official figures show that railroad freights are about two-thirds less than in 1872 and are one-fifth of greenback rates. They are a trifle over one-half the rates in 1878, the year of full gold resumption, which occurred, in fact, a year before 1879, which was indicated by law.

The Mine-Owners' Profit.

"If the coinage value of silver at 16 to 1 under free coinage would not raise the bullion value of silver to the coinage value, what benefit would it be to the mine owner?"—C. W. C., Beaver City, Neb.

It would benefit the mine-owners in the same way the Sherman law benefited them. After that law was passed in 1890, thousands of people believed it would cause silver to rise to par—$1.29 per ounce. Speculators rushed in to buy bullion, to hold for the rise. Under this speculative demand the price rose from about 85 cents to $1.21 an ounce. The bullion-owners and mine-owners unloaded their stock of silver on the speculators; silver began to fall, and kept on falling till it reached its former level.

We have no doubt the same thing would take place were a free coinage law to pass. The profit to the mine-owners would be in selling at the speculative advance. After that was over, then silver would constantly be gambled in, as gold was during the greenback era. The London market fixes the price of silver for the world; and it is the only important article whose price is fixed there. This is because London is the financial center of the British Empire, of Europe, and of the world. England controls the trade with China and India; and India is known as "the sink of silver," because she seems capable of absorbing enormous amounts of that metal. This is because the natives use it for jewelry, for ornamentation, and for hoarding. The native princes have millions of dollars' worth of silver hoarded up.

The value of the entire currency of the United States would depend upon the price of silver. Our money would be at the mercy of the London silver speculators. To get as much out of the sale of bullion as possible, the price would be forced up and down by the producers on this side. For instance: The mine-owners could hold back bullion, manipulate the supply, until the London price went up, then unload their bullion. The price would then drop, and the same process could be repeated indefinitely. And the evil to our people would be the losses from this fluctuation. Merchants would have to fix their prices high enough to cover possible losses; while, if the market went their way, they would make larger gains. We had the same thing in the greenback days; and it seems strange that people do not take to heart the costly lesson they then had.

Altgeld's Leases.

"I saw a few weeks ago a statement in The Blade that Governor Altgeld of Illinois required all payments for rent due on his office building in Chicago, paid in gold. Also, that Senator Stewart of Nevada does the same for dues coming to him. Have you any authority for such a statement, other than rumor?"—C. A., Smithville, Missouri.

The fact as to the leases on offices in the Unity building, Chicago, is not denied by Governor Altgeld. There are some 200 offices in that great structure, and every lease has printed in it a clause requiring payment in United States gold coin. Gov. Altgeld has issued a printed statement for circulation among the farmers, in which he admits that this is so; but he says the Unity building is owned by a stock company, and he is only one of the stockholders. This is true; but he carefully omits to state that he owns a majority of the stock, and therefore has full power to change the leases in this respect, if he wishes. Also, you will note, the clause must have been inserted by his authority or consent, in the first place.

The statement regarding Senator Stewart, that his loans and leases all contain a gold clause, was first made a number of years ago. He admitted it then, and said that on the Pacific coast, where his property is, the gold clause is customary in all notes and leases. That this is the custom out there is true. It has been so ever since and during the war. But if Stewart is such a friend of silver, why does he not show his friendship by omitting the clause?

Ex-Governor Pennoyer, of Oregon, is another silver plutocrat who insists on the gold clause. He has not denied it. We were informed, a day or two ago, that fac-similes of the Altgeld, Stewart and Pennoyer gold clauses have been published as a campaign document. If so, you could probably obtain copies by asking them of the National Republican committee, Auditorium, Chicago. The fact that these silver men protect their own interests by gold clauses, shows that they understand the effect of free coinage will be to drive us to 53-cent dollars, all their hypocritical protestations to the contrary notwithstanding.

Protecting the Reserve.

O. K. B., Mona, Iowa: When you write for publication, use only one side of your paper. You wrote your question on both sides, so we could not print it without copying. The efforts of the New York banks to protect the gold reserve are made in good faith. The thing to be feared is not the withdrawal of gold for use in America, but that the holders of American railway and manufacturing stocks and securities in Europe will get alarmed by the decline in the gold reserve, and send their stocks and bonds over here to sell, and the gold will be drawn out to ship to pay them. If they understand that the financiers of this country intend to protect the reserve, they will have confidence and keep their holdings. It is not the first time the banks have helped the government. A raid was planned on the Treasury by certain firms of foreign brokers in New York in 1894. These men had obtained control of nearly $50,000,000 Treasury notes, and intended to make a raid on the gold reserve. The banks found it out, and checkmated the game. This is a fact, but not widely known. It was not deemed wise to publish it at the time, lest it would create a panic, as it undoubtedly would. It is worthy of note that the firms which undertook to raid the reserve were all composed of foreigners from the continent of Europe, and identified with the banking interests of that section and not of England.

There is no combination among New York banks for any but honest and legitimate purposes—to strengthen each other in time of panic and prevent failures. Banks combine to conduct large financial operations, too large for one institution alone. The syndicate headed by J. Pierpont Morgan of New York, and their London house in Europe, to take the issue of bonds was of this character. No one person or firm could do it alone. Morgan invited other bankers to join him in New York to take half the loan; the London house invited bankers in Europe to do the same. These bonds were largely paid for with money deposited by the people, and a large share of the bonds were disposed of by the banks which took them to individuals who desired to invest their savings safely.

The only wrong on the people was this: That the Cleveland administration sold its bonds too cheaply. It was perfectly proper, in all respects, for many persons to unite their means to buy a piece of property, whether it be a big farm, or a business block in a city, or an issue of county bonds, or city bonds, or United States bonds. If the job is too large for one man, what is wrong in several uniting to accomplish it?

We regret that the idea, preached so long by ignorant demagogues, that the bankers and financiers of New York are practically combined to fleece anybody and everybody, is so prevalent. It is false. They have only the fact that they are engaged in the same business as a bond of union. Their only association or combination is for perfectly legitimate purposes. Take fifty farmers living in one county, all neighbors. They all have the same occupation, but each works for himself. It is just the same with the banks of New York or any other.

Continued On Fifth Page.

Tariff and Silver Queries.

Continued From Fourth Page.

city. All the wild denunciations of "money changers" are simply the outcome of ignorance, without any substantial basis of fact.

The thing which made the combination to protect the gold reserve possible was this: The cotton crop is coming into market nearly a month earlier than usual. The exports of cotton each fall throw the gold movement in our favor. By maintaining confidence in the stability of our finances abroad until the cotton arrived freely, it was possible to protect the gold reserve. To do it continually or permanently, is impossible.

The "Money Kings."

"Please publish a fair, candid statement about the 'gold bugs' and 'money kings' of Wall street and London, and whether they actually do use bribery to control our financial affairs."—Subscriber, Spencer, Wis.

A "money king" is simply a man who deals in money—a broker; just as a big wheat farmer is a "wheat king," or a man who has a big stock ranch is a "cattle king." A banker's business is to receive money belonging to other men, who deposit it with him, and receive interest from him; and to loan it to other men—manufacturers, importers, wholesalers, and other classes of business men—who use it in their business, and who pay him interest on their loans.

The business of a banker does best in prosperous times. He makes more money then, for he does not have his money lying idle in the vaults, paying interest on it, but it is loaned out, and brings him interest. A panic is always a hard time for a banker, because he has to be very careful in making loans, to avoid losses; and the very men who are the most anxious to borrow, are the ones who are in a tight place, and he may lose the loan—which is not his own money but belongs to his depositors. So a bank, in panicky times, will often have thousands of dollars lying idle, on which the bank is paying interest, and which it can not loan with safety.

Wall street is a street in New York city, running from Broadway east to the river. The sub-Treasury of the United States is on it. The term "Wall street" used to be in the mouths of political shriekers to mean the Stock Exchange, where the brokers meet to buy and sell railway and manufacturing stocks and bonds. Now the Populists use it, apparently, to mean the banks of New York city, though we do not recall any bank on that street. Lombard street in London has many brokers' and bankers' offices on it.

The liberties of a people are in no more danger from the bankers of the country—the "money kings"—than they are from the farmers of the country. Bankers conduct a legitimate and honorable business, absolutely necessary to be carried on. There are bad men among them, of course, as there are bad men among farmers, or merchants, or any other class of men; but honesty and fair dealing are necessary for success in banking, for a bank must have the confidence of the people, or it will not have any patrons.

Read the answer, "Protecting the Reserve," given elsewhere in this department. No one knows of any attempt by the bankers of this country to bribe Congressmen in favor of any legislation. All these charges are simply Populist lies.

"Coin" and Bonds.

"In March, 1869, the government pledged its faith to the payment in coin or its equivalent of all bonds of the United States, and to redeem its greenbacks at the earliest possible moment. In order to do this, why was it necessary to demonetize silver? Could not the government legally and honorably pay off all its coin obligations in silver, where gold was not expressly stipulated? If so, would that not have been the better plan?"—H. E. D., Renrock, O.

No one ever said it was "necessary" to demonetize silver to accomplish the purposes named. The reasons for the passage of the act of 1873 are fully set forth in this department of the Weekly Blade of August 27, under the heading "The Mint Act of 1873." Refer to it.

No bonds of the United States have ever specified their payment in anything but "coin of the present weight and fineness." It would be an honorable fulfillment of the obligation to pay them in silver, if the silver were worth as much as gold. It is not the gold itself that is expected, but gold value. As this country had been actually on a gold basis from 1834, the word "dollar" was understood to mean a gold dollar by every one; and the word "coin" had the same meaning; for, from 1834 to 1878, we had no silver dollars to amount to anything. One did not see a silver dollar those days any oftener than we see a Mexican dollar this year. So everybody who bought a bond payable in "coin" understood that word to mean gold, for we had no full legal tender silver in circulation.

It is repudiation and dishonor to pay an obligation in a money of less value than that in which it was contracted. There is not a bond of the United States in existence to-day that was not issued on a gold basis; and in honor they must be paid on that basis.

The "Crime of 1873."

"Was there a committee appointed by Congress to investigate the so-called crime of 1873? Did President Grant state on oath or otherwise that he did not know that the bill contained the so-called demonetizing clause? Give authority."—J. A. R., Mt. Sterling, Ill.

No committee was ever appointed by Congress. There was nothing to investigate. Read what we said on that subject in this department of The Weekly Blade of August 27, headed "The Mint Act of 1873." General Grant never made any statement of the sort. Our authority is his son, Col. Frederick Dent Grant, police commissioner of the city of New York.

Mexican Coinage.

"Has Mexico a single silver standard, or has she bimetallic laws which allow equal privileges to gold and silver at the mints, and is either gold or silver legal tender for all debts, public and private? If not, what are the distinctions made by the law of Mexico between them?"—H. C. K., Carthage, Mo.

Muhleman, in his new book, just issued, says that the Mexican coinage ratio is 16.51 to 1; that both gold and silver have free coinage, the mint charging 4.41 per cent to pay for the work of coinage. Both gold and silver are full legal tender. Thus there is no distinction between them; the law allows them "equal privileges," but that don't make them circulate at a parity. The Mexican gold peso (dollar) is worth 98.4 cents of our money; the silver peso (dollar), which in 1874 passed on an equality with the gold peso, is now worth only 51½ cents to-day (August 26).

Free Silver and Life Insurance.

"Suppose I have $1,000 in the bank now, or my life insured for $1,000, and we have free coinage of silver, and the silver dollar is worth 53 cents, would the bank or the life insurance company be compelled to pay me enough silver to equal $1,000, or would I have to accept 1,000 silver dollars in payment for the $1,000 deposited in the bank or paid to the insurance company?"—E. E. M., Gervais, O.

The 53cent dollars would be legal tender for any obligation. You would have to take 1,000 silver dollars, worth only $530, for your $1,000. The same would be true of every fire insurance policy.

What Sherman Said.

"Mr. Sherman in his speech says the act of 1873 demonetized silver precisely the same as the act of 1853. How could silver be demonetized when it was already demonetized? Please give us the facts."—H. E. D., Renrock, O.

Up to 1853 the half dollar, quarter, dime and 5-cent silver piece had their full proportion of silver, and were full legal tender. To stop the exportation of these coins as bullion, and keep them at home, the amount of silver in them was reduced, and their full legal tender power was taken away. This was "demonetizing" them. The silver dollar was left full legal tender; but it was not in circulation. They were more valuable than the gold dollar by a couple of cents, and were either exported or used in the arts. So there was no full legal tender silver in actual circulation, and so far as business was concerned, silver was "demonetized." The act of 1873 in effect merely made the law conform to an existing fact.

An Impossibility.

"In your issue of August 13, in reply to S. E. M., San Lucas, Cal., you state that it would be impossible to keep up the parity between gold and silver without a reserve fund. Will you please state what amount is used to keep up the parity?"—T. P. A., Kidder, Mo.

It would be impossible to keep up the parity under unlimited free coinage. Parity can be kept up so long as the volume of silver does not exceed that of gold. To keep a gold reserve big enough to give the people confidence that every silver dollar was practically redeemable in gold would be impossible.

A Queer Statement.

"Our free silver farmers in this country assert that everything they sell is sold on a silver basis, and everything they buy is bought on a gold basis. Please explain fully."—J. K. F., Warrensburg, Mo.

There is no explanation possible, for it is not so. A monetary standard is simply the yardstick by which values are measured. The value of any product is fixed by the law of supply and demand. The price is the measurement of the value in the money used. Suppose a farmer had 1,000 bushels of wheat, and a law was passed that the bushel measure should contain only half its present capacity; then the farmer would have 2,000 bushels of wheat, new measure—but would he have really any more wheat?

We could answer your question, if you had stated the reasons alleged. Why do they think they sell on a silver basis? All our money is on a gold basis—our dollar means the value of a gold dollar.

Note this fact: That any change in the money standard, any change in the value of the dollar, does not affect the value of any product. To cut the dollar in two, through free coinage, would double the price of everything, but it would not increase values of anything; nor would the farmers get more money value for their products than they do now.

Publishers' Column.

"M'KINLEY AND HOBART."

Many readers have asked us for a cheap but good campaign life of McKinley. We have it. It is called "McKinley and Hobart." It is written by Byron Andrews, and contains the life, and extracts from the speeches of Major McKinley, citizen, soldier, congressman, governor and statesman. It also has a complete report of the St. Louis convention, and a sketch of Hon. Garret A. Hobart. It has fine process prints of both candidates and their wives; also a number of wood cuts. It is bound in paper and contains 368 pages.

This book retails for 50 cents. We can do better than that, if you will order quickly. We have a limited number which we will send by mail, postpaid, for 20 cents a copy. Or, we will send a copy of "McKinley and Hobart," and send you the Weekly Blade for three months for 25 cents.

Be quick if you want one! We have not a large supply, and when they are sold we can fill no more orders.

M'KINLEY'S PORTRAIT.

We have had so many inquiries for portraits of Hon. Wm. McKinley, that we have made arrangements for a limited number of a very fine picture which Gov. McKinley himself says is "the finest portrait of myself which has ever been made."

It is printed on excellent plate paper, 22 by 28 inches; the face is life size; printed in black on a tinted background; fac-simile of McKinley's signature below; a work of art which is an ornament to any gentleman's library or parlor.

We will mail a copy of this magnificent portrait, in an extra large and heavy pasteboard tube, to any address, on receipt of only 50 cents.

Or, for one dollar, we will send a copy of the Weekly Blade one year and one copy of the picture. To subscribers who send us $1, we will extend their subscriptions for one year from the date of expiration, and mail a copy of the picture. Address all orders: "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

WALTHAM AND ELGIN WATCHES.

Some months ago, after supplying our readers several thousand good watches at wholesale prices, we discontinued the offer. For a few weeks we shall offer the following small list much below our former prices, owing to reduction of certain grades by the manufacturer. A couple will be recognized as standard watches of our former list. The others are good grades at reduced prices.

Elgin or Waltham, Men's Size, $4.75.

No. 4 is a men's size, Waltham or Elgin Watch, containing seven jewels and all improvements, including expansion balance, plain regulator, stem winding and setting apparatus, etc. The case is a combination of silver and nickel, and will wear just like solid silver. It is open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass so heavy as to withstand any strain.

The usual price of this watch is $8. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $4.75.

Lady's Watches, Waltham or Elgin, $20.00.

No. 15.—The works are manufactured at Waltham or Elgin. They are made of the finest materials, carefully selected. The jewels are all cut and polished in Europe, where secret processes are handed down from generation to generation. The dial is made of the finest porcelain, and the hands of blue tempered steel. The case is solid 14k. United States assay, handsomely engraved. This watch is a stem winder and setter and hunting case. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed, for $20.

Lady's Watches, Waltham or Elgin, $15.

No. 16.—The works of No. 16 are the same as No. 15, but the case is gold filled, 14k., guaranteed to wear just like solid gold for 20 years. The joints, plugs and parts exposed to unusual wear are solid gold. It is hunting case, and is handsomely engraved. Sent by registered mail, delivery guaranteed, for $15.

Gentlemen's Watches.

No. 200.—Solid gold 40 dwt. hunting case with Elgin or Waltham works, 18 size, 14 karat, and guaranteed timekeeper, sent by registered mail to any part of the United States for $33.50.

No. 201—Gold filled Elgin or Waltham watch, 18 size, open face case, guaranteed for 15 years. The movement or works contain seven jewels. This watch will be sent to any subscriber of The Blade in perfect order, delivery guaranteed, for $10.

Address all orders:

THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

$4.50 FOR $2.00.

The Weekly Blade one year and Rand, McNally's New General Atlas of the World (publisher's price $3.50), with marginal index, for only $2.00. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

FAMOUS BATTLE PICTURES.

Owing to a popular demand from our subscribers, and especially from members of the G. A. R., we have arranged with a large publisher for a quantity of pictures of the most celebrated battles of the civil war. These pictures are of a high grade, chromo colors, large size (22x28), reproduced from the original oil paintings with wonderful accuracy. More than 100,000 have been sold during the past year at one dollar each, and our price to any person, who orders a picture alone will be one dollar. But we did not get these pictures for sale or for profit. We propose to give one picture free, postpaid by mail, to every person sending us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year. If your time expires soon, you can obtain a picture when you renew. If your time expires some time hence, and you want a picture now, send a dollar, and let us extend your time a year ahead from date of expiration. Or, get us a new subscriber and we will enter the new name for Blade one year, and send the picture to the remitter, if so directed. However, we are confident those who obtain one picture, will want several more, or perhaps all of them. You can obtain them one at a time by sending us new dollar subscribers. Try one of them when you renew.

NOTICE, however, that the above offer is only to those who send us $1 for subscription or renewal after this date.

Here is the list; make your selection from it:

Battle of Gettysburg, Pa.
Battle of Shiloh, Tenn.
Battle of Five Forks, Va.
Battle of Missionary Ridge, Tenn
Battle of The Wilderness, Va.
Battle of Fort Donelson, Tenn.
Battle of Champion Hill, Miss.
Battle of Antietam, Md.
Battle of Atlanta, Ga.
Battle of Spottsylvania, Va.
Battle of Vicksburg, Miss.
Battle of Chattanooga, Tenn.
Battle of Cold Harbor Va.
Battle of Resaca, Ga.
Battle of Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Battle of Olustee, Fla.
Battle of Fredericksburg, Va.
Battle of Bunker Hill.
Battle of Tippecanoe.
Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac.
Battle of Pea Ridge, Ark.
Battle of Bull's Run, Va.
Battle of Chancellorsville, Va.
Battle of Big Horn (Custer's Last Charge.)
Battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Storming of Fort Wagner, S. C.
Capture of Fort Fisher, N. C.
Battle of New Orleans, La.
Battle of Cedar Creek, Va.
Capture and Death of Sitting Bull
Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
Battle of Stone River, Tenn.
Assault on Fort Sanders, Tenn.
Battle of Franklin, Tenn.
Battle of Nashville, Tenn.
Battle of Corinth, Miss.
Perry's Victory on Lake Erie.
Fort Pillow Massacre, Tenn.
Battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo.
Battle of Williamsburg, Va.
Fall of Petersburg, Va.
Battle of Opequan or Winchester, Va.

We also add a half dozen celebrated foreign battle pictures:

Battle of Waterloo.
Battle of Gravelotte.
Battle of Mars-La-Tour.
Die Hermann's Schlacht.
Battle near Orleans.
Battle of Fontenoy.

Order by name of battle. Give plainly postoffice address for picture as well as The Blade. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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Five Volumes, Paper Cover, Containing Over 2,200 Pages.

We offer this cheap edition of the most renowned of all historical works at a price that should place a set in the hands of every Blade reader. We will send a set, postpaid by mail, to every person who will remit us one dollar for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for this work as a premium; or, we will mail the five volumes without The Blade, on receipt of 80 cents. Address

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CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPAEDIA

And The Weekly Blade One Year for Three Dollars.

The original edition of this sold at $30 per set. A reprint of the Edinburgh and London edition, with additions upon topics of special interest to American readers, and giving American statistics of population down to and including the census of 1890.

This great Encyclopaedia contains thousands upon thousands of articles, embracing all subjects within the limits of human knowledge in its more than 27,000 specially prepared articles, giving pointed, practical, explicit and most interesting and instructive information both for the student and the general reader, free from ambiguous technicalities.

This is a new edition, revised in 1891, reset in clear but fine type. It comprises THIRTY small, compact volumes in paper covers, and the 30 books will weigh about 13 pounds.

READ OUR OFFER!

We will send a full set of this edition of Chambers' Encyclopaedia, comprising 30 volumes, and a copy of the Weekly Blade one year for THREE DOLLARS.

Or, we will send the Encyclopaedia alone for $2.50.

The Encyclopaedia will be sent by mail, postage paid. Address The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prizes:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 25
½ dozen teaspoons	85
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2 35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1 35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 15
½ dozen table knives	2 25
1 dozen table knives	4 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

RIES AN IMPOSTER.

No Such a Man is Known In Toledo.

Toledo Daily Blade, Sept. 1.

A Toledo gentleman has just returned from West Virginia and has brought with him a hand-bill which advertises "Hon. W. F. Ries, of Toledo, Ohio," as a Republican who is now making free silver speeches in the rural counties of that state. The hand-bill says Mr. Ries is "a great orator, and that he "stumped the state of Ohio from the same platform with William McKinley."

The following letter has been received by The Blade:

Jackson, W. Va., Aug. 17, 1896.

Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Sir:—Enclosed you will find copy of posters which now mark our county, by which you will see that the gentleman therein named claims to hail from your city, and to be possessed of characteristic modesty. He is in the employ of the Democratic party of this county, and when he has fooled the Republicans out he imposes on them a recitation from "Coin's Financial School." His claim of having stumped the state of Ohio from the platform with McKinley enabled him to attract good crowds of Republicans. Will you be kind enough to give what you may know of the man or any information you may get concerning him. His boasts are that he is the son of a wealthy money lender and "Gold Bug;" that his father's check for $100,000 would be honored any time. Respectfully yours,

ELMER L. STONE,
Chairman Co. Rep. Committee.

This man Ries is a rank imposter. No such man is known here. His name does not appear in the directory, neither is it among the registered list of voters. No one has ever heard of him. He did not stump the state with McKinley. Messrs. Ries & Sons, wholesale merchants on Monroe street, know nothing of such a man, and believe him to be sailing under false colors. The best thing the good people of West Virginia can do is to throw the impostor out.

THE GOLD STANDARD TRUE.

Air: The Red, White and Blue.

Oh, McKinley, our man from Ohio,
And Hobart from New Jersey, too,
With such at the head of our ticket,
The Republican party'll sail through.
The campaign is bound to be heated
When the gold standard looms into view,
The Popocrats will be defeated
And that by the gold standard true,
And that by the gold standard true.

"Hard times" wings a wide desolation,
And threatens our land to destroy,
Place our men at the head of the nation,
Then work, all the poor, will employ.
Our party will make hard times vanish
From the land of the "red, white and blue,"
When the Democrat rule we shall banish,
And keep up our gold standard, true.

Then hurrah! for Mc Kinley and Hobart!
We're bound to elect them this fall,
The "Dems" with their free silver platform
We'll crowd pretty close to the wall.
Down, down to McGinty, we'll drop them
Where not silver, but salt will be free,
If the silver side fishes don't stop them
On their way through the depths of the sea.

Then our country will have honest money
To pay to all laboring men;
The Democrats, won't they feel funny,
And wish they were with us again.
They'll plead with the divers to bear them
Up, up, through the fathomless blue,
To the land where no free silver'll snare them,
To the land of the gold standard, true.

Watseka, Ill. SUBSCRIBER.

LEE'S HEADQUARTERS BURNED

Historic House Near Gettysburg Destroyed by Fire.

The little stone house on the Chambersburg road, near Gettysburg, Pa., which was burned to the ground Wednesday night, is the first prominent battle relic of the South to be destroyed by fire.

After the first day's fighting at Gettysburg Gen. Lee established his headquarters in the old house. It stood about a quarter of a mile from the seminary, in front of Gen. Heth's division, and the position gave Gen. Lee a full view of Gettysburg, his own army and the federal line of battle. During the succeeding two days the general took observations from the cupola of the seminary, which was occupied as a hospital.

A QUARREL IN THE OVEN.

O, the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl
They had a quarrel one day;
Together they sat on the oven shelf,
The piecrust fay and the gingerbread elf,
And the quarrel commenced this way:

Said the gingerbread boy to the piecrust girl,
"I'll wager my new brown hat,
That I'm fatter than you and much more tanned,
Though you're filled with pride till you cannot stand—
But what is the good of that?"

Then the piecrust girl turned her little nose up
In a most provoking way,
"O, maybe you're brown, but you're poor as can be,
You do not know lard from a round green pea!
Is there aught that you know, pray?"

O, the gingerbread boy, he laughed loudly with scorn
As he looked at the flaky piecrust,
"Just watch how I'll rise in the world!" cried he,
"Just see how I'm bound to grow light!" cried she,
"While you stay the color of rust."

So the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl
They each of them swelled with pride,
Till a noise was heard in the room without,
A cry of delight, then a very glad shout;
And the oven was opened wide.

Then the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl
Could have screamed and wept with pain,
For a rosy-cheeked lass and a small bright-eyed lad
Took a big bite of each—yes, this tale's very sad—
So they'll now never quarrel again.
—K. N. Birdsall in the Home Queen.

Thos. Slater's offer on page 3 is a beacon of hope to all men.

TO BE PRESIDENT.

W. J. BRYAN RISES AT 5 AND WALKS AMONG HIS FLOWERS

McKinley Likes to Sleep Late Mornings—Works Till Almost Dawn—He Eats Three Meals Per Day.

If William McKinley were James J. Corbett, training for a pugilistic contest, he could live no more regular life than that to which he is now subjecting himself. He is training for a four years' endurance of strength, and he does not intend that it shall find him with that fine color paled, or that bright eye dimmed.

Wiliam McKinley is the handsomest man that ever ran for the Presidency. His cousin, who is in charge of his New York office, says so. The women who hear him speak come away raving about his beauty. The men who listen to him turn to each other and say "Handsome!"

McKinley is in training to keep his looks.

Every morning, as the little French clock which Mrs. McKinley carries in her trunk strikes 7, Mr. McKinley wakes up. He breakfasts at 8, and it takes him an hour to dress. He is the most regular man in the world; and all through the early campaign fever he wakened promptly on that stroke of 7. Not a minute before, even when the Canton guns were being fired off.

Mr. McKinley keeps no valet. He dresses himself and blackens his own shoes. He shaves himself. The facilities for this are carried with him when he travels, in the neatest of traveling cases, and at home he has a private dressing room where everything is at hand.

McKinley wears what he calls a "gentleman's uniform." It consists of a black suit; black trousers, a long black frock coat and a snug vest. He puts these on when he dresses for breakfast, and keeps them on all day. His collar is a standing one with a string bow tie. These are carefully adjusted before the Canton breakfast table is set with the coffee things.

McKinley's breakfast is an army one. He eats all he can get. With an American's love of a hearty early meal, he has meat, potatoes, eggs, sometimes fish, and coffee. He has fruit and rolls, and any delicacy that may come his way in the shape of molasses cake and corn bread are devoured by this handsomest of candidates.

After breakfast McKinley takes to his favorite recreation, that of writing. His brain is freshest in the morning, when there is not a scent of brain fag about him. He rushes from the breakfast table to the library, and in front of that famous big oil painting of his wife he sits down to write.

His cousin asserts that nearly all the campaign speeches and pamphlets are the work of William McKinley himself. He loves to write, and after he has prepared his own speeches he is hot and eager to write speeches for other orators. Local stump speakers send to him for their arguments, and he replies by return mail with a typewritten manuscript wholly original in treatment and wording. The same with the printed pamphlets which every campaign circulates. McKinley loves to get them up. He used to do this years ago before the McKinley bill was ever heard of, and in those days half he wrote never saw the light of day.

The writing of these speeches over, McKinley is ready for his one and only recreation—horseback riding. He is a magnificent rider. He was on the general's staff in the army, and he learned how to carry himself on a horse. For this ride he puts on a less imposing suit than the frock coat, and sets off for a gentle canter. He always rides alone. Mrs. McKinley is not well enough to ride, and her husband has few other friends—none of the feminine sex. His speeches are "thought out on horseback," he says.

After the ride comes luncheon, for the day ticks itself along like the little clock, and a candidate is such a busy man that he must, like the clock, divide himself into hours and do something different each minute of the day.

Luncheon in the McKinley household does not amount to much. According to a country Senator who dropped in at 12 o'clock "for dinner" there was a small fried fish, some hot biscuits, stewed potatoes and tea. "That was the lightest dinner I ever sat down to at a rich man's table," grumbled the hayseed Senator.

It was McKinley's luncheon.

In the afternoon came the letter writing. To the uninitiated this means a quiet hour in the library. To the candidate for the Presidency of the United States it means the busiest three hours of his day.

There are paper baskets full of letters. These are sorted by skilled secretaries into business letters, letters from friends and personal letters. The personal letters are from the autograph fiends and the people who want Mr. McKinley to address their societies. They are from relic hunters who want a piece of his necktie and from boys who want to know if a college course is advisable. They are upon a million topics, 20 questions for each topic.

The business pile McKinley tackles first. He answers the letters with the aid of a secretary and an amanuensis. The secretary consults books for engagements to speak, makes appointments, suggests vacant moments, reminds Mr. McKinley of this and that, and all the time the voice goes on gently talking off letters to the stenographer, who hands the hieroglyphics to the typewriter in an adjoining room to be tick-tacked off.

The personal letters are put aside to be done by hand. This is why they are the longest unanswered. The old friends must stand aside for business. The "personal" letters are hardest to answer, for the mind must go through with mental gymnastics to grasp the topics one after the other as the letters are opened. But McKinley gets through it somehow, and by the time the last letter is dictated the type-written sheets begin to come back to him.

Signing your name isn't such an arduous task, but it may become very tiresome if you have to do it thousands of times in succession. From the three doors that open into the private office there come pouring the type-written sheets, each of which must have the magic autograph upon it. When it is all done and the desk cover pulled down McKinley leans back tired.

Now comes the pleasantest part of the day—the Presidential training. All else was business or necessity. This is the actual getting ready. It consists of walking. With the faithful Hanna, or with a good congenial friend, McKinley walks in the woods and breathes in the forest scents. He tramps the country roads and drinks from the springs. He walks five miles without feeling it.

Evenings this Presidential aspirant dines with his wife. Dinner with the McKinleys is a ceremonious matter of several hours, begining at 7 o'clock. When there is nothing on Mrs. McKinley is sipping the coffee at 9 o'clock opposite her husband.

After dinner, which is a very fair sample of a good American meal, Mrs. McKinley goes to bed or visits with her lady friends, and McKinley—goes to work. He is a man that requires little sleep, and until 2 o'clock in the morning he writes. Page after page of speeches is turned off, much of which is destroyed upon mature reflection, but midnight is McKinley's hour of work, and he keeps at it sometimes until dawn. Four hours' sleep will do for him, but his wife wants him to get five. When overtired he sleeps six hours, but this is rare. A hasty undressing, a little look out at the stars, and there lies down to sleep one of the hardest worked and most ambitious of statesmen.

William J. Bryan rises at 6 o'clock in the morning. He is a man of hobbies and one of them is a strict observance of the "Early to bed, early to rise" couplet. He gets up as early as 5 in the summer and in winter lingers under the blankets no later than 6 o'clock, though the sun may not be awake and the world lie as cold as a stone.

Bryan begins the day in a most sentimental way. He is extravagantly fond of flowers. He buys roses for Mrs. Bryan, but for himself he wants flowers. He does not care what kind so long as they are posies. His first morning act, after a very quick toilet, is to walk among the flowers. In winter he pores over his wife's window gardens, studying the plants. So absorbed is he in this that he does not notice the flight of time, and his first intimation that the day has begun is the summons to breakfast at 7:30. This meal he takes with his family.

Breakfast in the Bryan household begins with grace, said by the father. Mr. Bryan is a very religious man, and he says his prayers and his grace with devoutness. Breakfast is quiet for a family of several grown people, for his parents-in-law live with him, and there are several small children.

Mr. Bryan breakfasts upon soft boiled eggs and toast, and so forgetful is he of his surroundings that he dips his toast in his eggs as often as in his coffee.

After breakfast Mr. Bryan betakes himself with his wife to the library. He is training to be a President, and when he is not under the fatigue of speaking he goes to his library and writes. He is very fond of composition and oratory, and with his wife studies the methods of old speakers and gets good points in action and gesture from the reports of them printed at the time. This is a pleasant recreation to him and keeps him in fine literary fettle. When he comes out of the library it is with the keen eye of the man who has seen new things in a new world.

Mr. Bryan is a man absolutely without amusements. He does not ride a bicycle, and has never wanted to learn. He has only one recreation, and that is swimming. He is not a very good swimmer, but he loves the water. "Get me to the seashore," was his constant cry in New York, during those hot days when men were falling by the hundreds each day.

A swim is the most important part of Mr. Bryan's physical training. He is a strong young man and needs no calisthenics. If he can get on a bathing suit and get into the water he is happy.

In the water Bryan is as fearless as on land. He once dived under water and saved a drowning child. His personal courage is unbounded.

After the swim comes luncheon. Mr. Bryan eats almost nothing in the middle of the day. He knows he ought to dine at noon for the sake of his voice at evening, but he is not hungry. He takes nothing but water with his luncheon, rarely tea. And then he starts in upon the day's work. The inevitable letters come first. Mr. Bryan is a rapid writer and can turn off the letters very fast. But now there must be secretaries. Mrs. Bryan assists with the letters, attending to the business engagements; but the letters to the writing fiends and the personal letters Mr. Bryan dictates or writes personally. He hates this part of the day's work and chafes under it. Some days he is too impatient to continue. He keeps picking up papers and reading hasty scraps, until the tap of the stenographer's pencil warns him to go on. His letters are not a fair sample of himself, because he does not like letter writing.

After the letters come Mr. Bryan's study hour. The children never go to the library then. Father is reading. His pet books are the lives of statesmen. He reads the lives of Jefferson, of Jackson, of Lincoln and of Blaine. In his reading he is absolutely cosmopolitan and broad. He reads everything he can get his hand upon. Like Henry Ward Beecher he buys books extravagantly, and comes home saying: "I dare not think what I have done."

Dinner with the Bryans is an early affair. It is a very hearty meal, with soup and dessert, but it is not a stylish meal. The children eat at the table, and there are vegetable dishes piled high with potatoes. A big roast is nightly cut up by the man who may be obliged to eat fancy dishes from the oven of a White House chef in spite of himself.

After dinner comes the hour of Mr. Bryan's popularity. Wherever he is he receives his friends at night. It tires him, for he is always under some strain in company, from the fact that he is the central figure and must talk constantly, so he wants to get all other work over before night.

A very nice little supper is served in Mr. Bryan's rooms every night while he is traveling, and at home in Lincoln there is a hospitable visit to the larder. Mr. Bryan's favorite drink is lemonade. He takes no spirituous liquors of any kind. He is a Prohibitionist as far as he himself is concerned. He has tasted liquor, but neither likes it nor approves of it and does not allow it in his home. Mrs. Bryan shares his views.

For a man, Mr. Bryan sleeps a great deal. His brain, he says, needs recuperating from the unknown forces of nature, and he gets to bed early and sleeps soundly.

Beautiful eyes grow dull and dim
As the swift years steal away.
Beautiful, willowy forms so slim
Lose fairness with every day.
But she still is queen and hath charms to spare
Who wears youth's coronal—beautiful hair.

Preserve Your Hair

and you preserve your youth. "A woman is as old as she looks," says the world. No woman looks as old as she is if her hair has preserved its normal beauty. You can keep hair from falling out, restoring its normal color, or restore the normal color to gray or faded hair, by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

TAKING A DRINK WITH HANNA.

M'KINLEY CAUGHT ON THE FLY

BRYAN AT HIS ONLY RECREATION—SALT WATER BATHING.

NO GOLD BONDS { Went to Rothschild until the stupid Wilson Bill was passed. That fool thing closed American shops and gave work to England; that's where our gold went. Buy at home. This cut is exact size of our 75c strong knife.

To start you, will send one for 48c; 5 for $2, post-paid. Best 7-inch shears 60c. This knife and shears, $1. Three-blade razor steel stock knife, $1; Gent's fine 3-blade $1. Pruning 75c; budding, 35c; grafting, 25c. Pruning shears 7[illegible]c. Hollow ground razor $1.[illegible]. Best razor strop ever made, 50c. Send for 80-page free list and "How to Use a Razor."
MAHER & GROSH, 832 A St., Toledo, O.

There are ever so many things that Mr. Bryan never does. He never reads novels. All his reading is put upon solid facts. He never knowingly goes into society. He likes political friends. He likes interesting people, but he hates gabble-gabble. It has been said that he has no friends. He has them, but they are not of the surface kind.

At dead of night Mr. Bryan often rises and goes to the window. He is an astronomer and loves the stars. He is devoted to the study of the heavens in all their shadings.

If Mr. Bryan runs for the Presidency again twenty years from now he may be obliged to take outdoor exercise, to ride a wheel, to swim for his muscles and run for his digestion. Now he is a vigorous, stalwart young man, whose health knows no law but that of his own sweet will.

THE BOOK THAT HELPED ME MOST

It was not Shakespeare's matchless mind
That gave me what I chiefly prize,
Nor yet in Bacon did I find
What best rewards my studious eyes.

Johnson and Swift and Sterne and Pope
In turn exhort, instruct and please;
Yet when with crucial risk I cope
Assistance comes from none of these.

For though among the learned host
Book after book I taste and test,
Of those that truly help me most
My father's check book is the best.
—London Globe.

ABOUT DIMPLES.

They Are Easily Had by Artificial Means.

Any woman who has been overlooked by Nature in the distribution of dimples can have the deficiency supplied by machinery.

Of course, the machinery must be in the hands of a skilled manipulator, or the result would be an unsightly scar, or possibly an open sore or complications of blood poisoning.

The new apparatus, the advent of which has been hailed with joy in the world feminine, consists of a specially designed knife, with a dainty, but very sharp blade, a tiny, keen-edged scoop, and a very fine needle. With these instruments a pretty, lifelike dimple can be produced as effectively as the genuine print of an "angel's kiss."

A small, straight incision is made in the cheek or chin of the ambitious patient, representing the diameter of the proposed improvement. With the little scoop a small portion of the fat underlying the skin is removed; the delicate needle sews the edges of the cut together again, and the operation is completed. In two or three days the stitches are removed, and within the week the wound is entirely healed, leaving the slight depression in the surface of the skin which poets call a dimple.

The operation is a simple matter of facial surgery, but it requires delicacy and skill to prevent a scar, says the New York Herald. If it be well done, it is only necessary to assist the process of nature by proper dressing and protection, and the wound heals over so as to entirely obliterate the track of the knife.

Not often does a woman in possession of a natural dimple desire to have it removed, but occasionally a man who considers the mark a badge of effeminacy, wishes to get rid of it. This is just as simple an operation as in the other. Instead of removing a bit of fat from beneath the surface, a small portion of the skin itself is cut away. The edges of the dimple are drawn together with stitches, the incision heals and the depression disappears.

The artificial dimple, however, has its drawbacks. It is too permanent. No matter whether the owner be plunged into the depths of grief, whether her face be darkened by anger, or distorted by jealousy, the dimple smiles on. The novelty soon wears off, but the dimple does not, and becomes a mockery and delusion.

"Nothing we produce artificially in the dimple line has the charm of the real article," said a well-known uptown dermatologist. "The duty of a dimple is to punctuate a smile; it must come and go, to meet the requirements of facial expression. A perpetual smile would be an awkward thing to carry around, especially at funerals, and I look at an artificial dimple in the same light. We generally advise against the operation, although it is perfectly harmless, but any one who wants a dimple can have it, with little annoyance."

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GRAIN, STOCKS and Provisions handled on small margins. Write for particulars. Edwin King, Com. Broker, 2 Prod. Exchange, Toledo, O.

HERE AND THERE.

What is believed to be the celebrated Swift silver mine, in Rock Castle county, Kentucky, was re-discovered a few days ago.

There is a man and his wife in Jasper, Fla., who have 29 children, 20 sons and 9 daughters, and besides they have sons-in-law and daughters-in-law to the number of 26.

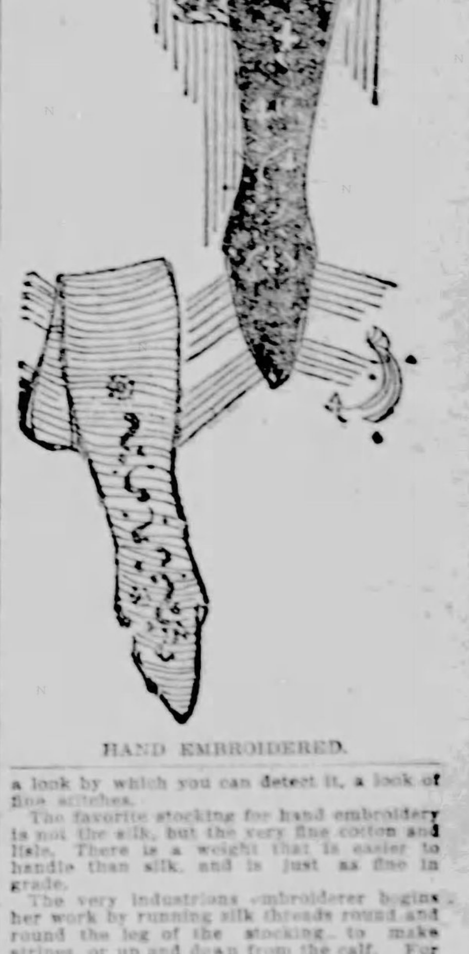
A New York boy went swimming on Sunday and remained in the water so long his back became severely sunburned. The pain was so great that the lad has become insane.

By refusing to accept payment on a government claim which had been satisfied many years ago, but had been overlooked, K. H. Lewis, of Raleigh, N. C., saved Uncle Sam the neat sum of $14,000.

EMBROIDERING STOCKINGS

A Very Pretty Pastime for the Woman of Fine Needle Ability.

So many stockings are hand decorated that you are uncertain now whether you are glancing upon a mere trick of weave, or upon a real work of art, a bit of hand embroidery as fine as any that ever came out of grandmother's chest. Yet the real has a look by which you can detect it, a look of fine stitches.



HAND EMBROIDERED.

The favorite stocking for hand embroidery is not the silk, but the very fine cotton and lisle. There is a weight that is easier to handle than silk, and is just as fine in grade.

The very industrious embroiderer begins her work by running silk threads round and round the leg of the stocking, to make stripes, or up and down from the calf. For colors she selects the gown to which the stockings belong. Suppose a green taffeta covered with canvas cloth. After the green stripes have been industriously traced around from toe to top, there must be a pattern put upon the front. Here comes a chance for scroll work and small designs. Fleur-de-lis and crescents are the favorites. When the stocking is finished it is a very pretty thing, as elaborate as any bought for twice the cost.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S 600 HOUSES.

Her Countless Acres of Forest and Farm Land.

The announcement that Queen Victoria is to leave, by will, Osborne House to one daughter, the lease of Abergeldie house to another, and Balmoral, the royal residence in the highlands, to the Duke of Connaught, recalls the fact that the man who would devour this particular widow's houses must make an uncommonly full meal, says an exchange. It was discovered a few years since that the queen owned 600 houses in various parts of England not royal residences, but rent-yielding property, and that about 6,000 houses had been built by crown lessees on building leaseholds held by the queen. She then had also rents from markets and tolls from ferries, besides the proceeds of mines and other works upon her property or the crown property. She had large estates in Yorkshire, Oxfordshire and Berks, valuable lands in the Isle of Man and in Alderney, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. Of the New Forest there are 2,000 acres of absolute and 63 acres of contingent crown property. Her majesty enjoys incomes from the forest of Dean, from several other forests and from rich properties in and about London.

Osborne, on the Isle of Wight, and Balmoral in the highlands are the private property of the queen, and are maintained out of her own income. But she has the use of a few royal palaces besides and these are maintained by the nation at an annual expenditure ranging from $2,500 to $50,000. The queen is in the occupancy of Buckingham palace, Windsor castle, the white lodge at Richmond park, and part of St. James's palace. The remainder of the last named palace is occupied by other members of the royal family. Other royal palaces maintained as such, although not in the occupancy of the queen, are Kensington palace, Hampton court, which, according to a recent estimate based on the statistics of eight or ten years, costs the nation on the average over $70,000 a year; Kew palace, Pembroke lodge, the thatched cottage and Sheen cottage, Richmond park, Bushy house in Bushy park and Holyrood palace. The queen when she visits the continent has one great house or another, with whatever repairs and refurnishing are necessary to fit it for a temporary royal occupant, although for all this she pays out of her own income. Bagshot house, Gloucester house and Clarence house are palatial dwellings occupied by various members of the royal family.

The queen has four rather old-fashioned yachts, on which she makes her sea journeys, although the oldest of them probably is used seldom or never. The four cost originally about $1,575,000. The newest is of 1,890 tons' displacement and cost a trifle over $500,000. It costs annually about $65,000.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Some one has discovered that there are 682,191 Mullers in Germany; that is, one German in seventy-three is called by that name.

Mont Blanc is in bad temper this year. So far all attempts to reach the summit have failed, either through heavy snowstorms or fogs.

The heat in India is most intense this summer. Throughout Sind and the Punjaub range of the temperature has beaten the record.

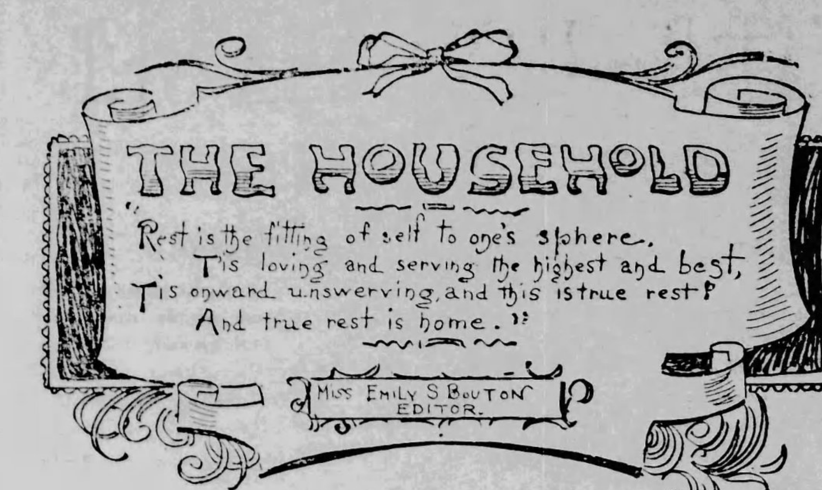
The forest of Fontainebleau suffers nearly every summer from some destructive fire. Now one of the most picturesque districts is ruined by the flames—Mont Merle, with its seven and a half acres of fine oaks.

A Shoulder Blow.

"I'll be a sister to you," she said, sweetly.

"Can't you make it a mother?" he asked, viciously.—Philadelphia North American.

Kalamazoo, Mich., is famous for celery. See Thos. Slater's offer on page 3.



LOSS AND GAIN.

When I compare
What I have lost with what I have gained,
What I have missed with what attained,
Little room do I find for pride.

I am aware
How many days have been idly spent;
How like an arrow the good intent
Has fallen short or been turned aside.

But who shall dare
To measure loss and gain in this wise?
Defeat may be victory in disguise;
The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.
—Longfellow.

FOR THE SEASON.

FADING OF THE SUMMER AND WHAT THE AUTUMN IS BRINGING.

How the Tide May Be Turned—Amusing Description of a Convention—Each One Responsible.

The summer is waning!

Soon, very soon, autumn will touch the trees still rejoicing in their beautiful drapery of soft green hues, until, rioting in their fullness of life, they will don gay robes of varying colors, changing and changing as the days roll away, fading finally into the sober browns that tell of the cycle of rest which they will soon enter.

The summer is waning!

Already the voices of the crickets and the katy-dids are sounding its requiem. The golden rod is flaunting its yellow banners in fence-corners and fields; the harvest is ready and gathering; the fruit dropping from the laden branches. Over everything is falling that indefinable something which presages the advance of the winter god who will kiss the earth into a semblance of death and forgetfulness.

The summer is waning!

It is hard to believe that this is true. The plenteous rains through these last weeks have prevented the usual parching of vegetation by the fervid rays of the August sun, at least in all the localities of which I know, and the late summer and early autumn flowers look out from a background of as fresh and vivid a green setting as that peculiar to June. It makes the physical, the material world very beautiful. Difficult, indeed, is it to realize that ere many months pass away, the cycle of cold, and ice, and frost, and snow will have set in, and our gaze will turn within our homes instead of without them as now. Happy they who find themselves then with the comforts of life, and with something to spare to help those less fortunate.

The summer is waning!

It seems as if the thought was fraught with more than usual significance this season. The mental atmosphere is full of unrest. A great political struggle is at hand—a struggle which involves far more than appears upon the surface. All thinking men and women feel this. Beneath the gaiety, the lightness and brightness of life in the blossoming and fruitage of the year, lies the conviction that great problems are surging forward involving the weal or woe of the nation; problems that must be answered. Whether it shall be gold or whether it shall be silver that will reign in the financial world seems to be the paramount question to-day, but it is only because it has come to the surface at this critical moment, and, important as it certainly is, been made the basis of a political struggle that must come sooner or later.

"What have I to do in the matter?" said one impatiently in my hearing the other day. "An individual can do nothing unless he has a vote and that only counts one."

It is an evil thing to belittle individual influence, for, being an unseen factor in most instances, it is therefore without measurement. Individual responsibility however, for both thought and action is far greater than we are apt to imagine.

I am reminded right here of an amusing and also thoughtful article upon the first page of last week's Critic, entitled Hullabaloo. The author is talking about conventions and of what they mean and of how the fate of a nation may hang upon a trivial action of a single individual. To quote his own words:

Special trains of sages, the applause of multitudes—a platform, that states convictions—a hooting of horns, which proves them—a whirr of telephones—a clatter of telegraph around the world—millions of sheets of Associated Press—woodcuts, headlines, editorials, creeds, screeds, elegies, eulogies, cartoons and rhapsodies—the plain member of the Board of Trade walking the streets in dismay—the placid Britisher breaking his egg at breakfast over the Times, with a fine "I told you so!" and the Man with the Notebook—page 77, July 10, '96: "In what other country in the world can a man spend a million dollars of other people's money with a speech? Where else on the earth are the markets controlled by bon mots? Who would have thought that the time would come when the secret fate of a nation could be hid in the 'mellifluous larynx of—an orator?' And there are those that say—who know more of statesmanship than I—that a woman in the gallery, with a white umbrella, decided the day—that at the fatal moment of the lull—the time when a minute more or a minute less would turn the victory—she shook her umbrella up and down, and precipitated a sufficient majority of noise to nominate a President of the United States."

If true, it is ludicrous though it may end in tragedy, but it goes to show how great changes may hinge upon apparently trifling individual actions. Later on in the author's most earnest discussion of the subject, he says: "He only is a true believer in the unity of the world, who is doing something—being something—by himself, that will make it worth uniting." The unity is forever true, whatever be the individual action.

Perhaps some of you who read will remember that little poem of Susan Coolidge's entitled, Turning of the Tide.

How easily He turns the tides!
Just now the yellow beach was dry;
Just now the gaunt rocks all were bare,
The sun beat hot and thirstily.
Each seaweed waved its long brown hair,
And beat and languished as in pain:
Then in a flashing moment's space
The white foam-feet which spurned the sand
Paused in their joyous outward race,
Wheeled, wavered, turned them toward the land,
And a swift legionary band
Poured on the waiting shores again.

How easily He turns the tides!
The fulness of my yesterday
Has vanished like a rapid dream,
And pitiless and far away
The cool, refreshing waters gleam;
Grim rocks of dread and doubt and pain,
Rear their dark fronts where once was sea;
But I can smile and wait for Him
Who turns the tides so easily,
Fills the spent rock-pool to its brim
And up from the horizon dim
Leads His bright morning waves again.

Now I do not take it that by "He" is meant some force without ourselves, but it is the divine that is in humanity itself, that is in each one of us, and which, if listened to and obeyed, can "turn the tide to better things," to happier conditions. And it is here that the individual responsibility comes in, for the nation is made up of units, and the character growth of the whole depends upon the character growth of the one. The intelligence of a people is the combined intelligence of individuals, and yet the action of one ignorant, thoughtless, selfish person may precipitate an era of suffering, limited or widespread as the case may be. This it is that makes it so important that everywhere it shall be impressed upon children—the future men and women—a realization that they can not live to themselves alone, that there is no such thing as separateness, that what affects others for ill, will, if done from a purely selfish motive, react upon the doers. It is a law of the universe, potent everywhere, both in things that are small and things that are great.

The summer is waning.

The days of pleasuring under sunny skies, of enjoying the fruits and the flowers, of resting—for those who have rested—from the more serious cares of life are drawing to a close. It seems as if the entering upon this busier portion of the year were fraught with more than usual meaning. Whether this be so or not; whether, or no we are, as many believe, upon the eve of great changes in the social, political and religious world-changes which will affect homes and people everywhere, each one of us can help to bring peace and prosperity sooner or later, by doing the duty nearest to our hand with all earnestness, with all devotion in thought and deed to the good of the whole, even though our power may seem to rest within the narrowest limits. The poet has well said—and with this thought I leave you—that

"Tho' a man be stripped, dumb, paralyzed,
He can still be great.
Greatness inheres in the great thought,
the clear purpose, the serene poise, the wide view, the overlook;
In individuality, ability, reserve force,
knack, courage, knowledge;
Not in what you have done, but in what
you can and will do if need come."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

We strive to possess others, and we do not yet possess ourselves.—Trinities and Sanctities.

OUR COZY CORNER.

HERE FRIENDS MEET AND PLEASANTLY TALK TOGETHER.

Everybody Has a Right to Express an Opinion, No Matter How It Differs From Others.

It seems as if with the coming of the Autumn days people are prone to become discouraged and feel dissatisfied with themselves. Whether it is the natural effect upon our nerves and ourselves generally, or the hot days of the summer just past, or if the falling of the leaves and the other indications of nature's preparations for a season of rest and recuperation during the winter months brings to us these thoughts of lost opportunities, of wasted moments, of the many things we had planned to do when we were full of the vigor and strength of the spring time—what is the reason for this feeling, no one can just explain, but we have all of us experienced it.

While it is natural for us to be dissatisfied with our failure to do all we had planned, we should not allow such failure to make us despondent or discouraged. Possibly the failure was just the discipline we needed—and very often—indeed nearly always—we come to realize that defeat is 'victory in disguise,' that the good we had hoped to accomplish came, though possibly it came in a different way from what we had planned.

To those especially, who live 'down by the sea,' there is a great meaning in that line of Longfellow's poem which we have this week selected for the comfort and help of the Household readers—"The lowest ebb, is the turn of the tide," and so we must believe it will be with us—the tide will turn for every one, and it will not turn till the lowest ebb has been reached. Talking of our discouragements and trials will do us no good, it only keeps them distinctly before us, and we continue to brood over them until they grow to greater proportions. Better to take to ourselves the lesson of the disappointment, or failure only to profit by it, than drop it entirely, giving our thoughts to something better that we hope to do, to the future, not to the past.

For this reason the editor does not give to the Cozy Corner visitors this week, some very sorrowful letters she has received. Personally, she sympathizes with the writers and would gladly help them if it were possible, but it is not. Every one must bear her own burdens, and win her own victory, and when these burdens and trials are of a purely personal nature, as in these instances, it does not seem quite fair to the others who come to visit us, to occupy all of our limited space with such complaints.

Just remember, dear friends, that your trials are not equal to those who are called upon to part with their dearest ones; nor of those who are made helpless by sickness, and that even these can find comfort in the motto of the king—"Even this, shall pass away."

From a town in Northern Michigan, a friend Mrs. R., writes of the pleasant vacation she is having in terms that make us long to be with her:

At this summer resort where we are staying are many pleasant places where one can rest and be as idle and comfortable as possible. 1 thing the most liberally patronized is a beautiful spot called White Fish Bay, situated on the banks of Lake Michigan. It is provided with bathing facilities, if one wishes to avail themselves of them. The children find much enjoyment in discarding their shoes and stockings and letting the waves wash over their feet and in finding many pretty stones. My boy has quite a collection of them.

The place is well filled week days, but on Sundays it seems as though every one and all his aunts, uncles and cousins were there. There is a bath house, though I notice but few patronize it; but the children do enjoy themselves; they are there in all sizes, from the little tiny babe up to the 13-year-old boy and girl. The little tots are put right down in the sand; the older ones pull off shoes and stockings, and have a general good time.

The cafes, the restaurant, band stand and the Ferris wheel are way up, while to reach the beach you walk down step inclines, cement walks. You don't walk; you run, because you have to, but you do walk up, and most generally you stop to rest upon reaching the top, though you pretend you are looking at the scenery, which is certainly grand.

There are chairs and tables every few feet, and waiter boys running round, calling "ice cream;" others with pop corn and chewing gum. You are supposed to invest in something, but it is not compulsory. Everybody here seems to drink beer. I have seen little tiny bits of humanity sipping it, and, by the way, they all sip, don't drink a whole glass full at a swallow. Amongst their drinks they have lemonade, ginger ale and pop.

In the grove they have seats with places to put lunch baskets, and in this grove you will find hundreds of families enjoying themselves, and in spite of there being so many people there, it is a very quiet place. You understand, of course, that it is a genuine beer garden, but it seems on the respectable plan, and is frequented by the most respectable people here.

In contrast with this description of a resort made by men, we give an extract from a letter from an "Eastern Girl," who recently visited one of nature's specimens of a "quiet" resort:

We give an extract from a letter from an "Eastern Girl," who recently visited one of nature's specimen's of a "quiet" resort:

One day we visited a canon about six miles from where my friend lives. It was a very warm day, and we drove slowly in consideration of the comfort of "Dick," the horse who was our "companion and friend" in all of our explorations, and who, fully appreciating his importance, usually set his own pace, and kept it, in spite of all we could do, so perhaps I am wrong in saying we drove slowly, I should have said we rode slowly.

When we reached the entrance to the canon we found such a decided change in the temperature that we were glad to don the wraps our wise and thoughtful friends had insisted upon our carrying.

Imagine a narrow road with a small stream of water flowing through it, with great rocks on either side reaching so far upward that just a little bit only of blue sky was visible. The sides of these rocks are covered with a growth of small trees and underbrush, which not only give the place a beautiful appearance, but prevent the rays of the sun from drying up the water in the little stream that makes its crooked way over the stones and under the roots of the trees through the canon. As these little water courses are the main, if not the sole dependence of the towns below for their water supply, one can easily understand why my friend remonstrated so emphatically as she did with some Mexicans who were cutting down some of the protecting trees.

We drove carefully along the rocky road, crossing and re-crossing the little stream many times until we came to a level place, where it seemed as if the immense rock had been pushed back to make a place where we could leave our horse and carriage, as the road beyond was impassable except for foot passengers.

Leaving Dick to his own thoughts, which did not seem to be in approval of his surroundings at all, we climbed over rocks and stones in a most undignified manner, until we reached a point about half a mile from where we left the carriage, and several feet higher. I can not describe to you, so that you will have any conception of its grandeur, the scene before us. The twilight that prevailed gave an additional charm to the beautiful foliage of the trees, rising row after row so many hundred feet above us. And at the very top the narrow strip of blue sky was all we had to assure us that, in spite of our unfamiliar surroundings, the same heaven was still over us. My friend being of a very romantic turn of mind, made some very glowing remarks about the situation, but I, being more matter-of-fact, was soon satisfied with the "mysterious silence," and saw in the "cool dampness" only visions of rheumatism and kindred ailments, and was very glad to return to the one smooth spot where we had left our four-footed friend. We found him trembling all over either with cold or fright, and were afterwards told that all horses were affected in that manner when left standing in the canon.

Whatever was the cause of his distress there was no doubt of his intention to get away from the place at the earliest opportunity and we were obliged to be very spry indeed to secure our seats in the carriage. Once seated, we were carried over the stony road in a way that reminded us of Hood's poem—

"Over the stones
Rattle his bones,"

For Dick did not stop to pick his way and we were obliged to give up all attempts at conversation and attend strictly to our business of keeping our seats, while in the mind of each one of us (as we learned by comparing mental notes later in the day) was the unspoken thought of a certain weak place in the running gear of the carriage, and the chances of our having a complete smash-up to finish our adventure.

But the weak place did not play us false; we were not bounced out onto the ground as we feared we would be, and after bringing us again to the outer world, Dick calmed down and trotted home like a well behaved horse, as he was, in a quiet and orderly manner.

The first remark my friend made after leaving the canon was that hereafter the midnight ride of Paul Revere would seem very tame in comparison to our ride through the canon.

"Open the door of the heart, let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin:
It will make the hall of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware."

A "Hopeful" friend sends us this week a very nice letter, but as it is written on both sides of the paper, it can not be used for the pleasure and instruction of the Cozy Corner. The next time our friend comes she will please remember to write on one side only.

Rosalie asks for admission and also for information, but forgets to properly introduce herself. Send your name and address, Rosalie, and your inquiry shall be given.

Mrs. T. F. M. wishes to know how to destroy Buffalo moths in her carpets, bedding and wraps.

M. M. G. sends the following in answer to the request for a nice stove polish: Boil two ounces of best black lead in nearly a pint of lager beer, with a piece of yellow soap the size of a walnut. When this is melted and thoroughly mixed, apply to the stove with a brush and rub hard with the polishing brush. It will give the stove a very brilliant polish.

Hannah asks for a reliable recipe for Boston brown bread, and Mrs. I. K. S. for one for chili sauce. Who of our housekeepers will send them?

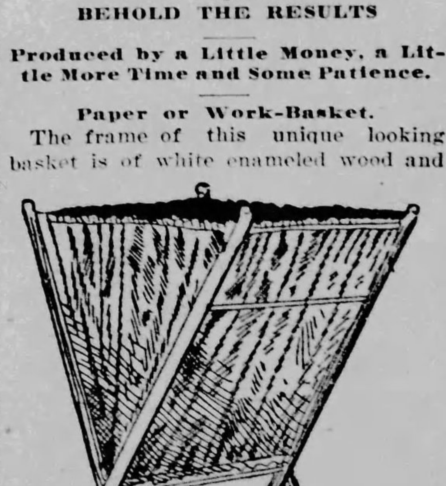
Mrs. Romney would like to have the guests of the Cozy Corner tell how they spent the hottest day (in their locality) of the summer.

BEHOLD THE RESULTS

Produced by a Little Money, a Little More Time and Some Patience.

Paper or Work-Basket.

The frame of this unique looking basket is of white enameled wood and



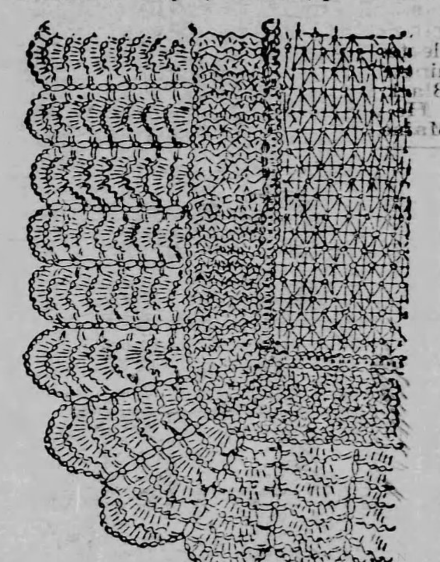
can be easily made at home. Sections of figured India silk are joined together at the side edges and turned in for a finish at the top and bottom, where they are shirred to form narrow frills. The upper edges are tacked to the frame near the top, and the lower edges are drawn in to fit the frame and sewed strongly together. Plain silk may be used or a very useful and pretty affair may be made of fine silesia or cretonne, that will be much more durable than the silk.

Ladies' Knitted Shawl.
(Requested.)

This is a light warm shawl made of Shetland wool and measuring eighteen inches square, without a border; the square for the center is in blackberry pattern; the border is worked separately.

For the blackberry pattern cast on about 128 stitches, or any number divisible by 4, and 1 extra at each end to keep the sides even.

First row—Slip 1, * knit 1, purl 1 and



knit 1 in the next stitch, purl 3 together; repeat from * and end with knit 1.

Second row—Purl.

Third row—Slip 1, * purl 3 together, knit 1, purl 1 and knit 1 in the next stitch; repeat from * and end with knit 1.

Fourth row—Purl.

Continue from the first row until you have worked the square, then cast off.

The border must be worked in two pieces, as it is more convenient not to have such a large number of stitches on the needle at once as would be needed to go round the shawl.

Cast on 232 stitches for the border.

First row—Knit.

Second row—Knit 1, make 1; (to make 1, put the thread over, and knit it as a stitch in next row) * knit 2, knit 3 together, knit 2, make 1, knit 1, make 1, repeat from * to end of row.

Third row—Purl.

Fourth row—Like second row.

Fifth row—Knit; repeat from second row 6 times more. This will bring you to the 30th row.

Thirtieth row—Knit.

Thirty-first row—Purl.

Thirty-second to Thirty-ninth rows—Make 1, knit 2 together, throughout each row.

Fortieth row—Knit.

Forty-first row—Purl.

Forty-second row—Purl.

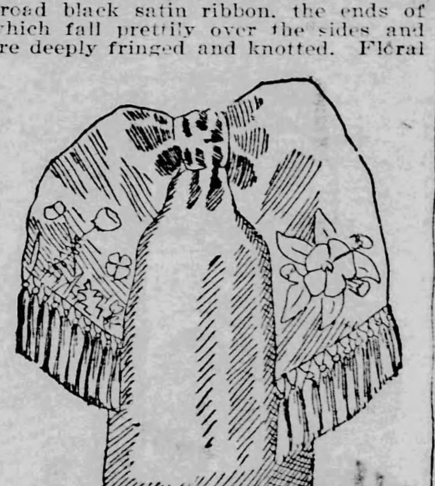
Forty-third row—Knit.

Forty-fourth row—Like thirty-second.

Forty-fifth row—Knit, then cast off.

Scent Sachet.

Old gold surah was used for making this sachet, which may be filled with cotton liberally sprinkled with sachet powder or orris root. The upper end is neatly drawn together under a knot of broad black satin ribbon, the ends of which fall prettily over the sides and are deeply fringed and knotted. Floral



designs of different patterns are painted or embroidered at each end. The bow and sachet may match in color, though a contrast will prove more effective.

Narrow fancy-edged ribbon fringe showing gilt pendants may edge the wide ribbon and the lower end of the sachet, with pretty effect; and a floral or fancy design may be painted or embroidered on the outer side.

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. N. T. Andrus, "a housekeeper and cook from Arizona," as she styles herself, sends us the following recipe for a dinner, which, she states, will be enough and good enough, without a dessert of any kind:

Brown Stew.

Take 3 lbs. of lean beef, free from bones, trim and cut it in small pieces. Place the bits of fat in a kettle to melt, when melted, put in your meat and fry it till it is all browned. In the fat in the kettle, rub 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, add 1 qt. of boiling water, 1½ teaspoonfuls of salt, a little pepper, 1 chopped onion and 1 teaspoonful of kitchen bouquet, which you can obtain of your grocer, and will find very convenient for flavoring soups, sauces, etc. Pour this over the browned meat and let it simmer gently for 2½ hours. One hour before the stew is done, add four tomatoes peeled and cut in pieces and 4 potatoes. Twenty minutes before serving make a soft dough of 3 cupfuls of flour, a pinch of salt, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder and enough milk to mix. Roll thin, cut in small biscuits, place over the top of the stew and cook for 20 minutes without removing the cover.

Tomatoes and Toast.

Select solid tomatoes, wash and cut them in halves crosswise, stand them in a baking pan with a bit of butter, a little salt and pepper in the middle of each half and bake for an hour in a moderate oven. When thoroughly cooked, but perfectly whole, place each half on a slice of nicely toasted bread. Moisten 1 tablespoonful of flour with a little milk and stir into the liquid in the baking pan, add ½ cupful of hot milk, salt and pepper to taste and pour around the tomatoes. Serve very hot.

As September will soon be here, we give for the lover of the luscious bivalve a recipe that was sent us by a lady in Oakland, Cal. She says it is a favorite method of cooking oysters on the Pacific coast, and it reads as if it might become a favorite anywhere. She calls it

Pepper Roast.

Pick over one dozen large oysters, strain the liquor, and add to the oysters ½ cupful of the liquor; 1 teaspoonful of salt, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 1 tablespoonful of tomato catsup and 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped green peppers. Turn all into a flat dish and set in a very hot oven till the oysters curl, then pour over buttered toast. Or they may be cooked in a frying pan over a brisk fire.

Through a blunder in making up the Household page last week the poetry belonging in the corner devoted to the Cook was exchanged with one intended for another part of the page. Here is the one which was designed to occupy the place of The Unbeliever:

A STUDY IN FRUIT.

She's canning fruit.
An apron large—all purple stained and red—
Almost envelops her from foot to head.
Her sleeves are rolled, her dainty wrists are bare;
A pure white cap adorns her golden hair,
Which, with the cheeks aflame—eyes bluely gray,
Completes a picture that—what shall I say?—
That's simply cute!

She's canning fruit
This week. She's making jam, and jelly, too,
And watermelon pickles, just a few.
She stirs and tastes, and tastes and stirs, to tell
When things are done, and makes the jelly "jell."
Just grand! And, all in all, it's quite an art,
For some things must be sweet and others tart—
All tastes to suit.

She's canning fruit.
Preserves of almost every kind she's made,
And now has started in on marmalade!
And as I watch her to my heart there comes
A fragrance sweet—born not of cooking plums,
But burning love! I've this regret, you see,
That Dorothy's not canning fruit for me
While canning fruit.
—New York Truth.

CHAT AND GOSSIP

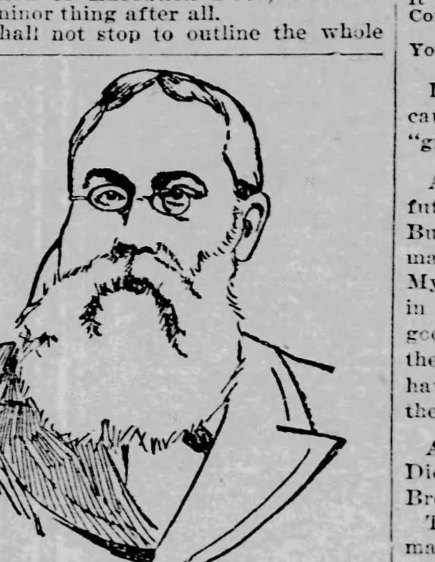
ABOUT BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED AND THEIR AUTHORS.

Walter Besant's Master Craftsman—Another Book In the Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy.

The Master Craftsman is Sir Walter Besant's recent novel issued by Frederick A. Stokes Company, and a very pleasant—"comfortable" some one has aptly called it—one to read, I find it to be. The plot is somewhat on the line of an old-fashioned sensation, hinging upon the mysterious disappearance of a bag of precious stones which was a great fortune in itself, and its equally mysterious finding at a critical moment in the life of one of the heroes.

Under cover of this fascinating mystery Mr. Besant manages to give to the young some practical suggestions as to the conduct of their lives. It is, however, by no means a dry story but on the contrary, decidedly amusing, as well as being strong in style. Here and there one detects a little carelessness, as when he repeats himself needlessly in the description of Execution Dock, but that is a minor thing after all.

I shall not stop to outline the whole



SIR WALTER BESANT.

story, but only to glance at it here and there. The principal characters are two cousins, master craftsmen and partners in boat building. They quarrel over the disappearance of their uncle's bag of jewels, which he had told them of just before he died, adding that it was to be divided between them when he was gone. It cannot be found though they pull everything to pieces in the vain search. Then they separate, each believing that the other has seized and secreted the treasure.

The story then has to do with the descendants of these two cousins, George and Robert Burnikel, who are brought together 90 years later. George has been brought up in wealthy surroundings; Robert is a prosperous boat builder in Wapping. George finds himself suddenly reduced to poverty. He is, however, a craftsman by instinct, while Robert is a born leader of men. The way in which they work together, each following his own bent, and, in a way, changing places, is skillfully described. The love story woven in is very entertaining.

As a specimen of the deft manner in which Mr. Besant advises a politician, I will quote the following words of a brilliant and beautiful woman who is speaking to her old friend George about his cousin Robert. She says:

"Bring him, by all means. It is always a happiness to meet a strong and clever man. I think your cousin, to look at and to listen to him, must be as clever as he is strong. George, give him, if you can, a lighter style. It is all very well to be intensely in earnest at certain parts—especially the weakest in an address—but he must not be intensely in earnest all through. Make him cultivate repartee and epigram. Teach him to laugh a little, and to smile a little. A man, nowadays, even the man who is going to pull down the House of Commons by the two pillars, should laugh and smile a little beforehand."

Not the least interesting thing in the book is the contrast of the Wapping of the last century and the Wapping of to-day.

The following dainty little fancy I find in the current Bookman. The author is Sara E. L. Case, and it is entitled Pansies. I am sure it will please the lovers of these flowers:

"I love almost all flowers that blow,"
Said dainty Kitty, airily.
"But pansies, when your vase you fill,
They'll make you think 'tis winter chill,
And fairly shiver, just to see,
How close and tight as they can be,
They creep, and creep, and huddle so!"

"The very prettiest flowers that blow,"
Said Sally, "are the pansies dear.
Their little faces blink and wink,
They really seem almost to think;
And when in dish or vase they dwell,
Their thoughts they must each other tell,
They cheek to cheek will cuddle so!"

In these days of fast living—using the term as applied to motion—it is hard for most people to find the time to read exhaustively upon any subject that is not a special pursuit of their own. Discoveries, inventions, improvements follow each other so rapidly in these wonderful years, that it would take every waking hour to keep track of them in that way, so that a little book, like the one just put forth by the Harpers, entitled The Pith of Astronomy, is a real god-send. It contains the latest information upon the subject, setting it forth in clear, concise language that makes a quick, but decided impression upon the reader.

About the present pole star he writes that it appears fixed at the axis of the earth, but in a few hundred years it will gradually commence to wear away from it, and in about the year 9,000 our descendants will elect Alpha Cygni as their guide, while 13,000 years from now it will be the beautiful first magnitude star Vega that will review the heavenly hosts. Polaris has held the post of honor for over a thousand years, and was preceded in office by Thuban, of the Dragon, to see which in daylight, the long tunnel in the Pyramid of Cheops was built.

The author also tells us that he visited an observatory in China, said to be 4,000 years old, and he saw there two bronze eyeholes in a slanting granite wall, which now point to a void in the heavens, but were placed there to sight Thuban.

The little book is full of these interesting facts, and of many others which the giant telescopes have developed. Mr. Samuel G. Bayne, the author, has done a good work.

I have just received from the publishers, the Joseph Knight company, of Boston, the news that they will issue on September 15, a book which can not fail to win the attention of large numbers of readers. Its title is Bacon vs. Shakespeare, and the author is Mr. Edwin Reed, who is well known as an authority in matters pertaining to the writings of the world's greatest poet. For, taken all in all, considering the world-wide influence which the works of the bard of Avon has had, the depth and profoundity of the wisdom displayed, he must be called the "greatest."

The literary problem of the authorship of what are known as Shakespeare's plays, which Mr. Reed has here endeavored to help the world to solve, has already held the attention of many great minds. In the prospectus, the publishers say: "Initiated by Lord Byron in 1821, renewed by Earl Beaconsfield in 1835, learnedly and eloquently discussed by our own countrywoman, Miss Delia Bacon, in 1856, it has been forcing itself with constantly increasing momentum to the present time upon the attention of the public. * * * * To show that such an investigation is demanded, we have only to point to a few of the many scholars and publicists who have thus far either rejected altogether the traditional Shakespeare or expressed serious doubts concerning him; men and women pre-eminent, now, or recently, in various walks of life, including Lord Palmerston, prime minister of England, John Bright, Rev. H. A. Haweis, John G. Whittier, Prof. E. A. Dolbear, Rev. O. R. Frothingham, Gen. B. F. Butler, Prof. David Swing, Gail Hamilton, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Prof. Edward S. Morse, Frances E. Willard, Rev. W. H. Furness, John A. Bingham, Prof. Thomas Davidson and Oliver Wendell Holmes."

The illustrations of the forthcoming book include a fac-simile of the cover of one of Bacon's manuscript volumes, recently discovered, in which two of Shakespeare plays, Richard II. and Richard III., were once bound up. Upon the page the names of the philosopher and the poet are curiously and significantly intermingled.

Mr. Reed is well-known as a Baconian, but in this book, it is said, both sides of the question are presented judicially.

So far as the works themselves are concerned, I can not see that it matters one whit who wrote them. It is a matter of curiosity, pure and simple.

The well-loved H. C. Bunner disliked personal gossip exceedingly, and disagreeable subjects were tabooed in his presence during the latter part of his life. A writer in a recent number of the Book Buyer says that he had pasted in his library the following:

PLEASE!
EVERYBODY.
This is the home of Harmony and Quiet.
It loves no Personal and no Club Riot.
Come! and be Welcome!—but let this remind you,
You're prayed to leave your Grievances behind you.

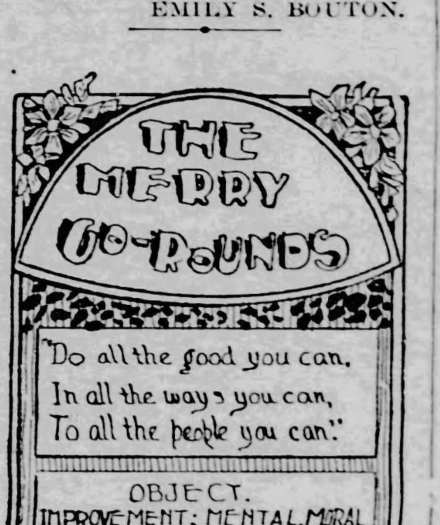
It might be a good thing to paste this caution elsewhere, for the benefit of the "groaners."

A new book is promised in the near future from the facile pen of Dr. J. D. Buck, of Cincinnati, entitled Freemasonry, Theosophy and the Ancient Mysteries. The author is well-known in the scientific and literary world as a good thinker and brilliant writer, and the book will be well worth reading. I have not learned, as yet, who is to be the publisher.

A new volume of the poems of Emily Dickinson is to be published by Roberts Bros. in the not distant future.

The Scribners are to bring out what may be called a Field-de-Koven song book this fall, the text being Eugene Field's child songs set to music.

EMILY S. BOUTON.



Subject for general discussion during August.

"Nursing of to-day compared with nursing twenty years ago."

Four new members were admitted to the Circle this morning—introduced respectively as Faith, Mountaineer, Gertrude, and Silly Sal.

The M. G. R's., who had 'been there before,' were Brunette, Bernice, Paul, Black Eyes, The Raven and Invalid.

Pay-streak:—Please send your full name.

Brunette:—Miss Prudence appreciates the situation.

Cara. Mia:—Your report was 'cut' at the office for want of space.

N. Y. Pres.:—I am sorry your brother is ill; hope he will soon be better.

A. F. Kas.:—Your president is Mr. Will C. Millikan of Independence, Kas.

Paul criticizes the August subject as not being one of general interest. Do the M. G. R's., agree with him?

Faith, Tenn.:—Buddhist, I think there are many church members who could hardly be called Christians, but while I believe that a person may be a Christian without joining a church society, it seems to me that every true Christian should do so.

Mountaineer, W. Va.:—Sicily, you voice my sentiments in regard to sinner church singers. A person is judged by the company he keeps, so how much better does it look to see a sinner in the choir than sitting in the back seat, laughing and talking.

Prairie Queen, I agree with you. Thousands of boys would be at home instead of in the gambling dens if the homes were made more attractive. How many of the M. G. R's., ever saw an oil well? I live in the oil territory, and will gladly send a brief description of one should it be desired.

Send the description by all means Mountaineer.

Gertrude, Minn.:—Here I come this morning to join your large and growing circle. Look at me well, for I may come again. I do not see any one else from Minnesota this week; where are all the members? Too hot, you say! That's no excuse; its hot for the rest of us too. Come.

Silly Sal, W. Va.:—Your letter is too long to give in 'verbatim' and I am at a loss how to extract the pith of it. Will you please 'condense and come again.'

Brunette, Tenn.:—I do not think that women should go as far in politics as Mrs. Lease has gone, but I do think they should be well educated in political economy to be able to see the cause and effect of many things. They should be well enough posted on the political issues of the day, to be able to counsel with their men-relations concerning the country's welfare.

I think the future of our nation depends upon the education politically, socially and morally, of the masses. New England Girl's idea of education is just right, and the Kansas president takes a correct view of the temperance question.

Sicily:—Visit Island Home by all means; strangers were welcome when I was there.

Bernice, O.:—It is more than a year since I have written, and now as Black Eyes says, it sems to be the fashion to describe one's self, so I will try to do so. I am 16 years old, weigh 120 pounds, am 5 feet 3 inches tall and have dark brown hair and black eyes. I agree with Make Haste that kindness is one of the greatest of the divine laws."

Paul, Iowa:—Gold Standard, I think you must have a queer kind of social parties in Kansas, if you consider them the first step downward. Perhaps though, folks and customs are different in your state. I think that military instruction in our public schools would be a very good thing. Good for Make Haste! His letters are very good, especially the last one.

I consider the question for discussion in August the poorest we have had. It is not one of general interest, and is one that few understand. What do most people know about nursing anyhow?

New England Girl, your article on True Education was very good.

Do any of the M. G. R.'s belong to the I. O. G. T.? I have been a member for about eight months, and like it very much. Well, vacation is nearly over, and soon we must return to our studies. I rather enjoy the prospect; what do the rest of you students think?

Black Eyes, O.:—Water Cress, you say you do not agree with Make Haste in thinking that a woman should obey her husband. Do you think, then, that she should take the marriage vow? Addie, I say with you, Hurrah for McKinley. Have you ever heard him speak? I have.

Will some one tell me who is the author of the line, "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine?" And do you not think that a good motto? What has become of U. No. Hoo? Chinook Wind. I enjoyed reading your "Bit O'Sperience" very much. Come again.

Raven of Wood's Edge, Ind.:—Yes, M. H., woman should strive to be the angel of the home, but she can be this without ever having tasted classic lore, or climbed the scale of the elementaries. If she has cultured kindness and love, these reach higher than any diploma, and diffusing themselves with equal tenderness, redeem in the home what was lost in Eden—happiness.

No one has ever said, or can say, that education is happiness, or deny that the hope of happiness envelops all others. Is it not possible that two people may be just as happy in the discussion of the commonplace beauty of the clover or the rose as in the discussion of Odessa?

There is not room in "Fame-land" for all, and I would hold up to some the lesson of the beauty of simplicity. O, when will the world cease to pass by the lessons for which the heart yearns; cease its pilgrimage after glittering baubles, which bring to the soul no return, and learn to pick up at its feet the simple rudiments of all education, and bind them to the bow of love, set at the gateway of the home?

So now, my dear Make Haste, if you have plumed your wings for flight, take with you her whose sky measures to the summit of your own, and whose world will be your world.

Invalid, Iowa: Walter Douglas has certainly sounded the war-whoop, so M. G. Rs. beware! Perhaps the letters of his constituents met the same fate as did mine, and failed to reach their "desired haven." If such was the case, then ye unfortunates (?) take comfort, they may be "bread cast upon the waters."

Some "flirt" at the dead letter office, may read with blanched cheeks of the folly, the suffering, the degradation caused by flirtation (described in our letters in the glowing and heroic terms known only to Merry Go Rounders) and be so impressed that she (?) will never be guilty of stooping so low again. I think Mr. Millikan is about right on the temperance question.

Miss Prudence gives you full credit, Invalid, for the effort you make to help her. You will see by the answer to "Cara Mia" why your essay did not appear. Neither correspondent, president, mail service or editor were to blame—it was all the fault of the "space."

I wonder if all my boys and girls are keeping their motto well in mind this vacation time.

When the thermometer stands at 90 in the shade, with frequent runs up into the hundreds, most of us feel that it is more "blessed to be helped than to help" others; and while opportunities for "doing all the good we can" are multiplied, our willingness to grasp them seems to be divided into itself and naught left over.

Some persons I know, say that people (other people of course), would not feel the heat so much if they kept busy, as they do when they sit still and think about it. That is perhaps true, but I observe that they (and the average person with them) prefer to take their chances on sitting still!

As I know many M. G. Rs. rather above the average, I feel sure that, in spite of the hot weather, they have made themselves a record for well-doing that I shall be proud to read, and I want every one of them to think over the summer's experience, and see wherein they have improved "mentally, morally and socially."

And in order that you may turn your thoughts outward as well as inward in this investigation, I want you to tell me also of the most self-sacrificing act done by some one else, that has come under your observation. If that "some one else" is also a M. G. R. so much the better.

A prize will be given for the best letter received—considered from the three points included in our "Object."

A second prize will be given to the writer whose letter proves that she (or he) have made the most faithful effort to live up to our motto under discouraging circumstances and surroundings.

All letters for this contest are to be addressed to The Blade, Toledo, O., M. G. R. Experience Meeting.

TOMMY NUT.

"O ho! Tommy Nut, in your jacket brown,
Why do you hang in the hickory tree?"
"Oh! I'm waiting for brave Jack Frost, you see,
He will come very soon to cut me down."

"O Tommy, now tell, is it nice up there
To swing in the sun, and the soft starlight?"
"The truth is, I'm fat, and my jacket's tight—
I think I've had plenty of sun and air.

"My jolly brown brothers there on the ground
Have their jackets slashed in the newest style,
But Jack keeps me waiting the longest while—
I shall burst to-night if he doesn't come round!

"Then good-by to you, dear old hickory tree!
Where I've sucked the sweet dew, drank sun and rain,
Where I've swung in the winds' wild hurricane,
'Til I'm giddy and fat as a nut can be!"
—Lulu Curran in Good Housekeeping.

For The Blade.

TOM AND HIS PETS.

A "Sure Enough" Story Told Our Young Folks by Tom's Big Brother.

Tom is my brother; he is 10 years old, and has brown curly hair, and deep blue eyes that look at you with a mischievous twinkle.

Billy has four legs, and two very black horns about eight inches long. Oh, no; he isn't a little boy, but a two-year-old mountain goat. His hairy wool is very white in winter and a deep cream color in summer, and he has a long bunch of hair-like wool under his chin, which Tom calls his halter rein.

Our father owns a large cattle ranch in a beautiful valley surrounded by grassy foot hills, and high mountains, and in the summer time the cattle are turned out on these foot hills to graze on the succulent grasses, being "rounded up" and driven in by the cattle men in the early autumn.

Before they are turned out on the range, all the yearlings are caught and branded, and when Tom was but five years old, he delighted in perching himself in a safe place and watching the men catch the cattle with their long lassoes.

Knowing it would amuse him, I made him a small lasso of twisted hair, and when I gave it to him, he was greatly delighted, dancing around and clapping his hands in boyish glee.

"Oh, I'll be a ranchero; I'll be a ranchero!" he said as he twirled the lasso over his head and ran into the house to tell Mamma.

He had a little chestnut sorrel pony called Jinks, and he would ride him up and down the lane, practicing on the tops of the fence posts with his lasso; by the time he was eight years old he was a splendid rider for a boy, and could throw his lasso with great precision.

Now I will tell you how he happened to get his goat. I was preparing to go with a party of friends for a hunt in the mountains and after considerable teasing from mischievous Tom, we decided to take him with us.

"All right, you may go," said I, and away he went, whistling, dancing and gyrating to the pasture after his pony.

"Take good care of my boy," said Mamma as we were mounting our horses.

"Don't be uneasy, Mamma dear, I'll be all right." Tom answered, and away we went for the mountains.

Tom was too small to climb the mountains with us when we were hunting, so he amused himself around the camp, throwing his lasso, watching the horses and helping the cook.

On the morning of our last day's hunt, however, I took him with me and after we had traveled up the canyon for a couple of miles he became tired and asked if he could not remain there until I returned.

Thinking that no danger could befall him, as I would be gone only a short time, I told him he could do so if he liked, so he sat down on a boulder and began uncoiling his lasso from about his waist, while I hurried on up the canyon.

While I was gone, Tom did quite a remarkable thing for a small boy.

He had spread the noose in his lasso, and was in the act of throwing it over a boulder when something white, coming down the mountain-side above him, attracted his attention, as the objects came nearer he saw they were a large mountain goat and her kid.

He stood very still until they came within a few yards of him, when he gave his lasso a twirl and threw it over the little fellow's head. At this, the mother bounded away, but the young one could not follow her for Tom had him fast.

The old goat seeing something was wrong with her kid, lowered her head, and came bounding back at Tom. As he jumped to get out of her way, he caught his foot in the rope and fell; the goat struck the rock near which he had been standing, and turned a summersault over it, just as I came in sight.

Tom scrambled to his feet, and the goat was preparing for another lunge at him, when a bullet from my rifle killed her.

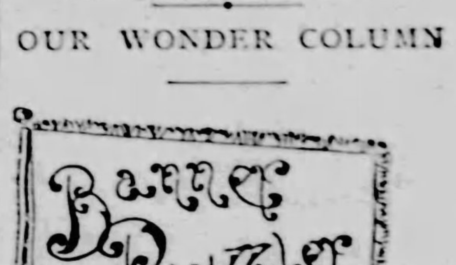
"What have you got there, Tom?" I asked, very much in surprise.

"I've got a four-legged white fish, and I caught him the first pull," he replied, looking at his prize with eyes that danced like little stars.

The young goat was very wild at first and would eat nothing, so we began to be afraid he would die, but he soon became more docile, and in a few days would eat the food which Tom gave him, and the boy took such good care of him and treated him so kindly that in a short time the goat would run after him for his food. Tom has a snug little house for his goat and pony during the long winter months, and a nice green pasture for them in the summer. Jinks and Billy are very fond of each other, but they are still fonder of their kind little master. When Tom takes his pony out for a ride, or to herd or drive cattle, Billy will saunter around near the pasture gate, and wait for their return; and when any of Tom's friends came to see him, he likes to show them his pets, and often tells them how he captured his "Billy goat."

CHARLEY CHESTERFIELD.

OUR WONDER COLUMN



W. P. E., ASHTON, KAN.

WHO WAS HE?

He was born in 1552, and was a most notable man in a notable age. He was handsome, intelligent, dashing, bold, adventurous and skillful. He was a distinguished soldier in the wars of France, Ireland and Spain, and was the greatest naval commander of his day. He was a statesman, a poet, an historian, and a man of scientific research; he was, moreover, a brilliant courtier. He spent more than $200,000 in planting colonies in America. England owes to him the beginning of her colonial and maritime supremacy. The world is indebted to him for the Irish potato and tobacco. He lived twelve years in prison, and was beheaded in 1618, King James of England signing the warrant for his execution.

RICHARD J. MARSHALL.

2.—WORD SQUARE.

X X X X
X X X X
X X X X
X X X X

1.—Identical.
2.—An extent of surface.
3.—Flesh of animals.
4.—Devours.

3.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A and B engaged to reap a circular field of wheat containing 196.35 acres, for which each one was to receive 25 cents an acre for all the wheat he reaped. They commenced at the circumference with reapers each cutting 10 feet at a swath. A cut around the field next the circumference, and B followed in the next swath each round, but there being an odd number of swaths, A cut the last one. How much was due each man when the work was finished?

MARLEY CRANFORD.

4.—ENIGMATICAL STATESMEN.

1, Mist; 2, a wild plant; 3, a writer of books; 4, to give; 5, a hollow stalk; 6, a kind of soil; 7, a sore; 8, a maker of men's clothing; 9, a seed vessel; 10, a chattering bird.

ROBT. S. WALKER.

5.—QUERY.

Who can describe the Giants' Causeway?
INVALID.

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote:
"Make not thy friend too cheap to thee, nor thyself to thy friend."
EM. T. HEAD.

Answers to Puzzles of August 20.

1.—Ludwig von Beethoven.
2.—13.38 miles.
3.—Words forming triangle: Caplas, acorn, pore, ire, an, s.
4.—Tom-bac.

Answer to Query of August 13, sent by W. P. E.

" 'Abraham men' were a class of beggars who feigned lunacy, wandering about the country in a disorderly manner, working on the sympathy or fears of women, children and domestics, as they thought would best serve their purpose. They were numerous in the time of Shakespeare, and existed as late as 1670. Decker, in his 'English Villainies,' calls one of the mendicants 'An Abram Cove,' who personated Tom o' Bedlam by disguising himself in grotesque rags, with long, knotted hair, carrying a long staff, and with many other disgusting contrivances to excite pity. He did not hesitate to steal, and when detected in any species of depredation pleaded the immunities of the real Bedlamite, who was formerly permitted to roam about the country when discharged from the Bethlehem hospital (a lunatic asylum), in St. George's Fields, London. Edgar, in Shakespeare's Lear, assumed the character of one of these."

Owen Meredith wrote:
"Whom first we love you know, we seldom wed.
Time rules us all; and life is not indeed
The thing we planned it out, ere hope was dead.
And then, we women cannot choose our lot."

Chat.

W. P. E. takes the August Bannership; New England Girl second; Invalid third.

Correct solutions were received from W. P. E., Iowa Boy, A Subscriber, Marley Cranford, Echo, and Esme Roy.

Puzzles were accepted from Iowa Boy, Robt. S. Walker, Esme Roy, and W. P. E.

Iowa Boy: An annual prize is offered the puzzler sending the greatest number of correct answers during the year, and special prizes are offered occasionally.

A Subscriber: Your work is excellent, and I shall be glad to welcome you frequently.

Echo: The Schoolmistress hopes to "wake you" often.

All communications for this department should be addressed to The Blade, Toledo, Ohio. "O. W. C."

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

M'KINLEY'S ACCEPTANCE.

A Statesmanlike Discussion of the Issues Now Before the People.

To Hon. John M. Thurston and others, members of the notification committee of the Republican national convention:

"Gentlemen: In pursuance of the promise made to your committee when notified of my nomination as the Republican candidate for President, I beg to submit this formal acceptance of that high honor, and to consider in detail questions at issue in the pending campaign. Perhaps this might be considered unnecessary in view of my remarks on that occasion and those I have made to delegations that visited me since the St. Louis convention, but in view of the momentous importance of the proper settlement of the issues presented on our future prosperity and standing as a nation, and considering only the welfare and happiness of our people, I could not be content to omit again calling attention to the questions which, in my opinion, vitally affect our strength and position among the governments of the world and our morality, integrity and patriotism, as citizens of that republic which for a century past has been the best hope of the world and the inspiration of mankind. We must not now prove false to our own high standards in government, nor unmindful of the noble example and wise precepts of the fathers, or of the confidence and trust which our conduct in the past has always inspired.

The Free Coinage of Silver.

"For the first time since 1868, if ever before, there is presented to the American people this year a clear and direct issue as to our monetary system of vast importance in its effects, and upon the right settlement of which rests largely the financial honor and prosperity of the country. It is proposed by one wing of the Democratic party and its allies, the People's and Silver parties, to inaugurate the free and unlimited coinage of silver by independent action on part of the United States at a ratio of sixteen ounces of silver to one ounce of gold. The mere declaration of this purpose is a menace to our financial and industrial interests and has already created universal alarm. It involves great peril to the creditors and business of the country, a peril so grave that conservative men everywhere are breaking away from their old party associations and uniting with other patriotic citizens in emphatic protest against the platform of the Democratic national convention as an assault upon the faith and honor of the government and the welfare of the people. We have had few questions in the lifetime of the republic more serious than the one which is thus presented.

No Benefit to Labor.

"The character of the money which shall measure our values and exchanges and settle our balances with one another, and with the nations of the world, is of such primary importance, and so far-reaching in its consequences, as to call for the most painstaking investigation, and, in the end, a sober and unprejudiced judgment at the polls. We must not be misled by phrases, nor deluded by false theories. Free silver would not mean that silver dollars were to be freely had without cost or labor. It would mean the free use of the mints of the United States for the few who are owners of silver bullion, but would make silver coin no freer to the many who are engaged in other enterprises. It would not make labor easier, the hours of labor shorter or the pay better. It would not start a factory, or make a demand for an additional day's labor. It would create no new occupations. It would add nothing to the comfort of the masses, the capital of the people or the wealth of the nation. It seeks to introduce a new measure of value, but would add no value to the thing measured. It would not conserve values. On the contrary, it would derange all existing values. It would not restore business confidence, but its direct effect would be to destroy the little which yet remains.

What It Means.

"The meaning of the coinage plank adopted at Chicago is that any one may take a quantity of silver bullion now worth 53 cents to the mints of the United States have it coined at the expense of the government and receive for it a silver dollar which shall be legal tender for the payment of all debts, public and private. The owner of the silver bullion would get the silver dollar. It would belong to him and to nobody else. Other people would get it only by their labor, their products of their land or something of value. The bullion owner on the basis of present values would receive the silver dollar for 53 cents worth of silver, and other people would be required to receive it as a full dollar in the payment of debts. The government would get nothing from the transaction. It would bear the expense of coining the silver, and the community would suffer loss by its use.

The Dollars Compared.

"We have coined since 1878 more than four hundred millions of silver dollars, which are maintained by the government at parity with gold, and are a full legal tender for the payment of all debts, public and private. How are the silver dollars now in use different from those which would be in use under free coinage? They are to be of the same weight and fineness. They are to bear the same stamp of the government; why would they not be of the same value? I answer: The silver dollars now in use were coined on account of the government, and not for private account or gain, and the government has solemnly agreed to keep them as good as the best dollars we have. The government bought the silver bullion at its market value and coined it into silver dollars. Having exclusive control of the mintage, it only coins what it can hold at a parity with gold. The profit, representing the difference between the commercial value of the silver bullion and the face value of the silver dollars goes to the government for the benefit of the people. The government bought the silver bullion contained in the silver dollar at very much less than its coinage value. It paid it out to its creditors, and put it in circulation among the people at its face value of one hundred cents, or a full dollar. It required the people to accept it as a legal tender, and is thus morally bound to maintain it at a parity with gold, which was then, as now, the recognized standard with us, and the most enlightened nations of the world. The government having issued and circulated the silver dollar, it must in honor protect the holder from loss. This obligation it has so far sacredly kept. Not only is there a moral obligation, but there is a legal obligation, expressed in public statute, to maintain the parity.

They Could Be Kept at Par.

"These dollars in particular I have named, are not the same as the dollar which would be issued under free coinage. They would be the same in form, but different in value. The government would have no part in the transaction except to coin the silver bullion into dollars. It would share in no part of the profit. It would take upon itself no obligation. It would not put the dollars into circulation. It could only get them as any citizen would get them—by giving something for them. It would deliver them to those who deposited the silver, and its connection with the transaction there ends. Such are the silver dollars that would be issued under free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1. Who would then maintain the parity? What would keep them at par with gold? There would be no obligation resting upon the government to do it, and if there were it would be powerless to do it. The simple truth is, we would be driven to a silver basis, to silver monometallism. These dollars therefore would stand upon their real value. If the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 ounces of silver to one ounce of gold would, as some of its advocates assert, make 53 cents in silver worth 100 cents and the silver dollar equal to the gold dollar, then we would have no cheaper money than now, and it would be no easier to get.

"But that such would be the result is against reason and is contradicted by experience in all times and in all lands. It means the debasement of our currency to the amount of the difference between the commercial and coin value of the silver dollar, which is ever changing and the effect will be to reduce property values, entail untold financial loss, destroy confidence, impair the obligations of existing contracts, further impoverish the laborers and producers of our country, create a panic of unparalleled severity, and inflict upon trade and commerce a deadly blow.

"Against any such policy I am unalterably opposed.

Bi-Metallism.

"Bi-metallism can not be secured by independent action on our part. It can not be obtained by opening our mints to the unlimited coinage of the silver of the world, at a ratio of 16 ounces of silver to one ounce of gold when the commercial ratio is more than 30 ounces of silver to one ounce of gold. Mexico and China have tried the experiment. Gold has been driven out of circulation in these countries and they are on a silver basis alone. Until international agreement is had, it is the plain duty of the United States to maintain the gold standard. Eighty-four per cent of our foreign trade for the fiscal year 1895 was with gold standard countries and our trade with other countries was settled on a gold basis.

We Have More Silver Than Gold.

"Chiefly by means of legislation since 1878 there has been put in circulation more than $624,000,000 of silver, or its representative. This has been done in the honest effort to give to silver, if possible, the same bullion and coinage value, and encourage the concurrent use of both gold and silver as money. Prior to that time there had been less than nine millions of silver dollars coined in the entire history of the United States, a period of 89 years. This legislation secures the largest use of silver consistent with financial safety and the pledge to maintain its parity with gold. We have to-day more silver than gold. This has been accomplished at times with grave peril to the public credit. The so-called Sherman law sought to use all the silver product of the United States for money at its market value. From 1890 to 1893 the government purchased 4,500,000 ounces of silver a month, or 54,000,000 ounces a year. This was one-third of the product of the world and practically all of this country's product. It was believed by those who then and now favor free coinage that such use of silver would advance its bullion value to its coinage value, but this expectation was not realized. In a few months, notwithstanding the unprecedented market for the silver produced in the United States, the price of silver went down very rapidly, reaching a lower point than ever before. Then, upon the recommendation of President Cleveland, both political parties united in the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman law. We cannot with safety engage in further experiments in this direction.

The Double Standard.

"On the 2d of August, 1891, in a public address, I said: 'If we could have an international ratio which all the leading nations of the world would adopt, and the true fixed relation be fixed between the two metals, and all agree upon the quantity of silver which should constitute a dollar, then silver would be as free and unlimited in its privileges of coinage as gold is to-day. But that we have not been able to secure and with free and unlimited coinage of silver adopted in the United States, at the present ratio, we would be still further removed from any international agreement. We may never be able to secure it if we enter upon the isolated coinage of silver. The double standard implies equality at a ratio, and that equality can only be established by the concurrent law of nations. It was the concurrent law of nations that made the double standard; it will require the concurrent law of nations to reinstate and sustain it.'

"The Republican party has not been, and is not now, opposed to the use of silver money, as its record shows. It has done all that could be done for its increased use, safety and honor by the United States. There are those who think it has already gone beyond the limit of financial prudence. Surely we can go no further and we must not permit false lights to lure us across the danger line.

More Than Any Other Country.

"We have much more silver in use than any country in the world except India and China—$500,000,000 more than Great Britain; $150,000,000 more than France; $400,000,000 more than Germany; $325,000,000 less than India and $125,000,000 less than China. The Republican party has declared in favor of an international agreement, and if elected President it will be my duty to employ all proper means to promote it.

"Independent free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 ounces of siver to one ounce of gold, would drive at least 500,000,000 of gold dollars, which we now have, permanently from the trade of the country, and greatly decrease our per capita circulation. It is not proposed by the Republican party to take from the circulating medium of the country and of the silver we now have. On the contrary it is proposed to keep all the silver money now in circulation on a parity with gold, by maintaining the pledge of the government that all of it shall be equal to gold. This has been the unbroken policy of the Republican party since 1878. It has inaugurated no new policy. It will keep in circulation and as good as gold, all of the silver and paper money which are now included in the currency of the country. It will maintain their parity. It will preserve their equality in the future as it has always done in the past. It will not consent to put this country on a silver basis, which would inevitably follow independent free coinage at a ratio of 16 to 1. It will oppose the expulsion of gold from our circulation.

Farmers and Laborers Suffer Most.

"If there is any one thing which should be free from speculation and fluctuation it is the money of a country. It ought never to be the subject of mere partisan contention. No one suffers so much from cheap money as the farmers and laborers. They are the first to feel its bad effects and the last to recover from them. This has been the uniform experience of all countries. The poor and not the rich are the greatest sufferers from every attempt to debase our money. It would fall with alarming severity upon investments already made; upon insurance companies and their policy holders; upon savings banks and their depositors; upon building and loan associations and their members; upon the savings of thrift; upon pensioners and their families, and upon wage earners and the purchasing power of their wages.

Unlimited Irredeemable Paper Money.

"The silver question is not the only issue affecting our money in the pending contest. Not content with urging the free coinage of silver, its strongest champions demand that our paper money shall be issued directly by the government of the United States. This is the Chicago Democratic declaration. The St. Louis People's declaration is that 'our national money shall be issued by the general government only, without the intervention of banks of issue, be full legal tender for the payment of all debts, public and private,' and be 'distributed 'direct to the people,' and through lawful disbursements of the government. Thus, in addition to the free coinage of the world's silver, we are asked to enter upon an era of unlimited irredeemable paper currency. The question which was fought out from 1865 to 1879 is thus to be reopened with all its cheap money experiments of every conceivable form foisted upon us. This indicates a most startling reactionary policy, strangely at variance with every requirement of sound finance; but the declaration shows the spirit and purpose of those who by combined action are contending to the control of the government. Not satisfied with the debasement of our coin which inevitably follow the free coinage of silver at sixteen to one, they would still further degrade our currency and threaten the public honor by the unlimited issue of an irredeemable paper currency. A graver menace to our financial standing and credit could hardly be conceived and every patriotic citizen should be aroused to promptly meet and effectually defeat it.

In the Highest Degree Reprehensible.

"It is a cause for painful regret and solicitude that an effort is being made by those high in the councils of the allied parties to divide the people of this country into classes and create distinctions among us which, in fact, do not exist and are repugnant to our form of government. These appeals to passion and prejudice are beneath the spirit and intelligence of a free people, and should be met with stern rebuke by those they are sought to influence, and I believe they will be. Every attempt to array class against class, 'the classes against the masses,' section against section, labor against capital, 'the poor against the rich,' or interest against interest in the United States is in the hghest degree reprehensible. It is opposed to the national instinct and interest, and should be resisted by every citizen. We are not a nation of classes, but of sturdy, free, independent and honorable people, despising the demagogue, and never capitulating to dishonor. This ever recurring effort endangers popular government and is a menace to our liberties.

Protection of Supreme Importance.

"Another issue of supreme importance is that of protection. The peril of free silver is a menace to be feared; we are already experiencing the effect of partial free trade. The one must be averted, the other corrected. The Republican party is wedded to the doctrine of protection, and was never more earnest in its support and advocacy than now. If argument were needed to strengthen its devotion to "the American system," or increase the hold of that system upon the party and people, it is found in the lesson and experience of the past three years. Men have had a trial of both systems, and know what each has done for them. The public exigencies demand prompt protective legislation which will avoid the accumulation of further debt by providing adequate revenues for the expenses of the government. If I am elected President of the United States, it will be my aim to vigorously prosecute this object and give ample encouragement to the occupations of the American people, which, above all else, is so imperatively demanded at this juncture of our national affairs.

Washington, in his farewell address, September 17, 1796, a hundred years ago, said: "As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is to use it as sparingly as possible; avoiding the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of peace to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burden which we ourselves ought to bear." To facilitate the enforcement of the maxims which he announced he declared: "It is essential that you should practically bear in mind that towards the payment of debts there must be revenue; that to have revenue there must be taxes; that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient or unpleasant; that the intrinsic embarrassment inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties) ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the government in making it; and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue which the public exigencies may at any time dictate."

Animated by like sentiments, the people of the country must now face the conditions which beset them. "The public exigencies" demand prompt protective legislation, which will avoid the accumulation of further debt by providing adequate revenues for the expenses of the government. This is manifestly the requirement of duty. If elected President of the United States, it will be my aim to vigorously promote this object, and give that ample encouragement to the occupations of the American people, which, above all else, is so imperatively demanded at this juncture of our national affairs.

Our Condition In December, 1892.

"In December, 1892, President Harrison sent his last message to Congress. It was an able and exhaustive review of the condition and resources of the country. It stated our situation accurately. 'There never has been a time in our history,' said he, 'when work was so abundant, or when wages were so high, whether measured by the currency in which they are paid, or by their power to supply the necessaries and comforts of life. The general average of prices has been such as to give to agriculture a fair participation in the general prosperity. The new industrial plants established since October 6, 1890, and up to October 22, 1892, number 345, and the extensions of existing plants, 108.

"'The new capital invested amounts to $40,446,060, and the number of additional employes 37,285.'

"This fairly describes the happy condition of the country in December, 1892. What has it been since, and what is it now?

Our Condition Eight Months Later.

"The messages of President Cleveland from the beginning of his second administration to the present time abound with descriptions of the deplorable industrial and financial situation of the country. I quote from President Cleveland's first message, August 8, 1893, addressed to the Fifty-third Congress, which he called together in extraordinary session. 'The existence of an alarming and extraordinary business situation,' he said, 'involving the welfare and prosperity of all our people, constrained me to call together in extra session the people's representatives in Congress, to the end that through the wise and patriotic exercise of the legislative duties with which they solely are charged, the present evils may be mitigated and dangers threatening the future may be averted. Our unfortunate financial plight is not the result of untoward events, nor of conditions related to our natural resources. Nor is it traceable to any of the afflictions which frequently check national growth and prosperity. With plenteous crops, with abundant promise of remunerative production and manufacture, with unusual invitation to safe investment, and with satisfactory assurances to business enterprises, suddenly financial distrust and fear have sprung up on every side.'

"Numerous moneyed institutions have suspended, because abundant assets were not immediately available to meet the demands of frightened depositors. Surviving corporations and individuals are content to keep in hand the money they are usually anxious to loan, and those engaged in legitimate business are surprised to find that the securities they offer for loans, though heretofore satisfactory, are no longer accepted. Values supposed to be fixed are fast becoming conjectural and loss and failure have invaded every branch of business.

The Cause of the Change.

"What a startling and sudden change within the short period of eight months, from December, 1892, to August, 1893? What had occurred? A change of administration; all branches of the government had been entrusted to the Democratic party, which was committed against the protective policy that had prevailed uninterruptedly for more than 32 years and brought unexampled prosperity to the country and firmly pledged to its complete overthrow and the substitution of a tariff for revenue only. The change had been decreed by the elections in November; its effects were at once anticipated and felt. We cannot close our eyes to these altered conditions, nor would it be wise to exclude from contemplation and investigation the causes which produced them. They are facts which we cannot, as a people, disregard, and we can only hope to improve our present condition by a study of their causes.

"In December, 1892, we had the same currency and practically the same volume of currency that we have now. It aggregated in 1892, $2,372,599,501; in 1893, $2,323,000,000; in 1894, $2,323,442,362; and in December, 1895, $2,194,000,230. The per capita of money, too, has been practically the same during this whole period. The quality of the money has been identical—all kept equal to gold. There is nothing connected with our money, therefore, to account for this sudden and aggravated industrial change. Whatever is to be deprecated in our financial system, it must everywhere be admitted that our money has been absolutely good, and has brought neither loss nor inconvenience to its holders. A depreciated currency has not existed to further vex the troubled business situation.

Good Money Never Made Times Bad.

"It is a mere pretense to attribute the hard times to the fact that all our currency is on a gold basis. We never had greater prosperity in this country, in every field of employment and industry, than in the busy years from 1880 to 1892, during all of which time this country was on a gold basis and employed more gold money in its fiscal and business operations than ever before. We had, too, a protective tariff, under which ample revenues were collected for the government and an accumulating surplus which was constantly applied to the payment of the public debt. Let us hold fast to that which we know is good.

"It is not more money we want; what we want is to put the money we already have at work. When money is employed, men are employed. Both have always been steadily and remuneratively engaged during all the years of protective tariff legislation. When those who have money lack confidence in the stability of values and investments, they will not part with their money. Business is stagnant—the life-blood of trade is checked and congested. We can not restore public confidence by an act which would revolutionize all values, or an act which entails a deficiency in the public revenues. We can not inspire confidence by advocating repudiation or practicing dishonesty. We can not restore confidence, either to the Treasury or to the people, without a change in our present tariff legislation.

The Tariff of 1894.

"The only measure of a general nature that affected the treasury and the employment of our people passed by the Fifty-third Congress was the general tariff act, which did not receive the approval of the President. This law has at no time provided enough revenue for the needs of the government, but it has caused a constant deficiency in the treasury and a steady depletion in the earnings of labor and land. It has contributed to swell our national debt more than $262,000,000, a sum nearly as great as the debt of the government from Washington to Lincoln, including all our foreign wars from the revolution to the rebellion. Since its passage work at home has been diminished; prices of agricultural products have fallen; confidence has been arrested, and general business demoralization is seen on every hand.

"The total receipts under the tariff act of 1894 for the first twenty-two months of its enforcement, from September, 1894, to June, 1896, were $557,615,328, and the expenditures $640,418,363, or a deficiency of $82,803,035. The decrease in our exports of American products and manufactures during the first fifteen months of the present tariff, as contrasted with the exports of the first fifteen months of the tariff of 1890, was $220,353,320. The excess of exports over imports during the first fifteen months of the tariff of 1890 was $213,972,968, but only $56,758,623 under the first fifteen months of the tariff of 1894, a loss under the latter of $157,214,345. The net loss in the trade balance of the United States has been $196,983,607 during the first fifteen months' operation of the tariff of 1894, as compared with the first fifteen months of the tariff of 1890. The loss has been large, constant, and steady, at the rate of $13,130,000 per month, of $500,000 for every business day of the year.

Losing In Both Directions.

"We have either been sending too much money out of the country, or getting too little in, or both. We have lost steadily in both directions. Our foreign trade has been diminished and our domestic trade has suffered incalculable loss. Does not this suggest the cause of our present depression, and indicate its remedy? Confidence in home enterprises has almost wholly disappeared. Our ships are closed, our mills running on half time at reduced wages and small profit, if not actual loss. Our men are idle, and while they are idle, men abroad are occupied in supplying us with goods.

It is not an increase in the volume of money which is the need of the time, but an increase in the volume of business. Not an increase of coin, but an increase of confidence. Not more coinage, but a more active use of the money coined. Not open mints for the unlimited coinage of the silver of the world, but open mills for the full and unrestricted labor of American workingmen. The employment of our mints for the coinage of the silver of the world would not bring the necessaries and comforts of life back to our people. This will only come with the employment of the masses, and such employment is certain to follow the reestablishment of a wise protective policy which shall encourage manufacturing at home. Protection has lost none of its virtue and importance. The first duty of the Republican party, if restored to power in the country, will be the enactment of a tariff law which will raise all the money necessary to conduct the government, economically and honestly administered, and so adjusted as to give preference to home manufacturers and adequate protection to home labor and the home market. We are not committed to any special schedules or rates of duty. They are and should be always subject to change to meet new conditions, but the principle upon which rates of duty are imposed remains the same. Our duties should always be high enough to measure the difference between the wages paid labor at home and in competing countries, and to adequately protect American investments and American enterprises.

"Our farmers have been hurt by the changes in our tariff legislation as severely as our laborers and manufacturers, badly as they have suffered. The Republican platform wisely declares in favor of such encouragement to our sugar interests "as will lead to the production on American soil of all the sugar which the American people use." It promises to our wool and woolen interests "the most ample protection," a guaranty that ought to commend itself to every patriotic citizen. Never was a more grievous wrong done the farmers of our country than that so unjustly inflicted during the past three years upon the wool growers of America. Although among our most industrious and useful citizens, their interests have been practically destroyed and our woolen manufactures involved in a similar disaster. At no time within the past 36 years, and perhaps never during any previous period, have so many of our woolen factories been suspended as now. The Republican party can be relied upon to correct these great wrongs, if again entrusted with the control of Congress.

Reciprocity.

"Another declaration of the Republican platform that has my most cordial support, is that which favors reciprocity. The splendid results of the reciprocity arrangements that were made under authority of the tariff law of 1890, are striking and suggestive. The brief period they were in force, in most cases only three years, was not long enough to thoroughly test their great value, but sufficient was shown by the trial to conclusively demonstrate the importance and the wisdom of their adoption. In 1892 the export trade of the United States attained the highest point in our history. The aggregate of our exports that year reached the immense sum of $1,030,278,148, a sum greater by $100,000,000 than the exports of any previous year. In 1893, owing to the threat of unfriendly tariff legislation, the total dropped to $847,565,194. Our exports of merchandise decreased $189,000,000, but reciprocity still secured us a large trade in Central and South America, and a larger trade with the West Indies than we had ever before enjoyed.

"The reciprocity treaty between this country and Spain, touching the markets of Cuba and Puerto Rico, was announced Sept. 1, 1891. The growth of our trade with Cuba was phenomenal. In 1891 we sold that country but 114,441 barrels of flour; in 1892, 366,175; in 1893, 616,406, and in 1894, 662,248. Here was a growth of nearly 500 per cent, while our exportations of flour to Cuba for the year ending June 30, 1895, the year following the repeal of the reciprocity treaty, fell to 379,856 barrels, a loss of nearly half our trade with that country.

"Similar examples might be given, but enough is shown of the efficacy of the legislation of 1890 to justify the speedy restoration of its reciprocity provisions. In my judgment, Congress should immediately restore the reciprocity section of the old law, with such amendments, if any, as time and experience sanction as wise and proper. The underlying principle of this legislation must, however, be strictly observed. It is to afford new markets for our surplus agricultural and manufactured products, without loss to the American laborer of a single day's work that he might otherwise procure.

Foreign Immigration.

"I am in hearty sympathy with the present legislation restraining foreign immigration, and favor such extension of the laws as will secure the United States from invasion by the debased and criminal classes of the Old World. We want no immigrants who do not seek our shores to become citizens. We should permit none to participate in the advantages of our civilization who do not symypathize with our aims and form of government. We should receive none who come to make war upon our institutions and profit by public disquiet and turmoil. Against all such should the gates be tightly closed.

Our Soldiers and Sailors.

"The soldiers and sailors of the Union should neither be neglected or forgotten. The government which they served so well should not make their lives or condition harder by treating them as suppliants for relief in old age or distress, nor regard with disdain or contempt the earnest interest one comrade naturally manifests in the welfare of another. Doubtless there are pension abuses and frauds in the numerous claims allowed by the government, but the policy governing the administration of the pension bureau must always be fair and liberal. No deserving applicant should ever suffer because of a wrong perpetrated by or for another.

Our Merchant Marine and Navy.

"The declaration of the Republican platform in favor of the upbuilding of our merchant marine has my hearty approval. The policy of discriminating duties in favor of our shipping which prevailed in the early years of our history should be again promptly adopted by Congress and vigorously supported until our prestige and supremacy on the seas is fully attained. Now that the American navy is assuming a position commensurate with our importance as a nation, a policy we must supplement it with a merchant marine that will give us the advantages in both our coastwise and foreign trade that we ought naturally and properly to enjoy. It should be at once a matter of public policy and national pride to repossess this immense and prosperous trade.

Civil Service Reform.

"The pledge of the Republican national convention that our civil service laws 'shall be sustained and thoroughly and honestly enforced, and extended wherever practicable,' is in keeping with the position of the party for the past twenty-four years and will be faithfully observed.

It Demands Especial Attention.

There are other important and timely declarations in the platform which I cannot here discuss. I must content myself by saying they have my approval. If, as Republicans, we have lately addressed our attention, with what may seem great stress and earnestness to the unexpected assault upon the financial integrity of the government, we have done it because the menace is so grave as to demand special consideration and because we are convinced that if the people are aroused to the true understanding and meaning of this silver and inflation movement they will avert the danger. In doing this we feel that we render the best service possible to the country, and we appeal to the intelligence, conscience and patriotism of the people, irrespective of party, or section, for their earnest support.

It Will Maintain Law and Order.

"We avoid no issues. We meet the sudden, dangerous and revolutionary assault upon law and order, and upon those to whom is confided by the constitution and laws the authority to uphold and maintain them, which our opponents have made, with the same courage that we have faced every emergency since our organization as a party, more than forty years ago. Government by law must first be assured; everything else can wait. The spirit of lawlessness must be extinguished by the fires of an unselfish and lofty patriotism. Every attack upon the public faith and every suggestion of the repudiation of debts, public or private, must be rebuked by all men who believe that honesty is the best policy, or who love their country and would preserve unsullied its national honor.

Sectionalism Almost Obliterated.

"The country is to be congratulated upon the almost total obliteration of sectional lines, which for many years marked the division of the United States into slave and free territory, and finally threatened its partition into two separate governments by the dread ordeal of civil war. The era of reconciliation so long and earnestly desired by General Grant and many other great leaders, north and south, has happily come, and the feeling of distrust and hostility between the sections is everywhere vanishing, let us hope never to return. Nothing is better calculated to give strength to the nation at home, increase our power and influence abroad, and add to the permanency and security of our free institutions than the restoration of cordial relations between the people of all sections and parts of our beloved country. If called by the suffrages of the people to assume the duties of the high office of President of the United States, I shall consider it a privilege to aid, even in the slightest degree, in the promotion of the spirit of fraternal regard which should animate and govern the citizens of every section, state or part of the republic. After the lapse of a century after its utterance, let us at length and forever hereafter heed the admonition of Washington: 'There should be no North, no South, no East, no West—but a common country.' It shall be my constant aim to improve every opportunity to advance the cause of good government by promoting that spirit of forbearance and justice which is so essential to our people's prosperity and happiness by joining most heartily in all proper efforts to restore the relations of brotherly respect and affection which in our early history characterized all the people of all the states. I would be glad to contribute towards binding in indivisible union the different divisions of the country, which, indeed, now 'have every inducement of sympathy and interest to weld them together more strongly than ever.' I would rejoice to see demonstrated to the world that the North and South, and the East and the West are not separated or in danger of becoming separated because of sectional or party differences. The war is long since over, we are not enemies but friends; and as friends we will faithfully and cordially co-operate under the approving smile of Him who has thus far so signally sustained and guided us, to preserve inviolate the good name and honor, its peace and good order, and its continued ascendancy among the greatest governments on earth.

"WILLIAM M'KINLEY."

RAILWAY ENGINEERS.

Chief Arthur Says 90 Per Cent Will Vote for McKinley.

Cleveland, O., Aug. 28.—Chief P. M. Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Engineers, said yesterday that railroad men, as a general rule, favor the sound money presidential candidate. Chief Arthur, being the head of one of the largest labor unions in the United States, is in position to state the political leaning of railroad employes. In Mr. Arthur's opinion 90 per cent of the railroaders will vote the Republican ticket.

FRANK S. BLACK.

The Man Nominated by Republicans for Governor of New York.

New York, Aug. 27.—Frank S. Black, whom the Republicans of New York have just nominated for governor, is a very young but a very able politician. This is the second time he has been nominated for office. He never held any public post until two years ago he was elected Congressman to represent the nineteenth district of New York. Mr. Black lives at Troy, N. Y.

He was born forty-three years ago in Maine, and was reared on a farm. He

HON. FRANK S. BLACK.
Republican Nominee for Governor of New York.

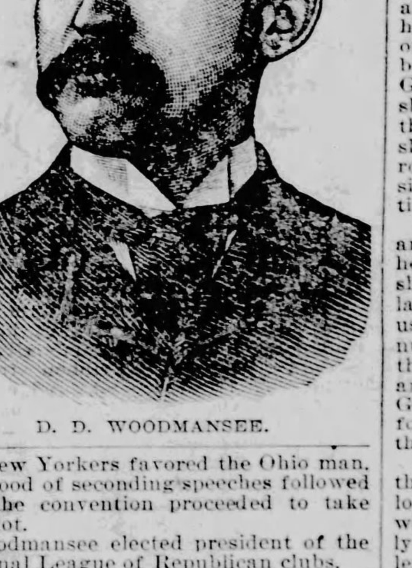
attended the Lebanon Academy in his native state, and in 1875 he was graduated from Dartmouth college. After his graduation he tried journalism, and became the editor of the Johnston (N. Y.) Journal. After a short term of this service he removed to Troy, was a newspaper reporter and studied law. In 1879 he was admitted to the bar, and since that time he has practiced his profession in his chosen city.

For some time prior to his election to Congress he took a keen and an active interest in politics, and brought a thorough understanding of the law with him to his seat in the house. In the ante-nomination canvass Mr. Black was honorable and straightforward. In no way did he seek to antagonize the interests of the other candidates, and manifested only the warmest friendship for those in the field. His fearlessness as a leader, his devotion to the party and his personal magnetism drew to his support the partisans who helped to make him the nominee. He is a pleasing candidate to most Republicans in New York.

WOODMANSEE WINS.

The Ohio Man Made President of National Republican League.

Milwaukee, Aug. 26.—Webster Davis, of Kansas City, nominated D. D. Woodmansee, of Ohio, and the applause from the McAlpin supporters indicated that



D. D. WOODMANSEE.

the New Yorkers favored the Ohio man. A flood of seconding speeches followed and the convention proceeded to take a ballot.

Woodmansee elected president of the National League of Republican clubs.

The vote was so close that on the fate of Arizona, whose vote was challenged, depended the result of the election. The chairman finally threw out the vote, but New Jersey changed to Woodmansee, and he was elected. There was great excitement and the sergeant-at-arms had to clear the aisles.

WORLD'S SUPREME CHANCELLOR.

Sketch of the Man Who Has Been Elected to Such High Honors

Cleveland, O., Aug. 28.—The new executive head of the Supreme Lodge of the World of the Knights of Pythias, Hon. Philip T. Colgrove, of Hastings, Mich., has been prominent in political circles, as well as in Pythianism, as will be seen in the following sketch of his career.

Mr. Colgrove is a product of Indiana, the state in which the commander of the uniform rank of the order lives. He was born in Winchester, Ind., in 1859,

HON. PHILIP T. COLGROVE,
Head of the Supreme Lodge of the World, Knights of Pythias.

and is therefore 37 years of age. While he was still a small boy his parents migrated to Michigan, and made their home at Charlotte. When young Colgrove was 15 years of age, he entered Olivet College, at Olivet, Mich., from which he was graduated several years later. Being determined upon the life of an atorney, he entered the office of Judge P. T. Vanzile, of Charlotte, his uncle, and after reading the required time, was admitted to the bar.

His "shingle" was first hung in front of a small office at Reed City, Mich., where he remained but a short time, removing to Hastings, the county seat of Barry county, in 1880, where he entered into partnership with Judge Clement Smith, who is now on the bench in tha tjudicial district.

His Pythian record shows that he has always taken a deep interest in the order. He joined Barry Lodge, No. 13, at Hastings, in 1881, one year after he removed to the town. His official record follows: Elected prelate in 1882; chancellor commander, 1883; master-at-arms of the Grand Lodge of Michigan in 1884; supreme representative in 1890; supreme vice chancellor in 1894; supreme chancellor in 1896. From 1892 to 1894 he was chairman of the Supreme Lodge committee on law, and since 1890 he has held that position in the Grand Lodge of Michigan.

THE BROOKLYN.

She Earns a Bonus of $350,000 by Yesterday's Performances.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 28.—The cruiser Brooklyn made a trial trip yesterday in which she averaged 21.92 knots an hour during a forced draught run of four hours. On a portion of the course seven knots long she was speeded at the rate of 22 9-10 knots an hour. The cruiser by her performance yesterday earns a bonus of $350,000 for her builders.

Thos. Slater has a message for every man on page 3. Don't fail to read it.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SAID KHALID,

Sultan of Zanzibar for One Brief Day.

ZANZIBAR.

There Is Excitement In Zanzibar and Trouble is Feared.

Zanzibar, Aug. 26.—Seyyid Kalid has occupied the palace, taking possession of that building immediately after the death of Hamed Bin Thwain Bin Said became known. He proclaimed himself Sultan and barricaded himself in the palace with 700 armed Askaris. Sailors from the British warships Philomel, the Rush and Sparrow have been landed to protect property ashore and all the ladies have been lodged in the British consulate, which is guarded by the sailors.

Zanzibar, Aug. 27.—The palace of the sultan of Zanzibar was bombarded this morning, and at noon was a mass of blazing ruins. The usurping chieftain, Said Khalid, and the commander of his forces, Said Sales, succeeded in escaping to the German consulate, where they have sought refuge, and remain under the protection of the German flag.

As cabled exclusively to The Associated Press, Rear Admiral Henry Rawson C. B., in command of the British Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa station, and the British Consul General, Mr. A. H. Hardinge, C. B. after holding a conference yesterday, communicated by cable to the government of Great Britain an outline of the situation of affairs here setting forth that Said Khalid, who seized the palace and proclaimed himself sultan on the death, apparently by poison, of Sultan Hamed Bin Thwain Bid Said, had been strongly reinforced and positively refused to surrender. Said Khalid had with him at that time about 2,500 well-armed and well-disciplined men, including 900 Askaris who have been trained under British officers, plenty of ammunition and a number of field guns and other pieces of artillery, which were trained on the British warships. The latter, with the reinforcements which arrived yesterday, were:

The flag ship St. George.
The third-class cruiser, Philomel.
The third-class cruiser, Racoon.
The first-class gunboats, Sparrow and Thrush.

At 9 o'clock the flagship signalled the Racoon, Thrush and Sparrow to commence firing, and a moment later the cruiser mentioned and the two gunboats referred to, opened fire with their heavier guns, and ten minutes later, they had sent a storm of shell and shot into the palace, tearing big gaps in it, scattering death and confusion among its defenders, while dismounting some of the guns ashore and putting to flight the gunners handling the pieces. The fire of the warships was admirably directed, and smoke was soon seen to be issuing from several parts of the palace.

During this time the St. George and the Philomel were held in reserve, although they occasionally plumped a shell into the enemy's camp, adding to the dismay of its defenders.

The Racoon, Thrush and Sparrow kept up the bombardment until 9:50, when the palace was tumbling in ruins, and large rents had been made in the barricades of Said's followers. The latter, however, answered the fire of the war ships with great persistency and gallantry, and did not stop firing until, in response to the flagship's signal of "cease firing," the guns of the war ships stopped showering shot and shell ashore. The losses of the enemy are not known, but must have been heavy, especially among the defenders of the palace proper. During the bombardment, the sultan's armed steamer Glasgow opened fire on the British war ships, but a few well-aimed shells from the heavy guns of the Racoon and a shot from the 4-inch guns of the Sparrow, crashed through and through her, silenced her fire in short order, and ultimately sank her at her moorings.

Soon after the palace caught fire, and the walls and roof were sent flying here and there by the shells of the war ships, Said Khalid and Said Sales, the latter being the commander of the usurping sultan's army, escaped with a number of their leading followers through the back part of the palace, and hurriedly made their way to the German consulate, where they asked for protection, which was accorded them.

Admiral Rawson, in order to prevent the escape of Said Khalid and his followers to the mainland of Africa, where their presence would undoubtedly have caused trouble with the slave-leaders and their adherents, sent detachments of marines, blue-jackets and local Zanzibaris to occupy all the roads and avenues of escape, thus hemming in the enemy pretty effectually, although many escaped to the mainland and neighboring islands in dhows.

As this dispatch is sent, firing is still proceeding in the outskirts of this place, but all resistance has ceased.

Shortly after 10 o'clock, in response to another signal from the flagship St. George, reinforcements of marines and sailors were sent ashore from the British ships, and the work of capturing the insurgents, collecting the dead and attending to the wounded, was commenced.

During this time desultory firing could be heard on the outskirts of the town, from which Capt. Raiks, at the head of 400 loyal Zanzibaris, and a detachment of British marines, notified Admiral Rawson that he was holding all the main roads.

When the insurgents had been compelled to lay down their arms and were securely corralled by the marines and blue-jackets, the latter were ordered to try to extinguish the flames in the palace and in the old custom house, which had also been shelled and set on fire, as the insurgents had fortified it, and had to be driven from the building. But at noon, in spite of the efforts of the sailors to extinguish the flames, the palace was a mass of burning ruins, the old custom house was in ashes, and a number of other buildings demolished or set on fire by exploding shells, were in ruins.

No casualties are reported among the British ashore, and though all business, naturally, is at a standstill, order will be completely restored before nightfall, and the foreign residents will be able to return to their residences ashore.

All the war ships did some good target practice with their guns, the 6-inch guns of the Racoon proving particularly effective. Temporary hospitals for the care of the native wounded have been established ashore, and they are receiving as much care from the surgeons of the war ships as if they were British sailors or marines. The dead will be buried this afternoon, and for the present the island will be administered by Admiral Rawson, pending the receipt of further instructions from the British government.

Zanzibar, Aug. 28.—The old palace of Harem is nothing but a heap of smouldering ruins. Hamoud Bin Mohammed Bin Said, after having been proclaimed sultan, was saluted by the British squadron, and was escorted to his own house by Admiral Rawson and a guard of marines was stationed about the building. He is a cousin of the late sultan.

No sympathy for Said Khalid and his followers is expressed. It is hoped by the English here that the German consul will surrender the usurper.

It will be a surprise if the government of Great Britain does not take advantage of the opportunity to abolish Arab rule, suppress slavery and proclaim Zanzibar a British colony.

SAID KAHLID IN REFUGE.

German Consul at Zanzibar Has the Rebel in Charge.

Berlin, Aug. 31.—The Cologne Gazette publishes a dispatch from Zanzibar saying that the German consul there has refused the request of British officials to surrender Said Kahlid, who recently assumed the title of sultan and was subsequently driven from the palace by the shells from the British squadron at anchor off the place.

RIOT IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Ottoman Bank Invaded and Bombs Exploded, Killing Many.

Constantinople, Aug. 27.—Yesterday afternoon a score of men armed with revolvers and bombs, invaded the Ottoman bank, killing a number of gendarmes on guard. The invaders mounted the roof of the building and from the windows fired on the police in the street below. The police returned the fire in a vigorous fashion, and several were killed. The riot then became general. Shops were ransacked, bazaars invaded, and the wildest excitement prevailed. At a late hour last night the bank was reported still in the hands of the invaders.

A later report says that there is no doubt but what the movement is revolutionary in plan and scope, and that it had its origin at the secret meetings held by the Hintchakist Armenians. Advices from the disorderly section last night were to the effect that the riots still continue, and that mobs are constantly increasing in the Galata quarter. A bomb exploded in Constantinople near the Galataserai guardhouse. Many soldiers were killed and wounded.

Her Majesty's steamship Dryad at once left the Rapia, where she was anchored, and proceeded to this city. It is also expected that the French and Italian guardships will reach Constantinople at an early hour in the morning. Her Majesty's steamer Cockatrice, has just arrived enroute for the Danube. She will probably remain here on account of the riots.

Constantinople, Aug. 29.—When the Armenians seized the Ottoman bank on Wednesday last, Mr. Edgar Vincent and some of the other directors escaped to the roof, and when the troops arrived the latter fired haphazard at everybody appearing at the windows, thus several clerks who were trying to escape were killed.

While this fighting was proceeding hundreds of Mussulmans, armed with cudgels and led by the Softas, gathered in groups, overran the quarter and killed or assaulted all the Armenians they met. Several shops in the Galatea were plundered and panic spread over the whole city.

It also appears that while the Ottoman bank was being attacked circulars were delivered at the different embassies, signed by the Armenian revolutionary committee, declaring that they intended to seize the bank and hold it for two days, during which they wanted the powers to actively intervene in the settlement of the Armenian question, and adding that if the authorities tried to recapture the bank they would blow it up with all its securities.

Mr. Vincent, a director of the bank, went to see the Sultan yesterday evening and while he was there a message saying that they were willing to surrender on condition that they were allowed to leave the country. Mr. Vincent, accordingly, returned to the bank and parleyed with the leaders of the Armenians through the windows. The Armenians had revolvers in their hands and told him they held two directors and a number of employes of the bank as hostages and that they had seized the bank in order to demonstrate, not against the Turks nor the bank, but against the powers who had abandoned the Armenians. They added that they had selected the Ottoman bank because it was the most suitable place, and expressed their willingness to surrender provided they were allowed to retain their revolvers while yielding up the bombs in their possession and receiving safe conducts out of the country. These terms were agreed upon that night and the Armenians surrendered that night and were conveyed on board Mr. Vincent's yacht.

HIS SUBLIME HIGHNESS ACTS.

The Porte Orders the Military to Restore Quiet in Constantinople.

Constantinople, Aug. 31.—Vehby Pasha and Chakir Pasha have been appointed military commanders of Pera and Galata respectively, with stringent orders to restore quiet.

The commission appointed on Friday last by the ministry of police to inquire into the revolutionary rioting, consisting of eight Christians and Mussulmans, is sitting at the ministry of justice.

Four hundred Mussulmans, accused of excesses, have already been arrested.

ELECTION IN PERU.

It is So Close That a Revolution is Feared by the Registrars.

Lima, Peru, via Galveston, Aug. 31.—The latest reports from Chile are to the effect that the registrars and election officers have resolved to attend and take part in the meeting of congress called for to-day, for the purpose of determining who has been elected president. On account of closeness of the vote, it is feared that a revolution may be attempted, no matter which candidate is triumphant. Senor Frederico Errazuriz and Senor Vincente Reyes are the contesting candidates.

BUTCHER WEYLER.

Conservative Party in Cuba After His Scalp.

Key West, Fla., Aug. 31.—In advices received here from Havana it is reported that Captain-General Weyler will be forcibly expelled from Cuba unless he is immediately recalled by the Madrid government. The advices are that the expulsion of the captain-general was determined on at a recent meeting of the leaders of the conservative party.

At this meeting the conservatives, it is alleged, decided to first ask Spain to recall Gen. Weyler. If Spain refuses, the conservatives, with the aid of the Spanish volunteers, propose to make Weyler a prisoner, place him on board ship and force the vessel to sail. It is said the conservatives are moved to this course by the conviction that Gen. Weyler's plans will result in the utter destruction of all material interests on the island without suppressing the rebellion.

The advices further say that it is the purpose of the conservatives to open negotiations with the patriots with a view to peace, after this expulsion, which is given a precedent in the banishment of Gen. Dulcie in the last Cuban rebellion.

WITHOUT WARNING.

Prince Lobanoff, of Russia, Died Suddenly In Germany.

London, Aug. 31.—A dispatch to the Telegraph from Kieff says that Prince Lobanoff-Rostovsky, Russian minister of foreign affairs, died suddenly while traveling from Vienna to that place. He was in the company of the czar at the

PRINCE LOBANOFF-ROSTOVSKY.
Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Who Has Just Died.

time of his death, and his demise was wholly without warning. The news of the death of Prince Lobanoff-Rostovsky, according to the dispatch to the Telegraph, caused great excitement throughout Russia, where the personality of the minister of foreign affairs was considered to be second only to the czar himself. The prince pursued a strong foreign policy—a policy which was regarded in some quarters as threatening the peace of the world.

Prince Lobanoff's death at this juncture is regarded as a most dramatic and important event, upsetting, as it does, all possibilities of conferences between the foreign ministers of the great powers, and compelling the czar to change the plans concerning his tour through Germany, France and England.

NEW CANADIAN BILL.

Provides Payment of Life Insurance in Dominion Legal Tender.

Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 27.—In the Senate Tuesday night Senator Lougheed introduced a bill providing that all life insurance policies issued by foreign companies on lives of residents of the Dominion shall be payable in Canada, and in the legal tender of the Dominion, notwithstanding any provisions to the contrary entailed in the policies. It is alleged that this is a precautionary measure owing to the political situation in the United States.

ITALY GETTING MAD.

Wants Brazil to Come to Time or Take a Thrashing.

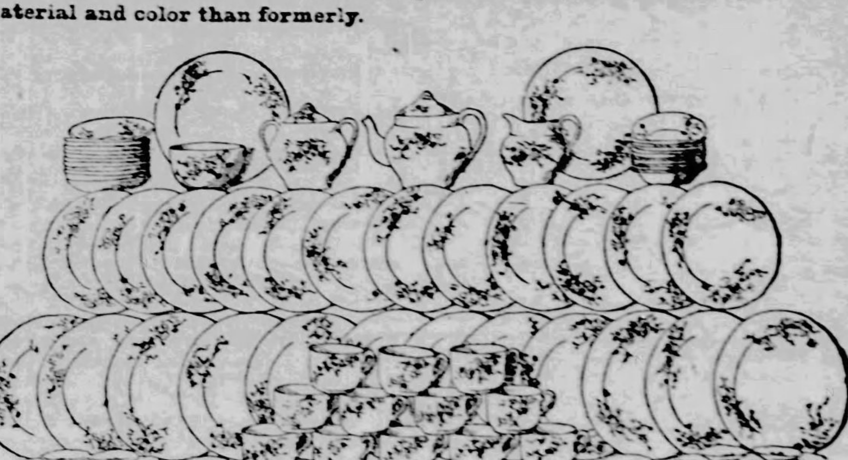
Rome, Aug. 28.—The newspapers here make vigorous demands that the Italian government insist upon the reparation from Brazil for the outrages upon Italian subjects at Sao Paula and elsewhere in Brazil, and they are unanimous in asserting that unless Brazil grants Italy's demands, Italy ought to insist upon them by employing force.

Good morning. Have you read Thos. Slater's offer for men on page 3?

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS
—AND—
DINNER SETS.

Another Reduction—Later Designs.

Eighty, Fifty-six, One Hundred and Eight or Twenty-eight pieces handsomely decorated in several colors and gold band. These goods are made especially for THE BLADE, and we guarantee the highest quality of goods, the best grade of workmanship, the latest and most stylish shape of pieces as well as late and artistic design of decoration. The following illustration was reproduced from a photograph of our first 80-piece Tea Set. It gives a fair idea, but we now have later designs and shapes. Also, we give better material and color than formerly.



No. 1.—BLADE STANDARD TEA SET, 80 PIECES.—We call this set (like illustration above) Standard, because it is the same Tea Set we offered last year in connection with the Weekly Blade. We have sold thousands of sets of these goods, and in every case the recipient received more than expected. This year we expect to send out at the reduced prices over Five Thousand Sets. This set consists of 80 pieces, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 tea cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit dishes, 12 individual butter dishes, 2 round cake plates, 1 tea pot, 1 cover, 1 sugar bowl, 1 cover, 1 cream pitcher and 1 bowl.

The No. 1 Blade Standard Tea Set, 80 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $5.00 (former price $7); or we will present one of these sets to any person sending us a club of seven subscribers and $7.00. The club of seven names to be sent all at one time.

No. 2.—BLADE TEA SET, 56 PIECES.—This set is exactly like the above illustrated 80-piece Tea Set, deducting 12 breakfast plates and 12 individual butter plates.

The No. 2 Tea Set, 56 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade, one year, only $3.75, (former price $5.50;) or we will present one of these Sets to any person sending us a club of Six Subscribers and $6. The club of six names to be sent all at one time.

No. 3.—BLADE DINNER SET, 108 PIECES.—We can describe this set by taking the above illustrated 80-piece Tea Set and adding the following: 12 soup plates, 1 8-inch dish, 1 12-inch dish, 2 8-inch bakers, 1 sauce boat, 2 pickle dishes, 1 covered dish (2 pieces), 2 casseroles, 1 comport, 1 covered butter dish (3 pieces), and 1 jug, making a total of 108 pieces.

The No. 3 Blade Dinner Set, 108 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $8.25; or we will present one of these Sets to any person sending us a club of 16 Subscribers and $16. The club of 16 names to be sent all at one time.

No. 4.—BLADE CHINA SORTS, 28 PIECES, consisting of 12 soup plates, 1 8-inch dish, 1 12-inch dish, 2 8-inch bakers, 1 sauce boat, 2 pickle dishes, 1 covered dish (2 pieces), 2 casseroles, 1 comport, 1 covered butter dish (3 pieces), and 1 jug. We also offer this to those who may first purchase a No. 1 Standard Tea Set and afterwards desire to have a complete dinner set.

The No. 4 Blade China Sorts, 28 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $4.50; or we will present one of these Assortments to any person sending us a club of eight subscribers and $8. The club of eight names all to be sent at one time.

NOTE.—These sets are decorated with a later pattern than those we sold two years ago, and consequently will not match with former purchases. We recommend our readers to buy, first, our No. 1 Blade Standard Set. Afterwards, if pleased with the goods, you may order our No. 4 set, the two combined making you a complete dinner set.

General Directions and Information

ORDER BY NUMBER. The goods are carefully packed in box by manufacturer and shipped direct from the pottery to the purchaser upon our order. We shall order every package shipped by freight unless otherwise instructed. The receiver pays transportation. From 25 cents to $1, according to distance, will cover freight east of the Missouri River, while it may cost somewhere near $2 to pay freight to points beyond the Rockies. We do not advise shipping by express. Never before was so much value offered for so little money. Twenty years ago only the rich could afford such goods as we offer here. We guarantee these goods the best Stone China in the world, superior in enamel, color, style and finish to the best imported wares. We make no profit. We want and will have as a result of this offer, thousands of clubs. These articles will be useful in the house of every reader of The Blade, no matter whether rich or poor. Any person who will try it can raise a club of ten to twenty for The Blade in one day. Get about it before some one else canvasses the field. We are prepared to fill orders promptly.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

WASHINGTON.

DEBT STATEMENT.

The Deficit Still Grows, and the Public Debt Increases.

Washington, Sept. 1.—The monthly statement of the public debt issued from the treasury department shows that at the close of business yesterday the public debt less cash in the treasury was $978,097,196, which is an increase for the month of $12,342,684, which is accounted for by the loss of nearly exactly that amount of cash on hand due to the excess of expenditures over receipts.

The debt is recapitulated as follows: Interest bearing debt, $847,364,260; interest on which interest has ceased since maturity, $1,622,960; debt bearing no interest, $372,856,376. This amount, however, does not include $563,656,973 in certificates and treasury notes outstanding and offset by an equal amount of cash in the treasury.

The cash in the treasury is classified as follows: Gold, $139,825,200; silver, $513,647,700; paper, $177,923,568; bonds, disbursing officers' balances, etc., $17,982,276, making a total of $849,388,746, against which there are demand liabilities amounting to $606,042,345, which leaves $243,346,400 cash in the Treasury.

The interest bearing debt of the government is shown by the statement to have been $1,132,149,050 on March 1, 1885; $844,106,120 on March 1, 1889; $585,034,260 on March 1, 1893, and $847,364,260 on August 31, 1896.

WHERE WATSON IT AT.

How the Far West Feels Toward Him.

Washington, Aug. 26. — Candidate Tom Watson has determined that he will put to the test the sincerity of the men who are at the head of the Populist campaign, and chief among them is Senator Allen of Nebraska. For this reason he intends to stump the West, where Mr. Allen's influence among the Populists is supreme, and he expects to satisfy himself personally as to the constant rumors that the Nebraska Senator is preparing to sell him out to the Democrats. As a matter of fact, Mr. Allen has never hesitated to take the ground that the Populists of the West differ radically in their demands from those of the South, who follow Watson. The Western Populists, says Mr. Allen, have made the free coinage of silver their one issue in this campaign, and, differing as they do therein from Mr. Watson, who advocates fiat money pure and simple, it is not denied by Mr. Allen that their wishes are more likely to be realized by the election of Bryan and Sewall than by the election of Mr. Watson.

A new difficulty has just arisen in the Populist camp. According to the state code of Georgia, Presidential electors in that state must have a majority of all the votes cast. In all other states the plurality of a popular vote is sufficient for the election of those who are to cast the vote for President. There are in Georgia three electoral tickets, one for Bryan and Sewall, one for Bryan and Watson and one for McKinley and Hobart. In order for Mr. Watson to capture the electoral vote of his own state, therefore, it would be necessary for him to poll more votes than the Democrats and Republicans combined.

Those Populist leaders at headquarters here who still believe that Mr. Sewall can be crowded off the Democratic ticket are calling upon the Populist following in Maine to either refrain from voting at the coming state elections or to vote for the Republican ticket. Their purpose is to make the Republican majority in that state so great next week that Mr. Sewall's influence in the state will be made to appear as practically nothing, and that from the paltry showing made by his friends at the election, which assumes undue prominence because it is the first test put before the people, to cause a general feeling that Mr. Sewall's position on the national ticket is only a drawback instead of a factor of strength.

CONTRACTORS WON'T BID.

Fear of Being Paid In Dollars of the Bryan Stripe.

Washington, O. C., Aug. 26.—A feeling of uneasiness prevails among contractors who are preparing to bid on the work for the improvement of rivers and harbors in this country for which Congress made appropriations at the last session.

The agitation among contractors is brought about by doubt regarding the value of labor and the purchasing power of a dollar if Bryan should be elected President and the free coinage of silver should be realized through an act of Congress.

For some time the engineer corps of the War Department has been engaged perfecting projects for the improvement of rivers and harbors preliminary to advertising for bids, so that the work might be put under way at once. The total amount of such contracts will be about $60,000,000.

A number of contractors who usually bid on such work have expressed fear in having to bid before the November election and say they should have some assurance about the purchasing power of the money they are to receive before entering upon such undertakings as those involved in the bill.

MARTINELLI COMMISSIONED.

New Apostolic Delegate Consecrated to His Position.

Washington, Aug. 31.—A cable message from Rome to the Roman Catholic legation announces that Father Martinelli was to-day commissioned by the Pope apostolic delegate to the United States. The presentation of the commission was preceded by the consecration of Father Martinelli as archbishop of Epheaus. This ceremony was performed by Cardinal Rampolla. Cardinal Satolli has also received word from Rome that his successor will arrive in Washington on or about Sept. 20. The new delegate will sail from Genoa on the steamer Fulda Sept. 6. There will be no formal installation on his arrival. He will enter at once on the duties of his office, under the direction and guidance of Cardinal Satolli, who will remain his guest almost a month. Father Martinelli will bring with him, beside the official documents relating to his commission, the letter of instruction to Cardinal Satolli from the propaganda fide, which will govern that prelate's future movements after his arrival in Rome. The retiring delegate's programme is to leave Washington about Oct. 10 and sail for Europe Oct. 17.

DRUGGISTS READ THIS.

Anglo-Sicilian Trust Formed to Control the Sulphur Market.

Washington, Aug. 26.—The state department has received a cable dispatch from Consul Caughey at Messina, Italy, stating that the Italian government, beginning to-day, exacts one lire (19.3 cents) tax per ton on sulphur, besides the present export duty of 11 lira per ton. The importance of this change to American drug interests is explained in a recent report by Consul Ritter at Catania, Italy. He says the Anglo-Sicilian sulphur trust has been formed to control the sulphur market, having its center in Italy. The capital stock is $5,000,000. By an arrangement with the government additional duties were provided. The United States consumes 110,000 tons of this Sicilian sulphur annually, and Consul Ritter says the higher rates of the crude brimstone will therefore cause great injury to the acid-makers and other manufacturers of the United States.

NEW YORK GETS IT ALL.

Sugar Trade From Hawaii Passes by San Francisco.

Washington, Aug. 31.—The diversion of Hawaiian trade from San Francisco to New York is commented on by Consul General Ellis Mills at Honolulu in a report to the state department. He says the exports this year are almost double those of last year, reaching $8,748,520 for the year. Most of this is sugar, of which $2,457,532 has been carried direct to New York.

REFINED LEAD PRODUCTION.

Government Geological Survey Presents Some Interesting Figures.

Washington, Aug. 27.—The production of refined lead in this country during the first six months of 1896, as reported by Special Agent Kirchoff, of the United States geological survey, was 130,695 net tons against 105,970 for the first half of last year. Of this amount, 109,592 tons was desilverized lead and 21,103 soft lead. The last item does not include ores and concentrates handled by the refining works. The apparent home consumption for the first half of this year was 106,932, against 241,892 for the year 1895.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

FOREIGN SUGAR LAWS

Will Aid In the Development of the Industry In Austria.

Washington, Aug. 31.—The state department has received a report from Consul Muth at Magdeburg, Austria, as to the new Austrian sugar laws, framed in co-operation with Germany. The consumption tax is raised from $4.45 to $5.25 per 100 kilos and the total amount of export bounty to be granted by the government is increased from $2,032,000 to $3,641,409. The new law went into effect Aug. 1 last. The effect of this will be to further aid the development of the Austrian sugar industry. Consul Muth says France has advanced her duties on sugar to keep out the competition of German sugars.

JUSTICE HARLAN'S POSITION.

No Bryan Man and Hopes to See McKinley Elected.

Washington, Aug. 29.—"You can say for me that I am for sound money, and hope to see Mr. McKinley elected President. I shall under no circumstances declare for Bryan and Sewall. Any assertion to that effect is unauthorized and unwarranted."

Such was the emphatic statement made by Associate Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, when his attention was called to a newspaper paragraph setting forth the fact that within a few days he would probably announce his allegiance to the Chicago platform and nominees.

LI HUNG CHANG.

Arrival at New York of the Great Chinaman.

New York, Aug. 29.—When the St. Louis reached quarantine yesterday Li Hung Chang was dining and he remained in his cabin. The steamer was surrounded by the fleet of boats, making it impossible to proceed very fast, and as she steamed up the bay towards the fleet there was a continued tooting of steam whistles and some boats touched a Chinese anthem in the shape of several bunches of firecrackers. When the dispatch boat was reached, a salute boomed forth, and, a little later, as the fleet was reached, the New York's saluting guns boomed out the English salute of 19 guns for a lord high admiral, there being no American that equals this in number.

The party of Americans were ushered into the aft drawing room and waited for some fifteen minutes to see the ambassador, in the meantime meeting the members of his staff.

LI HUNG CHANG.

Li Hung Chang went into his cabin, but soon appeared with his son. He was attired in the historical yellow jacket, purple silk trousers, black and white felt shoes, and a black and red hat with the three-eyed peacock plume depending from the back. Holding the jacket in the front was a large diamond, surrounded with pearls. He wore glasses and leaned a trifle on the attendants, as he stood up to receive his guests.

General Ruger was first introduced. He shook hands cordially with the general, who said:

"Ambassador, I am here on behalf of the United States government and President Cleveland to bid you welcome to this country."

The translator told the ambassador, who, however, had showed interest enough in the statement to state that he understood it. In Chinese he said: "I am glad to be here, and I thank you for this kindness. I am glad to know you.

Then the other members of the party were introduced and received a cordial handshake.

The welcoming party had been added to by the presence of Collector of the Port Kilbreth, Gen. Wilson, Gen. McCook and Vice President Wright.

On the way to the American line pier, Castle William fired a salute, and in the meantime the ambassador talked with various members of the reception party. He is very quiet in his demeanor, speaks in a low voice, and from the description of him by the passengers is a cordial and endearing man. He wears his glasses down far on his nose, as if to hide the scar of the Japanese assassin, which shows just below his left eye.

The ambassador was not without humor, as was evinced by the expression upon his face when he saw the horde of reporters. He said: "We don't have reporters in China, but they seem to have some here."

The Chinese party was received at the pier by the guard of honor of the marine infantry and an immense crowd of people, which was with difficulty kept back from the approaches by a large force of police.

The Chinese standard was hauled down from the American line steamer at 1:50 p. m., as the Chinese ambassador landed on the wharf and entered the carriages in attendance.

The first carriage contained the ambassador and General Ruger, and in the next were Tao-Tai-Li, Major Von Hanneken, and a member of the staff of Gen. Ruger. In the third carriage was Lord Li and his wife, Loh-Feng-Luh and another staff officer. After them came carriages containing the Chinese minister and the Chinese consul and their suites, accompanied by staff officers.

The procession left the pier headed by a detachment of the Sixth cavalry, and having another detachment of the same regiment in its rear. The whole was preceded by a detachment of mounted police, and it moved away amid loud cheering.

The route was to West street and Bowling Green, up Broadway to Fourth street, thence through Washington Square and up Fifth avenue to the Waldorf. The route of the procession was guarded by police and densely packed with spectators. A quantity of bunting was displayed on all sides, and among it the Chinese standard was continuously seen.

Hardly had Li Hung Chang been settled in his spacious quarters yesterday afternoon in the Waldorf when an attache of the Russian legation called to arrange a conference between the viceroy and the Russian minister.

Later a party of Chinese merchants called and were received. Last night Hon. George F. Edmunds, who was once minister to China, called to pay his respects.

Li Hung Chang dined on food prepared by his own cooks, and retired at his usual early hour, 9:30 o'clock.

A special guard of policemen has been thrown around the Waldorf, and as long as Li Hung Chang is in the building this guard will be maintained. Chinatown was gaily decorated last night, and an enormous crowd, many ladies with escorts taking this occasion to explore that section for the first time, overrunning the narrow streets.

CAMPAIGN OF FORGERY.

Silver Syndicate's Leaflet Attracts Attention.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 26.—No single publication of the silver syndicate has attracted so much attention as a leaflet entitled: "The Grip of Gold," which purports to give a quotation from the London Financial News of March 10, 1896, expressing the opinion that the adoption of free coinage of silver in the United States would be disadvantageous to England and helpful to the trade and business of this country.

Millions of this document have been spread broadcast by the organization, which is now professing to be penniless and unable to put legitimate arguments before the people. The article which is entitled "The Grip of Gold," begins as follows:

London, March 10, 1896.—The London Financial News says: "The financial situation in the United States is very serious." It then proceeds to say that while the trade of the world is now in the hands of England, it would not long remain so if the United States should go to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, that rates of interest would fall in this country, business revive and the United States would capture the trade of the world. It closes by saying: "When that issue comes before the people, England will regret her apathy and adherence to the single gold standard."

A copy of the London Financial News arrived here to-day, dated August 13, says:

"We have received numerous letters from American correspondents containing what purports to be editorials from the Financial News, and which have been printed in various Western papers as 'campaign literature.' One Omaha paper prints an article stating that it is from the London Financial News of March 10. No such article was ever printed by us, and its whole tenor is directly opposed to the view we have taken of the effect of free silver in the United States. So far from advocating free silver coinage we have persistently pointed out that it spells repudiation and the withdrawal of all English capital."

The same paper in its issue of the following day, August 14, says:

"It is not surprising that the American market improved yesterday for a more wretched manifesto than that of the "Boy Orator" could scarcely be conceived. Mr. Bryan by his speech at the Madison Square Garden convicts himself either of astounding ignorance or of a willfull perversion of the truth. To tell an intelligent audience that the free and unlimited coinage of silver by the United States alone would raise the bullion value of silver to its coinage value, and make silver bullion worth $1.29 per ounce in gold throughout the world is an amazing statement for a man to make who is a candidate for the Presidency of a great country. As Mr. Bryan is, presumably, not wholly uneducated, he must know that his statement—which even the most rabid bimetallist cannot swallow—is absolutely opposed to the truth, but whether he is only crassly ignorant or an unscrupulous rascal holding out impossible hopes, he has shown by this one speech how completely unfitted he is to become the head of the government of the republic."

The campaign of deception and forgery has begun unusually early this year. Usually Democratic invention has been called into requisition during the last days of the campaign when it became too late to detect or repudiate falsehood. Fortunately in this case the facts are discovered in time to permit the voters to understand that a deliberate attempt has been made to mislead and deceive them by this forgery. Voters will scarcely place much reliance upon "literature" of this character or that which emanates from such source.

BIG FAILURE.

The Old House of A. T. Stewart & Co. Makes Assignment.

New York, Aug. 26.—The dry goods firm of Hilton, Hughes & Co. (once A. T. Stewart & Co.) have made an assignment to G. M. Wright. The assignment is without preferences. Elihu Root is attorney for the assignee.

The assignment was made by Albert B. Hilton, who comprises the firm. No statement has as yet been made as to the amount of liabilities and assets.

Mr. Wright was not at his office when the reporters called this morning. In his absence a clerk answered questions.

"The trouble was caused by the stringency in the money market," he said. "It was found, in justice to the creditors, that this was the best way of liquidating the affairs of the firm. It is impossible to make any statement at present. One will be issued later in the day. More than that I am not liberty to say."

Among the banks and in Wall street the failure is regarded as due to a gradual decline in business. The firm's credit for the last five years has been badly impaired, and it is understood that very little if any of the firm's single name paper is out. The firm has been taking stock for several weeks past, and recently was understood to have received about $750,000, which has been used in reducing its liabilities. It is reported that Siegel, Cooper & Co. will take over the stock of Hilton, Hughes & Co.

GRAY GABLES WEDDING.

President's Coachman Weds the Cleveland Children's Governess.

Sandwich, Mass., Aug. 31.—The announcement that a wedding had occurred, in which the contracting parties were members of the household at Gray Gables, excited Sandwich yesterday, since report had it that the ceremony had been performed in this little town. Rev. J. D. O'Keefe authenticated the rumor that the happy and handsome couple which left the parochial residence yesterday afternoon was no other than the coachman and governess in the family of the President.

After the service the party drove back to Gray Gables, where a wedding breakfast was served and where the couple was heartily congratulated by both the President and his wife. Mr. Cleveland remembered the couple with a substantial check as a wedding gift.

Miss Landers has for several years been in the employ of the President and has always been intrusted with the care of the children, while Mr. Nolan, during the summer visits of the executive family to Gray Gables has acted as Mr. Cleveland's coachman.

Both are valued servants. Mr. and Mrs. Nolan will take a short bridal trip, after which Mr. Nolan will return to Gray Gables and the bride will go to Washington to make ready for the return of the President's family.

THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

Idaho Straight Republicans Nominate Their State Ticket.

Boise, Ida., Aug. 28.—The straight Republican convention closed yesterday. The platform indorses the St. Louis platform. The financial plank declares that bimetallism can only be brought about through the free coinage of silver.

Gulteau's Judge Dead.

Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 27.—Ex-Judge Arthur Macarthur, of Washington, D. C., died at the sanitarium in this city yesterday afternoon of heart failure. He was 81 years old.

He presided over the trial of Charles Guiteau for the assassination of President Garfield.

Sons and fathers, read Th s. Slater's offer on page 3.

AT INDIANAPOLIS.

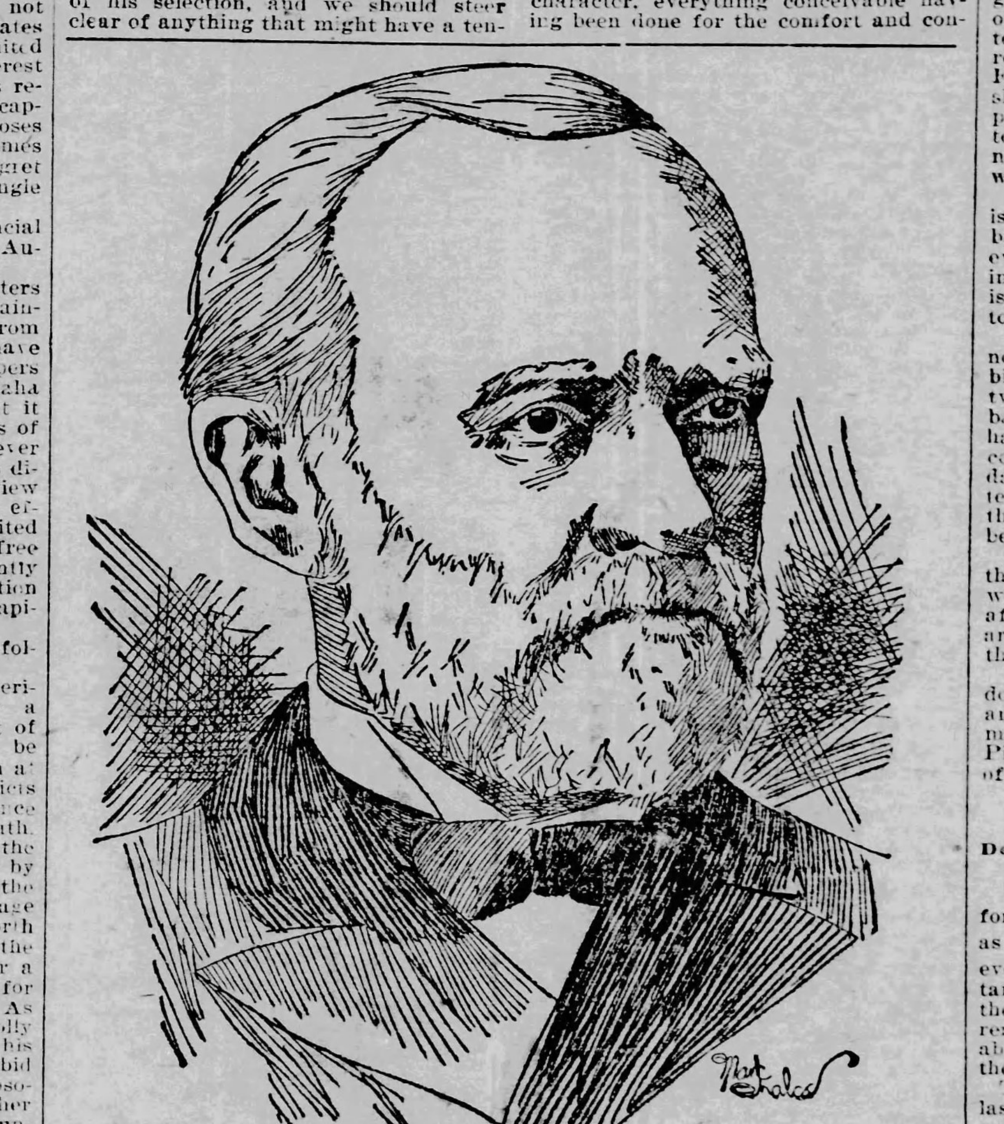
Opinions Regarding the Presidential Booms of Different Men.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 1.—Delegates to the national Democratic convention came in at a lively rate late last night, and this morning from all quarters of the union. Before nightfall three-fourths of them are expected to be present. They are bringing a throng of visitors in their wake, all of whom are greatly interested in the movement, and the indications point to as large an attendance as was anticipated. The hotel corridors were comfortably well-filled at an early hour, and the familiar bustle and buzz of a national political gathering were noticeable.

Much enthusiasm is manifested. There is a general feeling among the delegates that the convention will be a success beyond anticipations. The boom for the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, which was started last night by Hugh Wallace, of Washington state, is being discouraged by the President's friends, who say he would not accept. Comptroller of the Currency Eckels is doing all he can to keep down this Cleveland sentiment, which, it is feared, may at any time develop and sweep the convention.

Mr. Eckels has taken a position in favor of Senator Vilas's nomination. Mr. Outhwaite, of Ohio, one of the delegates at large from the Buckeye state, not only says he does not think Mr. Cleveland wants or would accept the nomination, but that in his opinion it would be unwise to place him at the head of the ticket.

"This is a great movement," said he, "for the salvation of the true Democracy, and in my opinion it would be a mistake to nominate any one whose selection might distract attention from the real issue. Mr. Cleveland's nomination would undoubtedly raise the third term cry, even though there was no chance of his selection, and we should steer clear of anything that might have a tendency to embarrass the great work we have to do."



GEN. EDWARD S. BRAGG, OF WISCONSIN.

A disposition is developing in the East, which is considered safe for gold, to allow the Middle, Western and doubtful border states to select the candidates.

A majority of Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Tennessee and Alabama delegations seem to be for Watterson, and consequently this morning the Blue Grass editor and orator seems to have an undoubted lead.

J. M. Falkner, of Alabama, who is very firm in the opinion that the ticket nominated here will carry his state is one of the active Watterson advocates. His argument is that Watterson would take the stump and rally the gold Democrats with electrifying speeches.

Should the nomination go to Watterson, a Northern man would be named for Vice President, probably Bragg, of Wisconsin; Judge Moran, of Chicago, or David Lawler, of Minnesota. Some of Mr. Cleveland's friends, with the memory of Mr. Watterson's famous prediction before the Chicago convention of 1892 that if Cleveland were nominated, "The Democracy would go through a slaughter house to an open grave," ringing in their ears, are inclined to rebel against Watterson and are again inclined to push Senator Vilas forward.

It is said by those in a position to know that the latter does not want the nomination, but he could be used now as a foil for the present Watterson sentiment.

By many, it is believed that a new candidate will be taken up, Outhwaite, of Ohio; Bynum, of Indiana, or some one else.

Efforts are being made to induce Senator George Gray, of Delaware, to reconsider his flat-footed decision not to accept the nomination, but apparently with no success as yet. There is in some quarters a feeling of resentment against Senator Gray because, as chairman of the gold Democratic conference at Chicago, he did not appoint the national committee which he was empowered to name by that conference. His critics say he hesitated too long to be an available candidate in a crisis demanding bold and heroic action.

ABOUT THE PLATFORM.

It Will Cover All Points at Issue In the Campaign.

It is already apparent that there will be a struggle over the platform. The suggestion that the platform be confined to a declaration on the money issue is not kindly received and there is no question but that the platform will cover the whole situation thoroughly and make a vigorous reply to the declaration enunciated at Chicago. The executive committee is in possession of almost innumerable suggestions as to the money plank, but it is probable that the plank understood to have been drawn by Secretary Carlisle will be the one decided upon. The tariff plank will probably not be so radical as that adopted four years ago, but will be a clear declaration for a tariff for revenue only.

The two points on which there is likely to be a wide divergence of opinion are those relating to an income tax and currency reform. The former is being advocated by Western and Southern and the latter by Eastern delegates. The Eastern delegates are opposed to an endorsement of an income tax through a constitutional amendment and argue that if such a plank were adopted the Populists could say with justice that the gold Democrats were seeking in an indirect way the very thing they were advocating directly.

The plank in favor of the retirement of the greenbacks and the establishment of a new federal banking system giving the banks the power of issue, under federal supervision (the banks to redeem their notes in gold and maintain a sufficient gold reserve for that purpose), is being pressed by Eastern delegates, but is meeting with opposition in the West and South, where there is a strong sentiment against the extension of the national banking system.

BIG MASS MEETING.

A Grand Old Gabfest for the Benefit of the Masses.

Great preparations are being made for the mass meeting to be held to-morrow night. The general public which will not be able to secure entrance to the convention on account of the limited number of seats will be given an opportunity at this meeting to listen to the gold Democratic orators and this meeting is expected to be one of the features of the gathering.

A partial list of speakers has been agreed upon, which includes I. R. Ehrich, of Colorado; Charlton T. Lewis, of New Jersey; Edgar H. Farrar, of Louisiana; W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and D. W. Lawler, of Minnesota, have been agreed upon, but it is likely that Col. John R. Fellows and other prominent orators will also make addresses.

Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause perfect Digestion, complete absorption, and healthful regularity.

SICK HEADACHE.

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Female Irregularities, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. 25 cts. a box. At Druggists or by mail. RADWAY & CO., New York.

G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT.

St. Paul In Readiness to Welcome the Veterans.

St. Paul, Aug. 31.—From every housetop in this saintly city floats the red, white and blue banner that extends a greeting to the veterans who have already begun to arrive for the thirtieth annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, while up and down the wide avenues of the residence portion, and from top to bottom of the big office buildings, in all manner of designs, may be seen the national colors. The arrangements are complete, and are of the most complete character, everything conceivable having been done for the comfort and convenience of the city's guests. The railroads have prepared themselves for the expected rush, and say they will be able to handle the crowds, not only in coming to the city, but also as they leave, when the biggest rush is looked for. The accommodations committee, where information as to quarters can be obtained by those who have not previously settled that matter by correspondence, is holding open rooms, and say they will be able to assign quarters at any hour of the day or night. The white-capped boys of the information brigade will be at the depots in full force to direct strangers to any part of the city.

This evening will occur the first of the receptions. The most important will be the reception to the commander-in-chief and staff at national headquarters from 8 to 10 o'clock. From 7 till midnight the Minnesota Woman's Relief Corps will receive at the state Capitol.

The illumination of the city is on a grand scale, all parts of the city joining in the general plan of illumination. The parades of the week will open with a bicycle parade that is simply for the entertainment of the visitors and promises to entertain very much.

As to the results of the encampment, the Minnesota veterans are in evidence with some very pronounced ideas. Because of his friendly offices last year in helping bring the encampment to this city, and also because they like him personally, the Minnesota veterans are almost solidly in favor of Major T. S. Clarkson, of Omaha, for commander-in-chief. Major Clarkson was a prominent candidate for the office last year.

The final election of commander-in-chief is considerably affected by the fight for location of the next encampment, and for that honor the only candidates yet mentioned are Buffalo and Denver, both of which cities were working for the encampment last year when St. Paul secured it.

Mrs. John A. Logan, without whom no encampment has seemed complete to the old veterans, is already in the city visiting her daughter who resides here, and will witness the parades and take part in all the encampment receptions. As they idolized her warrior husband, so all the old soldiers admire her, and her greeting will be a warm one.

In addition to the large number of regular trains on which the veterans and their friends will arrive, there will arrive 33 specials in the morning, and the railroads report that a number of these will come in two or more sections.

FIRST ACCIDENT.

Passengers On a Pike's Peak Railroad Narrowly Escape Death.

Colorado Springs, Col., Aug. 31.—The first accident on the Pike Peak Cog-wheel railroad since it was opened five years ago occurred yesterday, and but for the safety brakes used on all the cars of this line, a train load of passengers would have been hurled down the mountain to destruction. Coming down the mountain the side bars on the driving wheels of the engine broke apart, rendering the compressed air brakes on the engine useless.

Conductor Guyman applied the automatic brakes in the passenger coach and soon stopped it. The engine and firemen were compelled to abandon the engine, which was beyond control, and it went down the 25 per cent grade at a terrific speed for nearly half a mile, where it struck a curve, jumped the track and shot through the air for fully 150 feet, going clear over a boulder 15 feet high upon the mountain side above the track. It plowed immense furrows in the mountain, and the engine exploded, hurling iron and steel in all directions. The train was a special, carrying Manager Frederick Harrison and party of the London & Northwestern railway, and Major S. K. Hooper, of the Denver & Rio Grande road.

Bryan Has Lost Kentucky.

Louisville, Aug. 29.—The Bryan men have lost Kentucky by a refusal to accept the terms of fusion offered by Populists. Joseph Parker, state Populist chairman, said yesterday that as the silver Democratic committee had rejected the offer of fusion in the hope of getting fusion anyhow, the Populists will put out 13 Bryan and Watson electors, who shall be wholly independent of the 13 Bryan and Sewall electors. As there are 12,000 organized Populists in the state this action means to all general purposes a loss of 24,000 for the Bryan and Sewall electors.

Do not fail to read Thos. Slater's offer on page 3 for men.

MONTH'S PROSPECT.

Promised Change for the Better In Business Affairs.

New York, Sept. 1.—September will witness a perceptible change for the better in the commercial centres, and unless something unexpected happens there will be a gradual improvement from now on. This, at least, is the view that obtains among the highest authorities in Wall street.

Eighteen millions of gold are now on their way to this country from Europe Already trade shows signs of revival.

J. Edward Simmons, president of the Fourth National bank, a member of the clearing-house committee on loans and the most representative banker in Wall street, says:

"It is my sincere and honest belief that we are once more on the highway to prosperity. While the first flush does not indicate any marked changes for the better, nevertheless the improvement is none the less real.

"In the first place, there has been no call for clearing-house certificates, although we had made provisions for such an emergency ten days ago. This shows that the banks are in a good condition and have passed through the tight money market in safety.

"There is now in transit to this country about $18,000,000 in gold. This will ease the money market and bring back a normal condition of affairs. It is due to perfectly natural causes. There is a very large export trade at present, principally of grain and cotton, and the imports are very small, owing to the recent stagnation in business. Hence Europe is obliged to send us her gold in order to pay for the goods she has bought.

"While I am a Democrat, I attach great significance to this incoming of gold. It shows that Europe firmly believes this country will continue on a gold standard. To my mind, this flight of gold to our shores is the best kind of testimony as to the consensus of opinion regarding Major McKinley's election. Europe believes that free silver has no show here, and the verdict of 'contemporaneous posterity,' to quote the historian, Freeman, is most valuable just now as indicating in what quarter the wind blows.

"Gold is coming to this country, little is going to the South and West and the banks are strengthening their position every day. The small shipments to the interior will cut no figure, for confidence is being restored, and all are beginning to feel that we have turned the corner.

"One fact will show you that I am not indulging in too much optimism. A big manufacturer came into my office two weeks ago, and was blue over the bad outlook for business. He said he had 16,000 cases of goods on hand, and could not dispose of any of them. To-day he called again, and was happy to tell me that he had sold 11,000 cases of them, and hoped to get rid of the rest before the end of the season.

"I am simply giving the reasons for the faith that is within me. Of course we cannot hope to gallop along until after the election, but nevertheless we are now moving slowly but surely along the path of prosperity."

The views of Mr. Simmons were indorsed by other big men of the street, and the improvement in to-day's stock market re-enforces his position. J. Pierpont Morgan spoke very hopefully of the September outlook.

REPUBLICAN LITERATURE.

Demand is More for Treatises On Tariff and Reciprocity.

Chicago, Aug. 31.—The demand for literature continues as great as ever. The requests from every direction are more and more for tariff and reciprocity doctrine, although the demands for literature on the currency question are still far beyond the ability of the department to supply them.

The literary department is issuing the last of its documents on the currency question. One was entitled "Bimetallism and Republicanism." It starts out by stating: "The Republican party stands to-day for bimetallism. It believes in the use of both gold and silver as money."

It is also sending to press a brief but pointed and concise answer to the questions that are being asked every day by Candidate Bryan, and which he regards as unanswerable: "If the gold standard is a good one, why not keep it?" and "If the gold standard is a bad one, why submit to it?"

NEAL DOW.

Veteran Prohibitionist Denounces the Free Coinage Agitation.

Amesbury, Mass., Aug. 29.—A letter received here yesterday from General Neal Dow, the veteran prohibitionist and former candidate for the Presidency, in which he gives his views on the money question, has been made public by the general's correspondent. It says in part:

The proposition of the Populists and other silver men is this: "That Congress enact a bill making 53 cents in silver equal in value to 100 cents in gold; that the 53 cents be compulsorily received as full payment for 100 cents in gold." That, if accomplished, would be a lie, a cheat, a fraud. I don't see how an honest man can consent to that, much less propose it. If adopted, the country would be in a panic while it continues.

IT IS UNANSWERABLE.

Hon. W. B. Allison's Opinion of Major McKinley's Letter.

Canton, O., Sept. 1.—Among the thousands of congratulatory messages received by Major McKinley is the following from Hon. W. B. Allison, of Dubuque, Ia.:

"My Dear Governor: I want to congratulate you on your letter of acceptance. It is most admirable in temper and style and unanswerable in statements. I especially wish to congratulate you on your discussion of the money question. Your positions are unassailable, and you argue the question with consummate skill."

OIL IN ALASKA.

Petroleum Wells Flowing 200 Barrels a Day Discovered.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 28.—A. H. Eddy, of Hartford, Wash., an ex-member of the state legislature, has returned from Alaska, where he reports having discovered two great petroleum wells in the mountains not far back from the coast and within about 100 miles from Juneau. He brought samples of crude oil, which he proposes to have tested. There is a flow of 200 or 300 barrels daily, Eddy alleges, from each well, and he thinks it not improbable that this section may rival the great oil fields of Pennsylvania.

COMING FROM NEBRASKA.

Hundreds of Bryan's Neighbors Coming to See McKinley.

Lincoln, Neb., Aug. 28.—Quite a number of ardent McKinley men of Lincoln are perfecting arrangements for an excursion to Canton, O., for the purpose of visiting the Republican candidates. It is proposed to have the train consist of Pullman sleepers carrying about 350 excursionists. The promoters of the enterprise state that an excursion of Bryan's neighbors to the home of Major McKinley would be a great political advertisement.

IN BRYAN'S OWN HOME.

Good Citizen, but He Has Been Entered In the Wrong Class.

Akron, O., Aug. 31.—T. J. Pierson, of the county treasurer's office in Lincoln, Neb., writes Sumner Nash, of this city, president of the Akron Belting Company: "Bryan will not carry this state, this county, this city, his own ward—not even his own voting precinct. He is a good citizen, but has never done anything of note here, and the people do not like his platform."

Markets and Crops.

THE TRADE REVIEW.

"Until After the Election," is What They All Say.

New York, Aug. 29.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

Clearing house certificates have not been issued, but instead, gold is coming hither largely on the swiftest steamers, about $10,000,000 being already on her way. Higher lending rates bring it, notwithstanding foreign events which disturb the London markets and growing confidence in the monetary future of the country helps.

Liabilities in failures for three weeks ending August 20 were $20,932,285, against $6,519,306 last year, and $8,214,470 in 1894; manufacturing were $11,199,938, against $3,517,377 last year, and $2,843,338 in 1894; trading were $4,904,562, against $2,852,989 last year, and $3,884,411 in 1894, while brokers and other commercial concerns added $4,827,985, against $149,000 last year, and $1,884,718 in 1894. The stoppage of Hilton, Hughes & Co. this week is of course not included in these figures.

The stoppage of works also continues, including among other iron concerns the Illinois steel plant at Hammond, Ind., and the Lakeside Nail works there. Disruption of the tin plate association results from inability of many concerns to go on paying wages demanded, and will presumably be followed by the stoppage of some others. Iron works are getting very light new business, many contracts having been deferred "until after the election," and there is so little doing that quotations are almost nominal.

Grey forge has sold for 9.25 at Pittsburg, but it is said that speculative purchases amounting to 10,000 tons of pig have relieved the Chicago market.

Coke production at Connellsville decreased 10,000 tons last week further decrease being expected. Anthracite has again been advanced 25 cents since September 1. Minor metals are dull, tin 13.35 for spot, copper said to be sold at 10.5, though 10.85 is the lowest open quotation, and leads only 2.65 with small dealings. Leather is a shade weaker and hides again lose about 2 per cent. for the week. Sales of wool, including some for speculation and some for export, have been, in four weeks, only 9,595,300 pounds, against 23,200,400 last year, and 29,135,600 in 1892. Actual quotations are hard to get, but sales to realize are at bargain prices and exports of domestics and to shipments of foreign are in considerable quantities. No gain is seen in the demand for woolen goods. Cotton shows a stronger tone and in a few qualities slightly better prices, but the change has been in selling from store without disposition to order ahead of current wants.

Speculation in products caused an advance of 1.62 in wheat, but by Thursday it had been lost only to rise again and close at nearly the top. Heavy Western receipts continue, low as prices are, amounting for four weeks to 14,896,947 bushels against 10,665,268 bushels last year, but begin to be balanced by gain in exports, which have been for the week 2,074,516 bushels, flour included, against 1,373,356 last year and for four weeks 6,967,176, against 4,268,589 last year.

Corn declined on Thursday to 26.25 cents here and 20.37 at Chicago, which is close to the lowest ever known. Crop advices continue most favorable, but Western receipts indicate less disposition to sell at current figures. Cotton has reacted sharply from its advance to 8.62 and 8 is now quoted with little demand.

Failures for the week have been 288 in the United States, against 186 last year, and 33 in Canada, against 42 last year.

Treasury Condition.

Washington, Sept. 1.—To-day's statement of the condition of the treasury shows: Available cash balance $243,346,400; gold reserve, $100,957,561.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Sept. 1, 1896.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Sept. 1.	Aug. 25.
U. S. 4's (new) coupons	113½	112½
U. S. 4's (new) registered	113½	112½
U. S. 5's coupons	109	108½
U. S. 5's registered	109	108½
U. S. 4's coupons	106	106
U. S. 4's registered	103¾	104¾
U. S. 2's registered	92	91½
Pacific 6's of '97	100	...

Condition of the Grain Trade at the Close To-Day.

Wheat opened steady with but little change today, but in a brief time there was a break on enormous Northwestern receipts and lower cables. There was afterward a little reaction, but under disposition to realize there was a steady decline, and prices closed without strength at about the lowest point of the day. Trade was confined largely to December delivery.

Corn was dull, and under prospects of an unusually large crop there was no inclination to take hold for an improvement. Prices closed at nearly the lowest point of the day. At Chicago September corn opened at 20⅝@20½c, rose to 20⅝c, fell to 20⅛@20¼c, and closed at 20⅝c asked; October, 21⅛c, close 20⅞@20⅞c; May, 25⅛@25¼c, close 24¾c. At New oYrk September corn opened at 26⅛c, fell to 25¾c, and closed at 25⅜c bid.

Prices of wheat to-day:

Sept.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	63	63	62¼	62⅝
Chicago	56⅝	56⅝	55⅞	55⅞
New York	63½	63½	a62⅞	a62⅞
St. Louis	58⅞	58⅞	58⅜	a58⅜

December wheat, 59⅝c; close, 58⅛@58⅝c. At New York December wheat opened at 66¼c; close, 65½c.

Closing Liverpool wheat quiet, and ¼d to ½d lower. Corn easy, one faarthing decline.

The full Thoman report is out. It says the aggregate harvest of both spring and winter wheat will reach 420,000,000 bushels—260,000,000 winter and 160,000,000 spring. The Dakotas and Minnesota will likely produce 114,000,000 bushels, should no hard frost come before the next fortnight. Assuming that the present estimate of 420,000,000 will not be changed and adding 105,000,000 carried over, there will be $525,000,000 bushels. Home requirements 293,000,000 bushels for bread and 54,000,000 for seeding, leaving 178,000,000 for export. Should this not exceed the quantity last year—125,000,000 there would remain next July 1, 53,000,000 bushels. The quality is inferior.

The Orange Judd Farmer figures 480,000,000 wheat.

World's shipments past week: American, 3,281,000 bushels; Argentine, 24,000; India, 16,000; Danubian, 1,904,000; Russian, 1,752,000. Total, 6,977,000 bushels.

Prime says there will be two million bushels of corn carried over from the crop of 1895.

Receipts in the Northwest to-day: Wheat, 810,477 bushels; on track, 1,396 cars.

Pork in Chicago for September $5.52; close, $5.70; October, $5.65, close, $5.75 bid.

Oats for September at Chicago, 15⅜c; close, 15⅛&15⅜c asked.

Export clearances to-day: Wheat, 18,000 bushels; flour, 41,074 barrels; or wheat and flour as wheat, 203,00 bushels.

The Close at Toledo—Wheat Lower.

At the close to-day at the Toledo Produce Exchange cash and future delivery wheat was ¾c lower. December led in the deal, yet the business was not large. Prices closed a trifle steadier.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 63c; close, 63⅝c; old, 65c; No. 3 soft red wheat, 59¼c, 59½c and finally 59c; No. 4 soft red, 55c.

September wheat, 63c, 62¼c, then 62⅝c; December, 66½c, 65⅞c, then 65⅝c; May, 70½@70c, less price to close.

Corn—Dull, Steady.

There was but little corn sold. Prices steady; No. 2 mixed, 21½c; No. 4, 19c; No. 2 September, 21½c.

Oats steady; No. 2 mixed, 17c; No. 3 oats, 14½c.

Rye dull, steady; No. 2, 34c; No. 3, 30½c.

Clover seed, fair trade, but 7½c lower and easy; prime October, $4.35, then $4.32½; December, $4.40&4.37½; rejected, $3.25. Receipts, 320 bags; shipments, none.

Toledo Produce Market.

Trade was active, this morning. Butter holds well at quotations. Eggs steady; receipts fair. Vegetables plentiful. In muskmelons there is a glut. Fruits plentiful. Poultry sells well at quotations. In dressed meats, hogs are a little easier.

Butter—Creamery, finest, 19@20c; dairy, 14@15c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, 12@13c.

Cheese—Full cream, 7½@8c; part skim, 6½c.

Vegetables—Cabbages, doz., 20@35c; tomatoes, 20c; cucumbers, doz., 10@25c; mangoes, doz., 25c; corn, doz., 4c; celery, doz., 20@40c; potatoes, bu., 25@30c; onions, dry, bu., 35c; currants, doz., 30c; parsnips, bu., 50c; sweet potatoes, bbl., $2@3.50; beets, bu., 30c; beans, bu., $1; beans, string, bu., 35c; radishes, bunch, 8c.

Fruits—Grapes, lb., 1¾@2c; watermelons, each, 10@20c; muskmelons, doz., 15@50c; peas, bu., 55@75c; peaches, bu., $1@2; plums, bu., $1.50@2.00; lmons, box, $4.50@6.00; oranges, box, $4.00.

Poultry—Chickens, dressed, lb., 11c; old fowls, lb., 8c; live chickens, lb., old, 6c; young, 7½@8c.

Dressed meats, lb.—Calves, 6@7c; lambs, 6@8c; mutton, 5c; beef, 3½@5½c; hogs, per 100 lbs., $4.00.

Smoked Meats—Hams, sugar cured heavy, lb., 10c; medium hams, 10½c; picnic hams, 6c; breakfast bacon, lb., 8@10c according to quality; bologna, 5c; summer sausage, lb., 10c.

Lard—No 1 kettle, cans, 3, 5, and 10 lbs., 8c; 50 lbs., 7c.

Salt Meats—Mess pork, per bbl., $8.00@9.50; short clear, $11.00.

Tallow—Per lb., 2¾@3c.

Hay—Timothy, per ton, $10; hay on market, $7.00@9.00.

Corn—Shelled, bu., 25c; ear, 100 lbs., 36c.

Flour—Spring wheat, $3.75@4.50; winter, $3.75@4.75.

Mill Feed—Middlings, ton, $10; hominy feed, $10; coarse meal, $12.

Hides—Green, cows and steers, 5c; No. 2's and bulls, 4c; cured hides, 6@6½c; No. 2's and bulls, 5c; green calf, [illegible]

shearlings, 10c; lambs skins, 15@20c; wool pelts, 25@70c.

Rock Salt—Packing, 90c per bag of 200 lbs.; stock salt, ton, $10.00.

Petroleum—Prime, white, 7⅝c; naphtha, 63 degrees test, 7⅝c; stove gasoline, 9½c; silver light, 9½c; headlight, 9⅝c.

Timothy Seed—$1.60@1.70, as to quality.

Beeswax—Per lb., 20@25c.

Flour—Spring wheat patents, bbl., $3.75@4.40; winter wheat patents, $3.75@4.40; winter straights, $3.25@3.75.

Wool—Unwashed, 8@13c; washed, 12@16c; tub washed, 17c.

Grain and Produce.

New York, Sept. 1.—Butter—Receipts, 12,437 packages; market steady; western dairy, 8½@12c; western creamery, 11½@16½c; Elgins, 16½c; factory, 7½@11½c. Cheese—Receipts, 4,581 packages; market quiet; large, 5@8c; small, 6@8c. Eggs—Receipts, 11,722 packages; market steady; state and Pennsylvania, 14@16c; western, 14@15c. Sugar, quiet. Coffee, easy.

Chicago, Sept. 1.—Close—Wheat—September, 55⅝c; October, 57c; December, 58⅛@58⅝c; May, 63⅝c. Corn—September, 20⅝c; October, 20⅞@20⅝c; December, 21⅝c; May, 24⅝c. Oats—September, 15⅛@15⅝c; October, 15⅜@16c; December, 16⅝c; May, 18⅝c. Pork—September, $5.70; October, $5.75; January, $6.82½. Lard—September, $3.27½; October, $3.37½; December, $3.52½; January, $3.70@3.72½. Ribs—September, $3.15; October, $3.25; January, $3.45. Flax seed—Cash, N. W. and S. W., 63⅝c; September, 63⅝@63⅝c; December, 67@67⅝c. Timothy—Cash, $2.60; September, $2.50; October, $2.50.

Live Stock.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 1.—(Bower & Bower's special report to The Blade.) Hogs—Receipts, 17 cars; market active and steady; demand good from both shippers and packers; Yorkers and lights, $3.50; mediums, $3.30; heavies, $3.25; stags and roughs, $2.25@2.75; closing steady. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 8 cars; market dull and very weak; demand poor; sheep, $2.25@3.50; lambs, $3.75@4.75; closing quiet and dull. Cattle—Market active and firm with few here; steers, $3.50@4.15; heifers, $3.00@3.70; cows, $2.00@2.95; closing firm.

Chicago, Sept. 1.—Estimated receipts of hogs to-day, 16,000; left over, 6,000; market now active; heavy and medium grades steady; light, weak to 5c lower; light, $3.15@3.35; mixed, $2.87½@3.35; heavy, $2.55@3.20; rough, $2.55@2.70. Cattle—Receipts, 4,000, including 500 Texans and 2,000 westerns; market steady; beeves, $3.00@4.80; cows and heifers, $1.25@3.75; Texas steers, $2.40@3.25; westerns, $2.70@3.95; stockers and feeders, $2.50@3.70. Sheep—Receipts, 20,000; market dull and 10c lower; lambs, 15@20c lower. Hogs—Official receipts yesterday, 40,000; shipments, 11,970. Cattle—Receipts yesterday, 23,527; shipments, 5,568. Sheep—Receipts yesterday, 20,354; shipments, 1,341.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 1.—(Eirich Bro.'s special report to The Blade.) Cattle Receipts, two cars; market steady. Sheep and lambs, 15 cars on sale, mostly holdovers; market very dull. Hogs—Receipts, 10 cars; pigs and Yorkers, $3.60@3.65; mixed packers, $3.50; extreme heavy, $3.25.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market in New York This Afternoon.

New York, Sept. 1.—The failure of London quotations to respond to the improvement in local share values yesterday, together with renewed realizing orders caused a fractionally lower opening for most shares. The concessions generally were light, however, and the market at 10:15 displayed an improving tendency under the lead of Sugar, which recovered 1 per cent to 109, despite further reductions in foreign grades of the product.

Marked gains were registered in a number of shares after 10:15, in which the industrials figured conspicuously. The advance, however, was checked near 11 o'clock on realizing and pressure of foreign sales, in which most shares receded to a parity with initial prices.

Aftr 11 o'clock renewed firmness in sterling exchange and firmness of money, caused contraction of dealings for long account, and som unfavorable traffic returns were also received, especially the exhibit of Louisville & Nashville for July showing a loss in net of $80,000. The stock fell to 38⅝c, with an appreciable increase in foreign offerings. The grangers and industrial shares also made material concessions. Th tendency at noon was downward. The sales to noon were 72,000 shares.

New York, Sept. 1.—Money on call very firm at 6@8 per cent. Prime mercantile paper, nominally 7@9 per cent. Sterling exchange firm and higher with actual business in bankers' bills at $4.84½@4.84¾ for demand and $4.82½@4.82¾ for 60 days. Posted rates, $4.83@4.84½ and $4.85@4.86; commercial bills, $4.81½. Silver certificates, sales $10,000 at 67c. Bar silver, 66⅝c. Mexican dollars, 51⅝c.

New York, Sept. 1.—Following are the quotations of principal stocks to-day:

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Hocking Valley	...	...	...	14½
Jersey Central	...	...	...	95½
D., L. & W.	150	...	...	150¾
Reading	8⅝	8¾	7⅞	8
Tenn. C. and I.	17½	17½	17¼	17½
Atchison	11	11	10⅝	10⅞
C., B. & Q.	61¼	61¾	60½	60⅞
Missouri Pacific	17⅞	17½	17	17⅛
Northwest	95⅞	96	95	95
North. Pacific pfd.	17⅞	17⅞	17½	17⅝
Rock Island	56	56⅝	55½	56¼
St. Paul	66	66⅝	65½	66¼
Union Pacific	...	...	...	5⅝
Amer. Cotton Oil	...	...	...	9
Dist. Cattle Feed	...	...	...	5
Chicago Gas	53⅞	55	53¾	54⅝
General Electric	24⅛	24⅛	23½	23⅝
Leather pfd.	46⅞	46¾	45⅝	45⅞
Lead	...	...	...	19
Sugar	108¾	109	107⅞	108⅞
Amer. Tobacco	59⅞	61¼	59½	59⅞
Louis. & Nash.	40	40¾	39⅞	39⅞
Manhattan	80⅞	81⅞	80⅞	81⅞
K. T. pfd.	21⅞	21⅞	21½	21¾
Ontario & West.	...	...	...	12⅞
Pacific Mail	...	...	...	18⅞
Texas Pacific	...	...	...	5⅞
Western Union	77½	78	77	78
Wabash pfd.	13⅞	...	...	12⅞
C., C., C. & I.	23	...	...	23⅞
Lake Shore	...	...	...	14
N. Y. Central	91¾	...	...	91⅞

Trade.

There was no improvement in general trade during the past week. The outlook in the near future is not for activity.

New York Cotton Market.

New York, Sept. 1.—The cotton market opened nervous at an advance of 3@12 points and ruled active and irregular. The whole market broadened. Cables were better than expected and there was an increase in the number of buying orders in anticipation of a bullish weekly crop report. Shorts were alarmed and covered freely. After the opening the market advanced 25@28 points, but went back 10 before the first half hour had passed. At 11 o'clock the market was active and excited with prices 18@22 points above yesterday's closing figures.

Cotton futures opened firm; sales 8,200 bales. January, $7.82; February, $7.89; March, $7.93; April, $7.99; May, $8.04; September, $7.57; October, $7.67; November, $7.68; December, $7.75.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

Louisville, Aug. 31.—The market has been more active this week. Manufacturers have been good buyers; in red burley good lugs to medium leaf are higher. All colory tobacco is stronger. Dark tobacco has shared to some degree in the improvement. Official quotations are:

1895 CROP.

Red Burley.	
Trash (green or mixed)	$ 1 00@ 1 50
Trash (sound)	1 50@ 2 50
Common lugs	2 50@ 3 75
Medium lugs	4 00@ 4 50
Good lugs	4 25@ 5 00
Common leaf (short)	4 00@ 5 00
Common leaf	5 00@ 6 50
Medium leaf	6 50@10 00
Good leaf	10 00@14 00
Fine and selections	14 00@18 50
Colory Burley.	
Trash (green or mixed)	1 50@ 2 50
Trash (sound)	1 50@ 2 50
Common lugs	5 00@ 7 00
Medium lugs	7 00@ 8 00
Good lugs	8 00@10 00
Common leaf (short)	6 00@ 8 00
Common leaf	8 00@10 00
Medium leaf	10 00@13 00
Good leaf	13 00@16 00
Fine and selections	16 00@22 00
Dark.	
Trach (green or mixed)	1 00@ 1 25
Trash (sound)	1 25@ 1 75
Common lugs	1 50@ 2 00
Medium lugs	2 00@ 2 50
Good lugs	2 50@ 3 00
Common leaf (short)	2 50@ 3 50
Common leaf	3 50@ 4 50
Medium leaf	4 50@ 6 00
Good leaf	6 00@10 00

Wool.

Dun's Review says: "This week's business has been on but a moderate scale in the aggregate and irregularly distributed. Spot trade has been limited, whilst orders by mail have been up to recent average. The chief demand is still for the cheaper grades of all wool fabrics, such as cheviots and cassimres, and wherever agents are well sold ahead they are found to be handling these in grades from 50c up to 70c per yard. There is however a growing tendency to favor worsted cheviots in qualities selling from $1 to $1.25 per yard. The demand for still higher grades is indifferent, in both fancies and staples. No change in prices can be quoted, but the market is an easy one to operate in. Heavy weight reorder business is limited and featureless. There has been no change in satinets, cotton warp cassimeres or doeskin jeans. Cloakings are in moderate demand without prominent feature. Overcoatings slow. Flannels, blankets, and carpets quiet and unaltered. Dress goods in quiet reorder demand without special feature."

Bradstreet's comments on the wool market: "The market continues dull and the tone weak under the depression of large stocks and a limited demand. The supply of territory wools on the market is expensive, and some sales have recently been made at lower prices. The asking price for fine medium and fine wools is on the basis of 27@30c scoured, but a cash buyer disposed to take a round lot could get concessions from the inside price. Manufacturers are not in position to buy largely, however, even if the price is low, the high money market being against operations. Fleece wools are in moderate supply, particularly fine grades, and prices are held steady in the absence of trade. Foreign wools are dull, but held fairly steady on the scoured basis of 38@47c for clothing and combing Australian. The lot of wools reported shipped to England by the Arlington mills last week went on steamer Baltimore to London, 300,000 pounds.